



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Br 6320.

119.2

Harvard College
Library

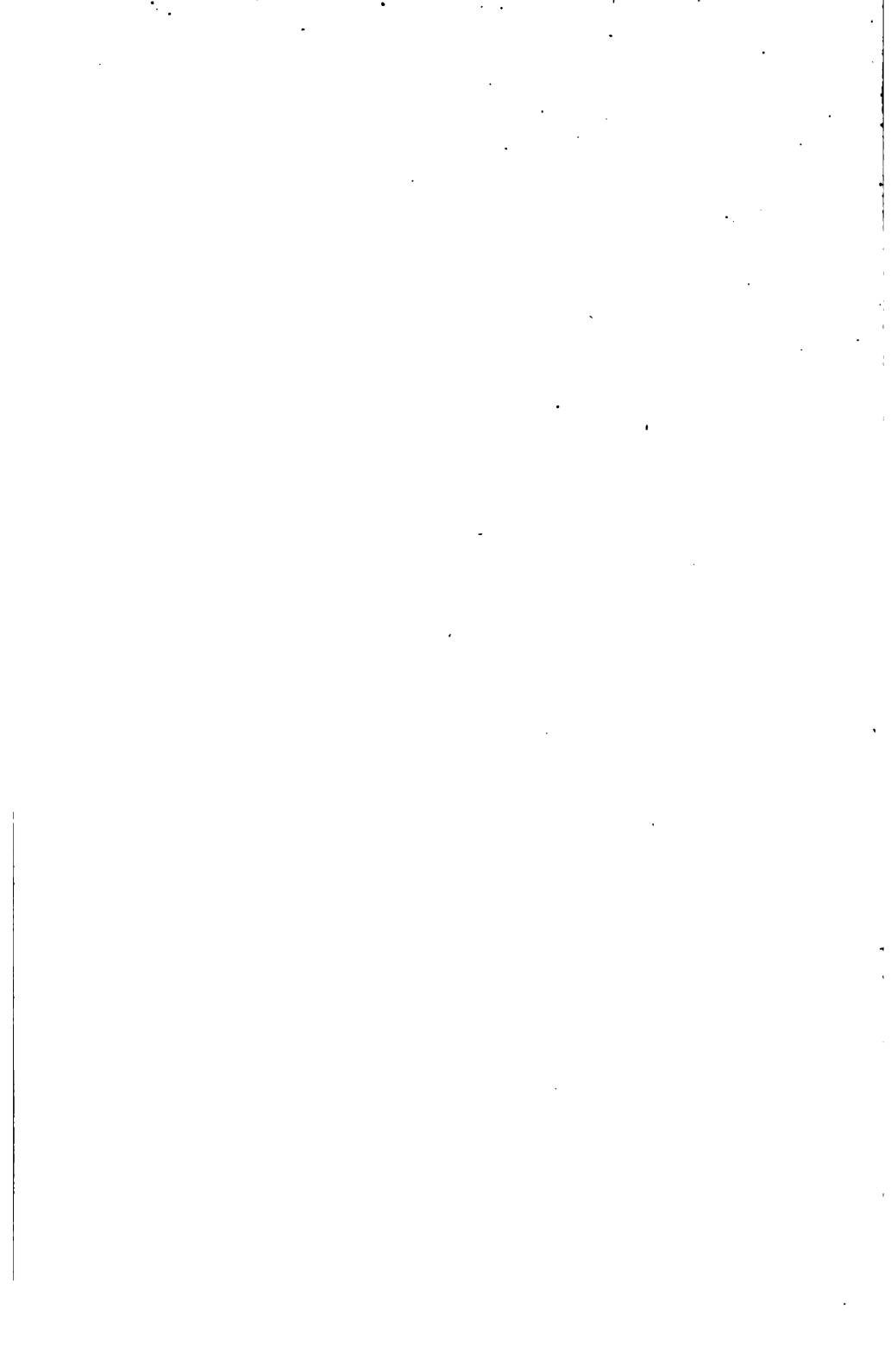


FROM THE BEQUEST OF
SAMUEL SHAPLEIGH

CLASS OF 1789

LIBRARIAN OF HARVARD COLLEGE
1793-1800





MEMORIES OF A STUDENT

CHUDLEIGH :

H. A. CROOK, PRINTER, FORD STREET.

MEMORIES
OF
A STUDENT

BY
ALGERNON TAYLOR

SECOND EDITION ENLARGED

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT AND Co., LIMITED.

MDCCCXCV.

Br 6320.119.2

✓

PREFATORY NOTE.

— — — — —

The first edition of this volume was printed for private circulation only. Several readers, however, having independently expressed a wish that it should be made accessible to a wider public than was thus possible, it is now (though with some diffidence) published in a revised and expanded form.



CONTENTS.

—:O:—

CHAP.		PAGE.
I.	EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF MUSICAL TASTES ..	1
II.	RECITATIVE IN CHANT, OPERA, AND CANTATA	15
III.	HIGH MASS	23
IV.	"ZELUS DOMUS TUE COMEDIT ME" ..	47
V.	ANECDOTAL	67
VI.	ANECDOTAL (CONTINUED) ..	101
VII.	ARCHITECTURAL	128
VIII.	RETIREMENT	143
IX.	PHILOSOPHY AND SOCIAL POLITICS ..	162
X.	PHILOSOPHY AND SOCIAL POLITICS (CONTINUED)	189
XI.	BOOKS AND READING	211
XII.	BOOKS AND READING (CONTINUED) ..	242
XIII.	THE MORAL ASPECT OF VEGETARIANISM ..	273
XIV.	MATHEMATICAL	297
	APPENDIX	326

MEMORIES
OF
A STUDENT.

CHAP. I.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF MUSICAL TASTES.

MARMONTEL tells us he wrote his Memoirs "pour servir à l'instruction de mes enfans." The following notes, more or less autobiographical, were not put together with any such idea; yet were they suggested by the tender affection of one daughter and persevered in through the kindly encouragement of both. It will be seen, however, in the sequel that the autobiographical portion of these reminiscences bears much the same relation to the artistic, anecdotal, literary, philosophical, and other memoranda as did the "mutton to the veal" in Don Quixote's dish of hotch-potch: the few scattered personal details serving only as threads on which to hang observations of more importance and interest.

To another distinguished French writer—in this case, one still living—are we indebted for the axiom, “N’écrire que de ce qu’on aime.” In the ensuing pages, few and slight though they be, I have at least complied with the literary canon thus neatly expressed. Music, Architecture, Law, Philosophy, Books, and Mathematics—the main subjects of the present volume—have each and all supplied me with a veritable labour of love. It may be added that the origin of these memorials, such as they are, was a suggestion on the part of my younger daughter that I should record a few of the anecdotes and other experiences connected with the gradual, yet strongly marked development of my musical tastes. Although, therefore, the notes ultimately took a wider range, it may be convenient to adhere to the original order in which they were conceived, and to begin with those combined effects of melody and harmony over which Calliope, the chief of the Muses, presided.

The problems involving the genesis, growth, and function of music are among the most deeply interesting, and also among the most abstruse, that can be presented either to the scientific thinker or to the trained musician. Aristotle maintains that the object of all the fine arts, including music, is to produce an emotional delight, a pure and elevated

pleasure; while Plato, in the " Republic," will admit the arts to his commonwealth only when subsidiary to moral education—that is, as far as they are didactic. So much for the ancient philosophers. On the other hand, the newest principle—and a sufficiently bold generalization it is—that has been suggested for the solution of these perplexing questions is that all music springs from the joy of self-expansion, which being impelled to express itself, discovered the elective affinity between rhythm and pitch. This is ingenious and suggestive; but I do not propose to digress here into the wide field of the first beginnings and fundamental nature of music: rather limiting myself, for the present, to the concrete, by touching lightly on the powerful charm music had for me individually at an early age; and indicating how that charm has grown and widened into a broad sea of delight during half a century of rugged experiences.

If (as was the fact) I learnt, or began to learn, Latin and Greek and the modern languages on the Hamiltonian system, it is no less true that my musical taste was, practically, formed upon much the same method. For a series of years I had taken a very high degree of pleasure in the finest music without having any scientific knowledge whatever of the subject, or even knowing the notes

of the musical scale. Thus it came about that I was strongly impressed by the weird grandeur and tempest-like outbursts of repetition in an ascending scale that characterize Bach's fugues nearly a score of years ere realizing that they are the highest expression of contrapuntal form, *i.e.* of Counterpoint, or the art of combining melodies; just as Harmony, on the other hand, is the combination of chords. Indeed, so unkindly had nature acted by me as regards facility of ear in the matter of tune, that had I begun at the opposite end, *viz.* by studying the elements or grammar of the subject in a scientific fashion, rather than drinking in wildly, as it were, and at random the grandest harmonies in Opera, Anthem, Chant, and Mass, I should more likely than not have lost heart altogether, from a profound conviction of my own tonic deficiency. But for fifteen years—say from 1841 to 1856—my young mind was undergoing a gradual process of initiation into the Divine Art whilst I revelled in the splendours of Mozart, Rossini, and Donizetti, as interpreted vocally by Grisi, Mario, the two Lablaches (father and son), Tamburini, Rubini, Clara Novello, Jenny Lind and Titjens, with Costa wielding the conductor's bâton; in the Chants and Anthems of Purcell, Croft, Dr. Arne, and other early English composers, as rendered in West-

minster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Foundling; in the masses and minor offices of the Church of Rome as given with perhaps unequalled effect in several of the Catholic churches of London; and, though last not least, in the superb interpretation of many of these works by my mother on the piano.

In 1856, when in Italy, a friend was kind enough to teach me the musical notes and a few accords, which led to my practising exercises and easy pieces on the piano during that and the following year. Towards the close of 1857, at the suggestion of my sister, and in conjunction with her, I took lessons in singing of a music-master named Somerford, who had formerly been a chorister of Canterbury Cathedral, and was gifted with a fine tenor voice. After some nine months my sister, desiring to discontinue her share in the lessons, I transferred my efforts from voice to instrument, and took instruction on the piano from the same teacher, who later on—in 1860—gave me lessons on the organ in Christchurch, Greenwich, of which he was organist. From this series of lessons I consider that I derived great benefit. For though no amount of instruction or practice could turn a defective ear into a good one, there can be no doubt that practice may improve, to some extent, even accuracy of ear, as it notoriously does

avail to heighten the range to which the voice may attain. Thus, whilst a musical ear, naturally acute, distinguishes without effort tunes and harmonies from one another, he whose organ of hearing is, musically speaking, more or less obtuse, needs have recourse to rule and method to assist in distinguishing, at all accurately, between different qualities of sound

Above all, it was then that I began to appreciate more fully than before the importance of time in music: began, at least, to perceive that it would be only an exaggeration to say that time is the beginning, middle, and end of music—almost its soul! On one occasion my instructor, Mr. Somerford, played successively two pieces, one a grand, solemn, sonorous Chant, the other a light, gay, rollicking air in the style of the Christie Minstrels. When he had done he said “These are not two pieces, but one; every note is the same in both: the difference is solely a matter of time. The gift of a nice and sensitive appreciation of time is comparatively rare, rarer than that of tune; and if Nature has been sparing in your regard with respect to the latter, she seems to have partly compensated you by a somewhat fuller measure in respect of the former.” On this subject I may mention an interesting incident in connexion with no less an

authority than Wagner, two of whose most salient characteristics as a musician were the prominence he gave to harmony as compared with melody, and his insistence on a true scale of time, which should refuse to hurry the tempo in pathetic passages requiring, for their interpretation, a slow movement of the conductor's bâton. A few months only before the Master's death he had intimated the intention of coming over to England to conduct one of his grand pieces in person, because dissatisfied with the time in which it was being rehearsed by those entrusted with its production here, who would persist in taking the music at too quick a rate: a proceeding which he felt to be fatal to expression. There can be little doubt that this accelerating of the time, which Wagner considered to be destructive to the effect of his work, is a fault only too common even in the case of professional musicians, and yet more so in that of amateurs. I have heard Mozart literally "murdered," not only on the piano, but also when played as an organ voluntary in churches, through taking the time at a gallop. Just as, nowadays, we have got to delight in the crash of a huge orchestra and vast chorus—numbering on some occasions as many as 3500 performers!—so, again (in the same spirit of accepting noise for music) we mistake rapidity and brilliancy of

execution for expression ; though the two, far from being identical, are apt to be antagonistic, unless in the case of triumphant pieces, partaking of the character of marches, coronation hymns, and the like.

Partly, it may be, because an important phase of my musical education in what may be termed its protracted Hamiltonian period, was formed in the school of Vincent Novello (of whom more in a subsequent chapter) I was always keenly sensitive to expression, thus contracting a positive distaste for mere volume of sound—for hubbub, in fact, and its next-of-kin, viz. the two twin-sisters, rapidity of time and so-called brilliancy of execution. Thus, with an ear and imagination attuned to the adagio and andante of Novello's masterly adaptations to the organ and church-choir of Mozart's orchestral scores, I have felt it to be little less than sacrilege to present the great composer's work in the *tempo allegro* that too frequently characterizes private performances, and voluntaries in English churches : a criticism which I am the more emboldened to make, because in certain cases I carried with me the knowledge that so high an authority as that just indicated had himself expressly marked the time as adagio ; my ear being hardly less alive to errors (or, should I say, differences ?) in time than that of

many others to a deflection from perfect accuracy of intonation. I shall have occasion hereafter to quote Charles Lamb's striking testimony to Novello's extraordinary performances on the organ, which, indeed, seem to have been almost unique in their combination of brilliancy with pathos.

Three periods of musical development have been touched upon: the Hamiltonian (so to speak)—when, in total ignorance of the grammar of the subject, I imbibed and assimilated the waves of sound through their influence on the nervous centres without any help from systematic knowledge or power of analysis; then came the period during which, having acquired a slight acquaintance with musical rules, I relied on my own unaided efforts in the way of practice; and lastly, the twelve or eighteen months when I followed a course of lessons from a professional teacher, in the voice, on the piano, and on the organ successively. Later on I derived marked benefit from being compelled to refresh and systematize what little knowledge I had gathered of the subject in order to impart to my elder daughter the first rudiments of music. Moreover, although for many years past I have scarcely touched the instrument myself, I have benefited largely from the gradual development of her

musical taste and capacity, which, with all the advantages resulting from a fair ear and long-continued practice, has enabled her to perform on the organ, even the more complicated works of the great composers: a feat which, with my smaller natural gifts, I could never have attained to, or even attempted. Thus my earliest and latest musical associations were connected with the private performances of those nearest to me—of my mother in early days, and of my daughter during later years. The latter, being upon a chamber organ of exceptional power and completeness, at a time and in a country neighbourhood where otherwise I might have suffered from a total dearth of musical pabulum, will ever constitute a memorable epoch in my experiences of the soul-stirring power of instrumental harmony.

Having referred to the advantage derived from hearing the performances, first of my mother, and then of my daughter, it may not be out of place to name one or two other persons whose playing produced a special and lasting effect on me. Among these, perhaps the most remarkable and interesting was that of Mr. Mill,* who used, now

* John Stuart Mill, the fast friend for many years of my father and mother, and equally esteemed by both. After the latter had been two years a widow he married her, and thus

and then, to perform on the piano, but only when asked to do so by my mother; and then he would at once sit down to the instrument, and play music entirely of his own composition, on the spur of the moment: music of a singular character, wanting, possibly, in the finish which more practice would have imparted, but rich in feeling, vigour, and suggestiveness: the performer taking for his theme, may be, the weird grandeur of cloud and storm, the deep pathos of a dirge, the fierce onset of the battle-field, or the triumphant, joyous time of a processional march. When he had finished, my mother would, perhaps, inquire what had been the idea running in his mind, and which had formed the theme of the improvisation—for such it was, and a strikingly characteristic one too. On a certain occasion, at Limpsfield, to my surprise, he consented to play on the harmonium, though to the best of my belief, it was the first time he had touched such an instru-

became my stepfather. I may note that during all the years that I have seen them much together—including half a dozen Continental journeys in which I have had the happiness of sharing, and innumerable English ones—I never knew him to utter a cross word or show impatience in her regard, nor to demur to any expressed wish on her part; and, it must be added, she no less considered his wishes in all things. The magnificent marble altar-tomb he erected to her memory at Avignon (where she died on a journey to the South of France), though in a quite different style, is not unworthy to be named with the famous tombs of the L'opes in Avignon cathedral hard by. He himself lies buried beneath the same splendid mausoleum.

ment, and notwithstanding the presence, as it chanced, of a comparative stranger, and his own total want of practice of any sort; for I imagine this to have been the first time he had played any instrument at all since the loss of my mother, several years previously. After his own death a musical paper—the “Musical Standard,” if I remember right—drew attention to his considerable, if little known, musical taste and capacity. In connexion with this subject I may mention that on my once asking him how he would explain the difference between melody and harmony, he replied without hesitation that “Melody is a succession of sounds—harmony a combination of them:” thus differentiating the two on the instant, and in less than a dozen words, by a complete logical definition.

Another performer, though of quite a different stamp, who produced a certain impression on my boyish imagination, was an Oxford man, a gentleman-commoner of St. Alban Hall, named Meredith, who (either having been in trouble, or anticipating trouble, in the matter of examinations) was then hammering away at the Greek Testament under my tutor, Mr. Underwood. This gentleman would occasionally strum a Gloria in Excelsis or the like on Mrs. Underwood’s square pianoforte in the drawingroom of No. 7, Manchester Street. Some

time after I had left, it happened to me to be attending the performance of a High Mass in London, when I saw Mr. Meredith in company with his friend and tutor engaged on a similar errand—no doubt the latter being induced to attend the service in question by his middle-aged pupil, a man of decidedly high-church proclivities, and fresh from the Oxford of Newman, Keble, and Pusey; contrasting, strongly enough, with the marked neutral tints of my justly esteemed preceptor's own character: a neutrality not ill expressed by the comment he subsequently made to me on the exquisite performance the trio of us had heard. "The service was very nicely conducted."

Another, though later, musical friend was the Rev. William Cecil, rector of Long Stanton St. Michael's, Cambridgeshire, a Fellow of his college and an enthusiast for the musical art, in which he was an original composer of published works. This reverend divine (son to the Rev. Richard Cecil, a pillar of Evangelicalism in the early part of the century) living alone in a retired parsonage and in very simple style, with only a single elderly house-keeper, had formerly been known to my late dear wife and her sister, in whose company, with the addition of two young children (one of them a baby in arms), I, one morning in mid-harvest, 1862,

somewhat audaciously (because unexpected) broke in upon the privacy of a quiet country bachelor clergyman. But the old gentleman, merely muttering good humouredly as he welcomed us in the hall, that "babies there were contraband," received and entertained at dinner the whole party with great cordiality. I have the picture before me now of Mr. Cecil, seated in the middle of the drawingroom—with his bass-viol (the most tuneful of sub-bass instruments) resting on the ground—and working his bow with all the energy of a man whose heart was in his work, to an accompaniment on the pianoforte played by my sister-in-law. It had been his practice to send the melodies he composed to his own sister to be harmonized by her; and a thick printed folio volume of such, consisting mainly of chants with very choice interludes, he made me a present of before we parted. I may add that the pleasant parsonage of Long Stanton St. Michael's and its celibate rector recalled to mind many an Italian *canonica* and French *presbytère* I have chanced to visit on my travels, with its dignified curate:—a word, by the way, generally in use abroad for the parish priest having cure of souls, even as the English Book of Common Prayer testifies to its having been still so used here as late as the latter part of the seventeenth century.

CHAP. II.

RECITATIVE IN CHANT, OPERA, & CANTATA.

THE common expression, which speaks of the "chanting" in this cathedral or that collegiate church, seems to imply a correct popular appreciation of the essential characteristic of the cathedral service of the Church of England. It is, in fact, the Chant which is the peculiar feature of that service; for although the Anthems are often splendid as musical compositions, and, for the most part, exceedingly finely rendered, they are more open to comparison with other sacred music of a like character than the chants, which may be described as unique in their own style, and superior in variety of melody and in richness of harmony to the narrower range of the Gregorian tones. And not only are the chants themselves so varied, and delightful to the ear, when considered as pieces of music played simply on the piano or other instrument and sung in the unison, but their effect is

heightened by being elaborately harmonized for a select choir of boys and vicars-choral; besides which there is a lively rapidity and complicated inflexion of voice, together with a brilliancy of execution, instrumental as well as vocal, that is very remarkable; and which, moreover, seems to find space for its development in the loftiness and breadth of receding nave and aisles, surmounted as are these latter by their quadripartite vaulting, and at times by a high-perched, mysterious-looking triforium gallery: the waves of sound rolling through the wide area as they surge and fall like billows of the sea.

Nor, while touching on chanting in general, should that peculiar phase of it be passed over which consists in the alternate rendering of versicle and response; these being given in English cathedrals with a delicately harmonious cadence and a measured gravity of tempo, resulting in an effect of pathos perhaps unsurpassed of its kind. In this particular part of the service the precentor, departing from the favourite Anglican practice of intoning on a single note, substitutes for that somewhat austere mode of musical expression a comparatively complicated vocal flex in giving out the "motive" for the corresponding response. On the whole, the effective rendering of these versicles

and responses—to denote which the technical term “Preces” (in this sense borrowed from the Breviary) seems to be now commonly used—may be regarded as the most characteristic portion of the so-called “cathedral service,” especially if to these we add the supremely melodious chant to which the Litany is set in those English churches where it is sung. Finally, mention must be made of the long-drawn, rising and falling effect of the harmonized cadence with which, in this service, the “Amens” are usually rendered, imparting to them a beauty and solemnity altogether their own.

These two portions of the office in question, viz. the chanting of the psalms and canticles on the one hand, and of the Versicles and Responses on the other (including the Litany which is mainly made up of such) constitute a branch, and a not unimportant branch, of the musical form known as recitative. For these chants fall strictly within the definition of recitative given by the most recent writers on musical science, as “music without rhythm, in which the words determine the time” (Löhr “Principia of Music,” p. 89). Yet are they only one of several branches, the term being more commonly applied to the unrhythmical and (as regards time) irregular dialogue in oratorio and operatic recitative; besides which there is that very

ancient and striking form of the art exhibited in the chanting of the Gospel by the deacon at High Mass, as well as in certain other portions of Divine service according to the Roman ritual. Such are the Preface to the Canon chanted by the celebrant at Mass; the pathetically beautiful Improperia or "Reproaches" on Good Friday, together with the Lamentations of Jeremiah sung by a single voice as a solo on the same and two previous days; and, generally, the antiphons (i.e. prose sentences, mostly from Holy Writ) before and after the psalms and canticles at the canonical hours of prayer. All these are intoned with flexes—that is, changes of note, but short intervals. They come within the broad definition of recitative above quoted from Löhner, at the same time that they distinctly answer to the four essential criteria of the art enumerated on a subsequent page of the present chapter.

The oldest extant chants being the Gregorian—themselves a reform upon the then existing Church music—introduced by Pope Gregory the Great (circa A.D. 600) it follows that the practice of recitative dates from a very early period; indeed, it is doubtless anterior to the Christian era, coming down from the time of the Greek chorus itself, the music of which was distinctly impressed with the

character of recitative, and, possibly, all the more so from their gamut being restricted to a scale of four notes. In days less remote this form of musical composition has found a recognized place in the dialogue of the Opera, one of its greatest masters, as well as the founder of modern operatic music, having been Gluck, who, in the pre-Mozartian period, and in his classical operas of "Orpheus" (better known under the Italian form of "Orfeo") "Alcestis," the two "Iphigenias," and "Armida," brought musical declamation to a point of perfection that has perhaps never been surpassed. The long chain of duets and recitations which make up the third act of "Orfeo" constitute in themselves a study of this interesting art; and, indeed, the strain of the great recitations throughout every portion of that romantic work is such as to call for vocal powers of a high order.

Nor was Handel less famous than Gluck for his management of recitative in both oratorio and opera, Mozart and Beethoven also being conspicuous in the same special line of composition. It is related of Mozart—the "divine" composer, as he has with reason been styled—that in 1770, when only fourteen, he wrote the opera of "Mithridate" at Milan, and excused himself for not corresponding the while with his mother, by saying that his "fingers ached

so through writing recitatives." Such was the success of these, however, as well as of the airs and other parts of the opera, that the "maestrino"—the young master—was at once hailed as a prodigy throughout Italy. 'Tis true, the art under consideration had been already greatly developed so far back as the first half of the seventeenth century by Cesti and Giacomo Carissimi, conductors of the "capella papale," or papal choir, of their day. Its chief characteristics may be summarized as, first and primarily, the intoning of a number of words on a single note; (2) the irregularity of time, according as more words, or fewer, are included within the reciting note; (3) the shortness of the intervals when these do occur, no less than their paucity in number; and, lastly, the comparative approach to ordinary speech which marks this style of composition, owing to the absence both of rhythm, and, in general, of strongly marked melody: yet is it distinctly, and even highly, musical withal, in which paradox consists the art of recitative.

In the fashionable modern Cantata—a choral composition of several movements, with orchestral accompaniment, not unlike in form to a secular oratorio, but of shorter compass—recitative is largely employed as a vehicle for the dialogue, the latter being presented by way of solos for tenor,

baritone, and soprano respectively. The concerted airs following these solos on the part either of Chorus or of singers of duets, quartets, &c., sometimes take up and continue the recitative of the preceding solos in a manner unmistakable, as a reference to the score of some of the pieces in question will show at a glance. Thus, in the fourth number of the whilom popular Cantata, "The Rose Maiden," a tenor dialogue in recitative is succeeded by the chorus "A Maid more beautiful than May," where, especially in the alto part, the salient features of recitative—viz. the prolonged continuation of a single note, coupled with short musical intervals wherever inflexions, or changes of tone, are scored—stand out conspicuous from first to last.

My personal associations with churches and chapels where I have been present at these choral services of chanted psalm and response, and swelling anthem, are many. With one or other of my parents, for instance, I associate Rochester Cathedral and Magdalen College Chapel, Westminster Abbey, the Foundling, and Manchester Cathedral; with my wife and children, again, in later years, Norwich Cathedral, and the fine daily services at Christchurch, Oxford; finally (in quite recent days) with my daughter Mary, Street's stately church of

St. John's, Torquay, with its admirably executed cathedral chants, as well as occasional selections from Mozart, Haydn, and other of the great masters. The musical effect of the religious offices thus indicated was, in nearly every instance, not a little heightened by the noble proportions of the buildings that rang with their mingled melodies and harmonies sublime.

CHAP. III.

HIGH MASS.

“My good catholic friend *Nov*—[wrote Lamb] who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week-days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens—

I have been there, and still would go :
 'Tis like a little heaven below.*

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, a holy calm pervadeth me. I am for the time

————— rapt above earth,
 And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to

**Note*.—Dr. Watts.

have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive—impatient to overcome her “earthly” with his “heavenly”—still pouring in for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit’s end; clouds as of frankincense oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me——” Thus the author of the *Essays of Elia*.

Since Novello’s time, and indeed long before, the Roman Catholic churches of London have been the frequent resort of outsiders, ardent lovers of the finest music, rendered with an effect rarely equalled, and perhaps never surpassed. So far back as the seventeenth century we find Evelyn, in his *Diary*, speaking of going to the “Popish chapel at Whitehall” for the sake of “hearing the music,” as if that were already a recognized practice even among such stanch Protestants as himself. The practice is also referred to by Disraeli in “*Sybil*”; whilst of my own knowledge I may cite the case of Mr. Mill, as (in this connexion) I have already named both Mr. Meredith and Mr. Underwood. To these may be added two others—neither of them certainly having any bias whatever towards Romanism—who, not content with merely attending such services, actually took a part among the choir.

One of these, my great-uncle, David Taylor, told me that on a particular occasion, early in the century, he sang the solo "Et Incarnatus" in the Nicene Creed at one of the Catholic churches in Philadelphia; while the other, my brother, for the sake of practice, attended during several months on each Sunday morning as a member of the choir at High Mass in St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. Omitting many others, I may also mention my mother and sister, outsiders like myself; the former of whom I from time to time accompanied on such occasions, the latter frequently. Once (it may be noted in passing) as we were coming out of the Church of Our Lady in St. John's Wood, after hearing a very fine celebration of High Mass, my mother emphasized the character of the performance by the remark, "It was like taking Heaven by storm." Later in the same day, while returning from the Foundling Hospital Chapel—which enjoyed the reputation of having one of the best musical services in London in connexion with the Established Church—I made an observation upon the good quality of the music. "Yes" she replied, "but it was not equal to that of the morning": a criticism which, as time went on, I was better able to appreciate.

As the foot crosses the threshold (let us suppose)

of some cathedral or other stately church abroad, the hallowed scent of incense loads the air—

Dirigatur, Domine, oratio mea

Sicut incensum in conspectu tuo—

telling of prayer and praise offered to the Most High:—'tis, indeed, caught at the very doors, giving an immediate sense of sequestration from the restless movement without. Deep shadows bathe the sight, and partly through relief from the outer glare, partly by association, prompt a religious mood. The choir being come up to, the soul is awed into devotion, as a glance brings into one view the soaring clustered pillars of nave and aisles, with arches of spacious span, which yet hang so aloft on their columns as seemingly to collapse in the distance. You stand, and think, and gaze in wonderment—when, may be, a deep bell booms forth from the towering belfry, summoning God's people to high celebration of Holy Communion. Meanwhile the spacious edifice gradually fills. The tall tapers are lighted; the large missal is laid open on its desk upon the altar; and the sacred vessels with their cloths of embroidery and linen for the Mystic Feast duly set out by one of the clergy.

The peculiar effect of this service is far from depending on music alone, as would be the case were the score presented in the comparatively bare

and naked form which must necessarily obtain on the platform of a concert room, stripped of all accessories ; but, on the contrary, the effect in question is developed and enriched by a judicious blending of coloured vestments, incense, waxlights, painting, stained glass, storied arch, and in fact every form of art, to say nothing of the yet more powerful and subtler influence of religious feeling. With regard to the music itself, there are doubtless traditions observed as to time and accentuation, choice of style, and works to be performed, and, generally, as to the character and mode of interpretation to be aimed at. It seems, too, a proof of the practical sagacity which makes the Roman Church—spite of a chequered historical past—stand out before the world as an undoubted success, that both congregation and clergy sit quietly at their ease during the longest and most elaborate of the musical pieces. Thus you are not expected painfully to remain upon your feet or in a kneeling posture during the Kyrie, the Gloria, and Credo, but are invited, with a just regard to the powers, or weakness, of the human frame to maintain a perfect state of repose ; when you enjoy the complete ease of the concert room, with the addition of all the accessories above enumerated, *plus* the absolute stillness and reserve of the church.

A fine Mass—say the First or Twelfth of Mozart, Haydn's Third (Imperial), Beethoven's Mass in C., or Gounod's Messe Solennelle—constitutes nothing less than a succession of very varied Anthems (with a few Recitatives from the missal interjected between them) and followed, for the most part, by exuberantly joyous playing-out Voluntaries; which last I have repeatedly gone expressly to hear—especially at St. James', Spanish Place—on returning from some other Church service at an earlier hour. The Gloria and Credo make, in effect, rather long Anthems; while the Kyrie Eleison, Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus Dei are shorter, with numerous solos, duets, trios, and quartets, the whole accompanied by an organist who is usually, if not necessarily, a master in his craft; for only such a one could play the music in question, besides maintaining complete control over the involved vocal parts. These observations are of course limited to those churches where florid, joyous, emotional, soul-stirring services—light and airy as the wings of sound—services truly Divine, have not yet given place to the lugubrious, ever encroaching musical form that goes by the name of plain chant. This latter may have been an improvement on what obtained prior to Gregory the Great's time; but to go back hundreds of years

for a style is to surrender the cultivated, complex, elaborated scores of the great masters of the last and present centuries in favour of a rudimentary germ of the musical art—a crude harking back to a remote infancy of ecclesiastical melody. It is, moreover, altogether “reactionary,” like the antiquated proposal of certain politicians nowadays to revert to the Heptarchy for a model whereon to re-cast our political institutions. In both cases—plain chant and the passion for breaking up the Empire—it is to revert (as it were) to cave dwellings and flint axes.

The history of plain chant in these latter times is one long tale of the sacrifice of the Muse or soul of music, and the glorious musicians who have interpreted it, to a mania for simplicity and a disrelish for the joyousness which used to be characteristic of the Catholic services. 'Twould be more “simple” still to have no music at all; or if a less joyous service be demanded, a perpetual dirge might (if possible) be yet more effectual than even ordinary plain chant, melancholy as this is. Moreover, it is noticeable that where plain chant prevails it wants but small provocation to drop the organ for weeks together—as in Lent or Passion-tide; and no provocation at all to banish absolutely all feminine voices from the choir loft. In short,

the proposal to substitute this primitive art for the most perfect type of harmonized melody developed by Beethoven and Mozart, Haydn, Bach, and Gounod, would sound like a practical joke, were it not already in many places an accomplished fact.

“To Germans has it been given (says Sir Frederick Leighton) to carry us on mighty waves of sound into the purest region of æsthetic joy”; and this innocent joy is taken from us when the figured masses of Mozart and the rest are replaced by the monotonous sea-saw of a dirge-like plain chant. The latter, though generally used in France, is, by the clergy themselves, differentiated from music, as an art altogether apart, and too unique by reason of its austere simplicity to be included under that noble title. They speak, on the one hand, of a mass in plain chant; and on the other, of one “*en musique*”—meaning in parts, and with full intervals and high notes, elaborate “runs,” and florid passages, such as constitute the staple of the lovely Church-services of Mozart, Glück, Haydn, Beethoven, Bach, Caldara, Berlioz, Gounod, and other masters, whom to have assimilated is to have enriched one’s whole nature. We may farther illustrate the absorbing power of music over some hyper-sensitive organizations by recalling what used to be said of Gainsborough (several of whose

masterpieces stand out on the walls of the National Gallery as living impersonations of their subjects) that he only painted to be able to live to play the violin !

If High Mass, adequately rendered from the scores of competent composers, becomes a series of half a dozen beautiful Anthems—longer or shorter—with nearly as many sobering Recitatives (choral and clerical) thrown in between them ; on the other hand, the rite of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, though briefer, is more splendid still than High Mass itself, trenching even upon the sublime, in its beauty, solemnity and magnificence. Here you have, not a long succession of Anthems, with intervening collects, &c., as at the more famous service, but a triplet (so to speak) of three almost unbroken anthems, indeed wholly unbroken, save for a couple of short collects intoned by the officiating clergyman, with flexes or changes of note. Thus the devout worshipper is presented with a practically continuous, though varied, and withal short musical performance of a grand type—the altar bathed the while in the soft light of a multitude of wax-tapers (over and above the regulation six at Mass) and hazy with thin volatile clouds of sweet-smelling incense: the whole founded upon and interpreting the Church's

homage to the Sacramental Presence of the one crucified and all-sufficing Redeemer, raised on high upon "His altar throne," as says Keble in the "Christian Year."

A word, by the way, on the cheerful, poetical, life-suggesting, and most ancient usage of burning tapers to the glory of God and His Christ on the altars of Christian churches. A recent ultra-evangelical writer in the "Record," newspaper, speaks of the "inadequacy and undesirability of using lighted candles in the daylight for the purpose of teaching that Christ is the Light of the World," and exclaims

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis Christus eget,

adding "was there ever such a *μείωσις*?" *i.e.* bathos. But those who are familiar with Divine service as performed in the great churches and cathedrals of the Continent—from the modest pair of tapers ensconced at the "horns of the altar" during low mass, to the glorious illumination proceeding (on occasion) from hundreds of wax candles, and yielding a soft, yellow, unflickering light of which they alone are capable—will hardly agree in there being any *μείωσις* at all about the matter, as crudely suggested by the somewhat unimaginative writer just quoted.

But it must not be supposed that this most famous, presumably, of religious offices—High Mass—is a mere combination of different forms of artistic display, acting upon ear, eye and the olfactory nerves: on the contrary, none are usually more impressed than Protestant strangers by the deeply solemn effect produced at the culminating point of the service, viz. the “Elevation”—when the celebrant, amid profound silence, standing before the altar with his back to the people, immediately after the words of consecration, raises both hands above his head

—*duplices tendens ad sidera palmas*

whilst he elevates the consecrated Host for the adoration of the faithful. And then, half-veiled by clouds of incense ascending from the silver thurible—whose bed of live coal may now and then catch your eye, as its long chain is swung to and fro in a sort of rhythmical motion by a picturesque white-clad little acolyte;—half-veiled by the fumes of incense, the priest raises aloft in like manner the consecrated Chalice, exposing to the veneration of the people the mystical Cup of affliction: the two-fold cup, that is, of Christ's Passion and their own! For, in proportion—so, in such a place, might we imagine some Preaching Friar, a disciple (say) of St Dominic or St Francis of Assisi, a Loyola or

a Wesley (with his high sacramental leanings)—in proportion as they are led to penetrate the depths, and soar to the heights of His Passion, by feeling reflected in each pang which it may be their own lot to endure, the sharpness of that Divine Self-immolation:—in that proportion will the Passion of Christ and their own become fused, interfused and commingled, so that they may get to recognize in the Eucharistic chalice the symbol of their own concentrated cup of afflictions, no less than of the tremendous Sacrifice consummated on Mount Calvary in their behalf! * * * * But here, possibly, our imaginary preacher might seem to be trenching on the domain of Mysticism; and so, passing from such dizzy heights of contemplation, and (in a word) from executing our *Sursum corda*, descend we once more to the region of plain logic and hard work-a-day fact.

At times I have been wound up to something akin to ecstasy in listening to the mixed melodies and harmonies of Mozart and Haydn, with the complicated vocal parts rendered to perfection; such, for instance, as the concluding movement of the Gloria in Excelsis of Mozart's Twelfth, where the *In Gloriâ Dei Patris, Amen*, has been given with extraordinary brilliancy, the oft-repeated *Amens* surging and rolling, as it were, round and

round the clustered Gothic columns; rising, jubilant and triumphant, to the vaulted roof, and bringing to an end, with an effect almost inebriating to both mind and sense, one of the grandest compositions of harmonized melody, perhaps, ever written. Mozart's marvellous flow of exuberant melody appeals, indeed, with something of a magic charm, more or less, even to the least cultured ear, although no music, however choice and well-rendered, and how favourable soever the surrounding circumstances, will be fully appreciated by those whose taste has not been educated up to the required standard. "La musique," says Berlioz, "n'est pas faite pour tout le monde"; still, it would be hard for such as have any feeling at all for the Divine Art to remain indifferent auditors of the musical part of the service in question. Or, one may have found oneself listening to the involved originality of Beethoven, displayed possibly in the closing movement of the Gloria to his Mass in C, where tenderness and melancholy—

Notes that, with pulse of fire,
Proclaim the spirit's desire—

are conspicuous, even amid the brilliant peroration Quoniam Tu Solus Sanctus. Nor can such pieces, we may repeat, ever be appreciated to the full in the concert room: they need to be heard as part of

Divine service, for all the potential beauties of which they are capable to be realized and exhibited by performers, no less than apprehended by hearers.

Indeed, since the preceding sentences were penned, a musical critic in the Press has emphasized the passionless (and, so far, the comparatively expressionless) character of vocal music as rendered in the concert room when contrasted with the force and pathos—even suggesting (he says) “tears in the voice”—of an Operatic interpretation of the same words. Such a criticism proceeds, in effect, on similar lines with that above hinted at in regard to concert-performances of the works of the great ecclesiastical composers, such as Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Beethoven, Pergolesi, Weber, Hummel, Caldara. Thus, for that considerable section of a British audience which only knows operatic music by its performance on the platform, it is a revelation to hear (for instance) Gluck’s pathetic air “*Chè farò senza Euridice?*” sung by a tenor, who, through his dramatic power, no less than his rare vocalization, constrains his listeners to feel something of the poignant distress of Orfeo (Orpheus) for the loss of his Eurydice, when, loyally fleeing from the addresses of Aristæus, she succumbed to a serpent’s bite: a poetical allegory portraying for us, under a concentration of artistic beauty and intensity of

pathos, the hard truth of the cruel rigour of destiny—so hard, indeed, as to suggest that for nearly every considerable stretch of human happiness, however innocent, Nemesis—inexorable—waits at hand to exact a more or less terrible and pitiless retribution! To return, however, once more from the concert room to the church.

We have seen that masterpieces such as Haydn's Imperial or Beethoven's Mass in C, to be thoroughly appreciated, must be listened to, not in a secular hall bare of accessories, and amid an excited and applauding auditory, but under the conditions of the Divinest of Divine services—High Mass. The music at this office (as interpreted in at least half a hundred London churches) soars in character and expression above the standard of ecclesiastical music to be heard elsewhere: borrowing, it would seem, inspiration from its exalted theme, and fulfilling the highest conception at once of instrumental harmony and finished vocal intonation. Even in the more florid passages (sometimes excepted to by purists) the "runs" and lighter movements are so introduced as to stand side by side with that which is grave and impressive, conveying no sense of incongruity. There are times, perhaps, when this composer or that descends nearer the level of commonplace; soon, however,

again to idealize, by rising once more to the height of his subject : every device pertaining to the loftier forms of music being utilized whereby to do honour to the sublime story of the Nativity and of Mount Tabor, of Calvary and the Resurrection.

Of the music, thus rendered, it is scarcely possible to say enough. It is an ideal adjunct of the worship and the prayer ; and the alternations between the sonorous, yet perfectly modulated accompaniments, and the select choir of sopranos, contraltos, tenors, baritones and basses, give exquisite light and shade to the harmonies—so much so that many a time and oft, after listening to some enthralling solo, one may well mentally exclaim with Cicero, and without even varying the language of the service itself : *Quàm modulatè et dulciter hoc enuntiasti !* And if among the congregation there are those who may not follow the words of the ritual, or their translation in the primers (to adopt the name for the laymen's manual used by our pre-Reformation ancestors), such are able, at least, to feel the devotional beauty of the music and of the surrounding accessories. Indeed, the reflection seems to force itself upon the unprejudiced observer that a Church which has such spiritual life in her services must needs enjoy a large measure of the Divine grace and blessing.

It has been observed above that not a few outsiders, even those of by no means excitable or particularly impressionable temperaments, are struck by the solemn scene presented at the Elevation of the Host. This central and culminating point in what Cardinal Wiseman called the great Drama of the Mass—representing and continuing in a mystical sense and manner the action involving man's Redemption on Mount Calvary—is preceded by a fine recitative of versicle and response; one of the former being, it may be presumed, the shortest on record and yet infinitely suggestive—*Sursum corda* ("Lift up your hearts"). These two words are pronounced by the celebrant in a recitative of no less than eight notes, rising and falling, but never with a greater interval than a second. The corresponding response, *Habemus ad Dominum*, ("We have lifted them up to the Lord") is pathetic, both in the meaning of the words themselves, and in a musical sense, which latter is expressed by a recitative of eleven notes; here also the intervals being limited to a semitone. Finally, what is called the Canon of the Mass—including the consecration and reception of the Sacred Elements—is brought to a close by the deacon turning towards the people and intoning the short versicle *Ite missa est* ("Go, the mass is

finished") in a singular, if not unique, style of chant or recitative, wherein he emphasizes the first syllable, as follows,

2 3 4 5 6 7 8
I — — — — — — —

through a succession of notes in the ascending and descending scale, till the voice drops, with a comparatively long interval, upon the second syllable, which (with the two remaining words of the sentence) occupies but a small part of the cadence. Thus, one score before me, arranged expressly for chanting by the deacon of the triplet *Ite missa est*, comprises as many as twenty-eight notes; but, perhaps a more usual musical formula is another registering only nineteen notes, although the number of tones or semitones to which these three short words are adapted, ranges (according to the score selected) from thirty-eight to as few as eight. I recollect hearing Mr. Mill—whose musical capacity has been already noticed—refer to the peculiar mode in which, at High Mass, the deacon intones the *Ite Missa Est*, at the same time humming a cadence (as 'twas his wont to do) corresponding to one of those to which the words in question are commonly chanted.

The incident last mentioned shows that the

subject of it, if not in the common acceptation of the term a church-goer, knew (especially in his earlier days) where the Muse of music was to be found. He would as lief have gone to an Anglican cathedral (which, by the bye, he now and then did at long intervals) or a Wesleyan chapel—though the latter body had not then initiated the cultivation of instrumental harmony it has recently set up—or a concert, were anything like the same class of musical performance provided; but he was too consummate a musician to have any doubts on that head. It may be added, while touching on attendance at religious offices, that I have seen him smile benevolently at my zeal in cross-questioning the verger in a foreign cathedral as to the hours of service; indeed, I always found him sympathetic as regards my church-going propensities—quà music, at any rate—especially should one come fresh from a glorious rendering of Mozart or his compeers in the divine art: radiant perhaps with the strains in one's ears of their scores so executed as can, or was—I know not which to say—only to be heard in some of the (at that time) unmatched London choirs. But what is to be said now when plain chant masses, superseding works for all time like these, have largely o'erspread the world of ecclesiastical music with a heavy, grey pall of

melancholy dullness : a dullness made duller still by the admission of male voices only to the organ loft.

At such offices—as they then were—it has been my lot to ponder and feel the contrast presented on the one hand by the types of human passion ever in action around us, and portrayed by the touch of genius in Macbeth, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, the Bride of Lammermoor, the fierce whirl of wild passions in Faust ; and, on the other hand, the solemn, anxiously earnest warnings to the innocent of Holy Church—continually tapping, as she does, unmistakably loud and hard, at the individual conscience, even in the white heat of passionate blindness : instructing by her soothing doctrines of penance and reconciliation ; leading gently by the hand through her mystical and ecstatic services, the soul that else might be stranded forlorn in this wide, wide world ; softening the pangs of sorrow as she insinuates whisperings of hope to the despairing, and holds before their eyes the One Crucified ! All this, and more, have I thought, felt, essayed to realize, and in my measure to appreciate ; remembering too, that not alone the Protestant denominations, but also the great stereotyped Greek church itself are one and all offshoots from the more ancient world-embracing organization,

having its centre at cosmopolitan Rome. Not an "Evangelical" sermon is preached, nor a High Church "celebration" held, but what is the outcome from the traditions of faith and Bible handed down through the ages by the Mother of Churches to her children, the sects of East and West.

These services—including the already mentioned Office, nothing less than glorious, of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament (which is occasionally given after High Mass, but more often of an afternoon or evening)—may well be described as impressive. They are such even to the indifferent onlooker. But for those who seek to penetrate into their spiritual meaning—wholly hidden, or nearly so, as this is from the casual spectator—they are instinct with life and mystery, coloured and illumined by celestial light, and bringing the humbled and contrite soul to the kiss of peace—the "osculum pacis"—with her Creator and Redeemer; and, in heaven-sent moments, lifting, for such a one, a corner of the veil that is used to separate even the sublimest glimpses of terrestrial bliss from the ideal paradise above!

In a word, it would be difficult to exaggerate the fascination due to the mystical character and pathos of the two sacramental services in question when

finely interpreted—especially in architecturally imposing buildings ; though (as previously hinted) the party in the Church which seeks to substitute plain chant, together with surpliced men and screaming boys for the richer and more modulated treble of women's voices in the organ loft, is constantly on the increase. How cultured observers from the outside are affected, may be seen by an extract from Mr. Disraeli's "Tancred," quoted in the next chapter ; and also from Macaulay's appreciation of the Holy Week and Easter ceremonies at Rome as among the most "august" of human spectacles. It may be added that Miss Dewsbury, in her not long since published correspondence with Mrs. Carlyle (1892), has a remarkable passage, from a psychological standpoint, telling how, without any leaning whatever on her part towards dogma, she would nevertheless—when her spirit was overweighted with trouble and anxiety—drink in comfort and refreshment from resorting to the Divine drama of High Mass as superbly enacted, not only musically but religiously, in one or other of the London churches. It is, however, needless to cite general testimony when we have it on record how the Disraelis, the Charles Lambs, the Macaulays, the Mills, the Evelyns—men of such differing stamp and powers

—were influenced. Nor should the name of Walpole be omitted from the list, since he says in his “Letters” that—firm Protestant though he is—he cannot but feel the world would be the poorer were the stately ritual of the Roman church blotted out from terrestrial things. To the offices of what other communion is there such a concurrence of outsiders of the highest intellectual calibre?

The service ended, you take your departure as the tapers are being, one by one, extinguished—the atmosphere redolent of frankincense, and the organ sounding forth some noble strain, perhaps, of Bach, Handel, or Palestrina. * * * You emerge into the outer air, with a feeling of having participated in (at least) a feast of harmony; the purely musical effects accentuated by lights, aromatic perfume, bright vestments, painting, architecture, and other accessories—such as the grandest of Liturgies (whereof the English Prayer-book is largely a compendium, though with variations and additions) expressed in the most sonorous of human tongues—to say nothing of any definitely religious influences, which latter, no doubt, will vary greatly, in kind as well as degree, in different minds: in some, possibly, suggesting “mummery” as the least offensive term applicable to what they have just witnessed;

whilst others, even when good enough Protestants, may have their judgments sobered by the reflection that Luther himself retained the Mass—both thing and name—in his accepted ritual, to the close of his epoch-making life.

CHAP. IV.

“ZELUS DOMUS TUÆ COMEDIT ME.”

NOT altogether unconnected, doubtless, with my musical tastes, something approaching to a passion for church-going early manifested itself in me. *Zelus domûs tuæ comêdit me.* Such was the motto of my friend, the Père Edmond, mitred abbot of St. Michel de Frigolet in Provence, famous for a three days' siege it sustained in connexion with the Government raid on the religious houses during the autumn of 1880. In his case the application of the words was to his well-known zeal for the beauty of God's House and the splendour of Divine service. In a modified sense and degree I might perhaps presume to borrow the words as in a measure applicable to

myself. "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." At eleven years old I begged a Spanish school-companion, Don Lucas Odêro, to take me with him to the French ambassador's chapel on Good Friday and again on Easter day. A few years later, though we did not dine at my tutor's till two o'clock, I occasionally contrived to bridge over the considerable distance between Manchester Street in the north-west of London, and Westminster Abbey in the south-west, so as to reach the latter soon after three for the afternoon service: a feat which alone argued no small zeal in the matter for a lad of fourteen, especially as the time given to it was carved out of his playtime. In Holy Week I have succeeded in walking from the same place a long way to be present at the "Tenebræ"* office, also at the early hour of three o'clock; while my frequent attendances at Cathedral and collegiate services, at High Mass and other musical offices, have been already touched upon.

* Mr. Disraeli in "Tancred" thus describes, with glowing eloquence, his impressions of the Holy Week service called Tenebræ:—"Manifold art had combined to create this exquisite temple and to guide all its ministrations. But to-night it was not the radiance of the altar and the splendour of stately priests, the processions and the incense, the divine choir and the celestial harmonies resounding and lingering in arched roofs, that attracted many a neighbour. The altar was desolate; the choir was dumb; while the services proceeded in hushed tones of subdued sound, and sometimes even of suppressed anguish; gradually, with each psalm and canticle, a light of the altar was

When sojourning on my travels in out-of-the-way paths and comparatively pre-railway days, in various religious houses—at San Bartolommeo degli Armeni in Genoa, for instance, or La Concezione at Rome; in the Capuchin friaries of Albano, Frascati, San Barnaba, Campi, San Martino, Varese, Savona, Quiliano (the five last being on the Riviera) and others in Italy; at Frigolet, the Charreusse, Hardingen, and Conques in France; at Ere in Belgium; at St. Bernard's Abbey of La Trappe and at Storrington Priory in England—I have been a frequent attendant at both the daily and nightly offices. Of these visits among the *Ocelli Italiæ*—"the tender eyes of Italy"—to transfer Pliny's epithet for the palatial Villas of his day to the crowd of monasteries spread over the land in my time, a sufficient account has, for the most part, been given elsewhere. Yet an

extinguished, till at length the *Miserere* was muttered and all became darkness. A sound as of a distant and rising wind was heard, and a crash, as it were the fall of trees in a storm. The earth is covered with darkness and the veil of the temple is rent. But just at this moment of extreme woe, when all human voices are silent, and when it is forbidden even to breathe 'Amen,' when everything is symbolical of the confusion and despair of the Church at the loss of her expiring Lord, a priest brings forth a concealed light of silvery flame from the corner of the altar. This is the light of the world and announces the resurrection, and then all rise up and depart in silence." Compare with this the same imaginative writer's gorgeous description, in "Lothair," of a Church procession at Rome.

episode in connexion with one of them, which has not been fully related heretofore, remains fresh in my memory after the lapse of five and thirty years, and may bear recording here.

Having set out on a few days' walking expedition along the Genoese Riviera—the "*littus liguriense*" of the Romans—I was overtaken by continuous heavy rain in what at that time was the village of Sestri Ponente, though since then tourists have unhappily found it out, and an hotel (with "every modern convenience," including an English chaplain in the season) has been built for their accommodation. I betook myself to what looked like the best café, but where, as it proved, no refreshment beyond a bench to rest on could be procured so early in the day—hardly perhaps an uncommon incident at that period in unfrequented places in Italy. Hostelry in the townlet I saw none; and the rain, which fell in torrents, showed no sign of abating. As I sat indifferently resting and musing, it occurred to me that I had heard of a Franciscan convent at Sestri, and to this I was soon on my way. Without introduction, and carrying my whole stock of travelling baggage in a parcel, I presented myself—on an almost forlorn hope, it must be acknowledged—at the gate of the old monastery of San Martino as a weather-bound

traveller. Here, however, I was kindly received and hospitably entertained for forty-eight hours till the rain ceased, during which time I enjoyed the advantage of five daily services* in the conventual church, besides delightful contemplative strolls in the little four-galleried cloister, hallowed by centuries of consecration to religious uses.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it ?
 'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
 The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
 Here the soul sits in council ; sees, not feels,
 Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm.

Young's Night Thoughts.

The cloister—plain enough, after the manner of Capuchin friaries—had its bare walls relieved by rough woodcuts of Franciscans, deceased in the “odour of sanctity,” with biographical letterpress beneath. It was also my privilege to be admitted to dine and sup with the brown-frocked friars (thorough gentlemen by education and manners none the less that they were professed Mendicants) belonging to the world-renowned order founded by St. Francis of Assisi. The secret of the wide

*Matins and Lauds	at	midnight
Prime, Tierce, & Mass	„	6 a.m.
Sext and None	„	10.45 a.m.
Vespers	„	2.30 p.m.
Complin (followed by ¾ of an hour's meditation)	} „	6 p.m.

diffusion and abiding influence of Francis's teaching—involving, above all, the exaltation of Holy Poverty

*Dives egebo Deo ; nam Christum pauper habebo**

as its distinguishing characteristic and ideal—lay not alone in the power of a rare personality. It was something more. It was the liberation of the religion of all Europe in the dawning years of the thirteenth century from the bonds of formalism and tradition ; a direct appeal to the individual soul founded on personal experience and conviction, combined with a genuine and burning enthusiasm for the lifting up of those whom the world had cast down and the Church had neglected. Francis, in a word, was the man to flash a reviving spirit through a corrupt society, a slumbering Church, and a conventional pulpit. As much may be predicated of Loyola in the sixteenth century, and of Wesley (so far as regards our own little isle, and perhaps one or two of her American colonies) in the eighteenth.

A comparison between Francis and Wesley, indeed, naturally results from a review of the facts of their lives. They were—first and above all—

*See St. Paulinus of Nola's 20th Ode in *Natali S. Felicis Nolensis*.

missionaries, leaving the well-worn grooves of commonplace preaching and ministrations to go out into the highways and hedges, and penetrating into distant lands—Wesley to the New World, Francis to Spain and Palestine—that they might preach to the heathen at home and abroad. Both possessed extraordinary courage and displayed absolute disinterestedness in all that concerns this world's goods. They both devoted their lives to the poor and outcast of society. The success of each was vast and enduring. Both held what would now be called high-church "views"; for Francis was devoted, heart and soul, to the Papacy and the salient doctrines of Catholicism, while Wesley entertained such pronounced opinions on the Real Presence that we are told, "he and his followers in the early days of Methodism were suspected and denounced as Papists in disguise." In one respect only were the careers of the two men divergent; for whereas Wesley was ignored (to put it mildly) by the Anglican Church of his day, Francis was welcomed, bidden to nurse his beard, and with girdle, staff, and coarse brown frock, sent forth with the credentials of the Holy See to preach Christ Crucified to an unconverted world. Thus—as Macaulay has pointed out in his *Essay on Ranke*—that See has come to embrace

within its capacious bosom the enthusiasm and vital force of (what in England would be) Dissent, together with all the splendour of a dominant hierarchy above. This essential difference in the reception of the two Evangelists by their respective Churches was doubtless connected with the fact that the founder of the wonder-working Franciscan order providentially had to do with a born ruler of his kind in Pope Innocent III., and subsequently in Honorius III., who both were capable of recognizing an Apostle when they saw him, and alike knew how to utilize the Man of God to His service. Before parting from one of the most fascinating characters with which history presents us, we may note the somewhat singular circumstance that the two greatest and most famous of all the founders of religious orders—St. Benedict and St. Francis—were both content to remain to the end of their days in deacon's orders. Why they elected so to do is a nut to crack for the curious in the manners ecclesiastical of ancient times.

It is observable that something, at least, of the same spirit has led so many protestants to set up independent sects as that which animated the founders of religious orders—Benedictines, Carthusians, Cistercians, Franciscans, and a hundred others. Both probed to a deeper depth universal

philosophy than their outside hamper of circumstance—and perhaps too sharply exclusive a creed—might suggest. One and the other—saint and sectary—alike aimed at reform in their own surroundings; especially in matters spiritual, which are really so much more practical and far reaching in their effects than philosophically minded people nowadays find it easy to apprehend. Yet not all the “philosophically minded” evince this intellectual blindness. M. Gambetta, inventor of the notorious saying “le cléricalisme, voilà l’ennemi,” would nevertheless at times stop before a church, and passing in, appreciate, to some extent at any rate, the religious influences of the place. Perhaps ’twas because he was capable of doing this that he realized the wide spreading potentialities of Christianity, and dreaded the clergy accordingly as the most formidable opponents of his principles and policy. Thus both the protestant founder of a sect and the catholic founder of an order were analogous, if not exactly similar phases in that long course of human development which has been in constant operation during the ages past, and bids fair to be so through the ages to come. Wesley, had he lived in other times and places, need have done little more than change his coat, shave his crown, and cast his shoes, to become a

Francis of Assisi; while, possibly, many a typical representative of Little Bethel might, by a similar change in externals, lack little for transformation into a St. John of Matha, founder of the merciful order of Trinitarians for the redemption of Christian captives, reduced to slavery by Barbary pirates and by them sold to Moorish taskmasters.

But, whereas the policy of the Roman church—whilst holding tight the bonds of dogma—has been to assimilate eccentricities in practice, softening them in the process; that of the Anglican has, per contrà, apparently been to discard such enthusiasts as would swerve from established usage, thereby hardening and stereotyping them into more or less rough, unhewn blocks of sectaries. Nor is it uninteresting, or altogether irrelevant, in this connexion, to recall that the grand pontiff—Innocent III.—who made so much of the poor, humble Francis, and received the enthusiast John of Matha as “an angel from heaven,” says his biographer, was himself one of the most striking figures in the thirteenth century: a century exceptionally remarkable for the galaxy of distinguished names by which it was illumined.

On taking my leave of this cloistered Home of Rest for Francis’s busy workers among the poorer

of Christ's members, the Superior-pro-tem. (for the Guardian, or Head of the House, was away preaching Lent and Easter to Christians in the world) invited me to renew my visit, should I again pass that way. "Ma senza questo" (without this) holding up, as he spoke, 'twixt finger and thumb, a piece of money, whereof I had begged his acceptance as an alms for the convent. Nor is it to be denied that a certain charm attached to the situation, in which the guest was an utter stranger and self-invited, having in the first instance, as already related, presented himself before the convent gate in the character of a suppliant—*ἰκέτης*—recalling Æschylus's play of the *Suppliants*; and, finally, the climax of that situation was reached, and its charm trenched on the ideal, when it appeared that my monastic host bore the seraphic and poetical name of Father Cherubim—Padre Cherubino! The pleasing episode in question, coloured as it was with something of the romance of travel, befel me in the Easter week of 1857: a week memorable for the birth of the Princess Beatrice of England, which auspicious event came to my knowledge on this same walking tour, (oddly enough) through the brethren at another religious house—that of Our Lady of the Angels—perched high up 'mid the mountains of the Riviera, on a knoll over-

hanging Quiliano, which latter is a small village an hour or two out of Savona. By these Fathers—Franciscan mendicants, like the preceding—I enjoyed the happiness of being entertained at their hospitable, if frugal, board a few days after the interesting event last recorded. But to revert to English scenes.

During many visits to Norwich I have constantly, often daily—even twice a day—attended service in the Cathedral; and whenever business or pleasure has taken me to Oxford (as happily was often the case) I have never failed to squeeze-in time for the five o'clock choral service at Christchurch or Magdalen, though bound to catch the last train, a mile off, at six. In the course of a 17-years' residence at Tetsworth, I often attended on week-days, as well as occasionally on Sundays, at a neighbouring parish church, of which the then rector, Mr. ——— seemed to combine the sentiments of a recluse with the manners of a courtier. His sermons, as read from the pulpit, suggested the impression of their being not a little the result of his own experience in the spiritual life; his intonation in reading the prayers left nothing to be desired; and he was able to lead the music of his services, not only vocally, but instrumentally. At one time, again, when attending Tetsworth Church,

I used to hear Mr. Peers, the vicar, preach extempore, a practice in general much to be commended, though in certain cases—for example, in that of Mr. — just mentioned, and also of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Humberstone, the two latter successively ministers of Tetsworth Congregational Chapel, and both (especially for young men) powerful preachers—it is probable the sermons would have lost by being otherwise than written. With regard to Mr. Peers, I may remark that he was one of the most genial of men—so much so as to be genial towards those with whom he was on terms of imperfect sympathy. It was an experience of character to observe the *bonhomie* with which he would accost such an one with a free hand and a smiling countenance, and with a hearty expression of good will. Later on I had the advantage of hearing his successor, Mr. Hancock, preach thoroughly practical, and therefore effective sermons. Mr. Hancock was a man who appeared to know everybody, and to be a friend to everybody he knew. Of large and generous sympathies, he was too soon lost to the parish by removal to a wider sphere of usefulness in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Nor have my attendances at Divine service been limited to cathedrals and churches, whether English or foreign, for at different times and

places I have frequented places of worship belonging to almost every persuasion, Congregational, Baptist, Unitarian, Quaker, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, "Free Protestant," Bible Christians, Plymouth Brethren : thus aiming, in my measure, to fulfil St. Paul's exhortation "to prove all things," and seeking out the good that I believe is to be found, more or less abundantly, in every Christian body—from the "Peculiar People" at one end of the scale to those at the opposite end, who, in this vale of trouble and tears, are not above invoking the suffrages of all the Heavenly Host in their fight against the evil around them and within ! How various are the forms of ritual, and also the schools of theology thus implied. Yet here, as elsewhere, we find extremes meet, as when the practice of the Church of Rome by which the Holy Eucharist is made the centre and heart of Divine worship, seems to be also that of the Plymouth Brethren, so far at least as regards their meeting specially for the "breaking of bread" on each recurring Sunday morning.

The preceding sketch—and it is but an inadequate one—of my church-going proclivities, from youth upwards (and almost from childhood) may explain how it is that I feel I can, in a limited sense and degree, adopt Abbot Edmund's noble

motto, "zelus domûs tuæ comêdit me." It was, doubtless, in reference to such proclivities, that that distinguished French prelate, my long-tried and fast friend, once said to me, in words indicating both delicacy of sentiment and breadth of religious toleration: "Si vous n'appartenez pas au corps de l'Eglise, au moins vous appartenez à son âme." So also came it about that he favoured me with an introduction to the abbot of the great Trappist monastery of Aiguebelle—the most numerous religious community in Western Christendom—couched in these laconic terms: "—après nous avoir édifiés pendant quelques jours, il va s'édifier chez vous."

I have heard Père Edmond called in France the "last of the Condés," whatever that somewhat enigmatic phrase may mean; and one or two of the English papers at the time of the "siege" of his Abbey in 1880, spoke of him as being a scion of the Bourbons, but, according to a lately published Memoir by Père Evermode, quite incorrectly. Playfully alluding to the rumours in question, this writer says that such was the zeal of the venerable prelate's admirers, that some among them would be content with nothing less than making him out own brother to the Comte de Chambord, aliàs Henry V. of France, by which latter nickname

(adds his biographer) he actually' went at school! * In any case, however, he was a man of princely presence and princely works, as witness the stately Gothic church he built for his Provençal monastery, the interior of which, later on, he caused to be painted throughout in fresco with lavish liberality. His mind literally kindled with enthusiasm for the beauty of God's House and the splendour of His service; and it was an axiom with him that at least as much wealth should be expended upon both one and the other as is so freely spent upon the palaces of princes and nobles. It may truly be said of this prelate, as has been said of Charlemagne, "he loved to see churches magnificent." His zeal for the glory of God was equalled only by his charity for the poor. It was strong feeling, involving a menacing attitude, on the part of the entire population—from Avignon to Tarascon on the Rhone, and from Barbentane on the same river to St. Rémi in the Alpines—against the threatened dispersion of his community, that led to the concentration, in November, 1880, of an entire brigade of two or three thousand regular troops to carry the edict into effect. Readers will, however, be glad to know that a considerable remnant of the

*Essai Biographique sur le Révérendissime Père Edmond par le Père Evermode, p. i. (Lille : 1889.)

monastic body was, and is, suffered to remain as care-takers of the property belonging to the community (especially of the large triple factories of wax tapers, incense, and sacramental wine), and even to recruit its ranks. I may add that the prelate in question was a born ruler of men, combining that due admixture of prudence, firmness, and gentleness which is connoted by the term. His, in a word, was the "*mitis sapientia Lœli*," to which, no doubt, is attributable, directly or indirectly, the fact that his mitred abbey of St. Michel de Frigolet has some half dozen newly founded houses of canons dependent upon it—besides one house of canonesses—spread over France, England, Scotland, Italy, and Spain.

An utter stranger, and without introduction, I presented myself, dusty and travel-tainted by a walk of many miles from Avignon, to Père Edmond, who, after showing me over the house, bespoke me a conventual meal, frugal but sufficient, including that most delightful of beverages (next to plain water) French wine. During the repast, which was served in the refectory or common hall of the brethren, my host sat facing me, conversing occasionally; and, on my departure, invited me (before even he knew my name) to spend a few days there for the ceremonies of the

approaching Holy Week. Eventually, too, he was the means, direct or indirect, of introducing me to a dozen religious houses of various orders—Trappist, Passionist, Franciscan, Dominican, Carthusian, Premonstratensian—scattered over different countries, besides receiving me some seven or eight times as a visitor at the stately monastery in song-famed and sky-favoured Provence over which he presided as Mitred Abbot; and which stately monastery had originally been a small but very ancient priory, with round-arched Norman cloister and church, resuscitated and greatly enlarged by himself, after half a century of secularization following upon the Revolution.

Once I ventured to say, “*Mon révérend père, vous devez prêcher plus souvent; vous avez le don de la parole, pourquoi donc ne pas l'exercer?*” His only answer was a smile: one of those benignant smiles which doubtless had their share in winning for him that position in the French Church which undoubtedly was his. He had, as a fact, trained up a body of young clergymen—regular canons of *Prémontré*—to whom, together with a few seniors, he delegated the duty of preaching, overwhelmed as he was, or rather as any but he would have been, by the multitude of

details involved in founding a new Gallican branch of the famous Premonstratensian order. The Père Edmond was slow of speech—consequently the reverse of rhetorical—emphatic in delivery, terse and incisive as to the substance of his remarks. He spoke without notes, and every word told. A parish clergyman once said to him in my hearing, “Vous savez remuer les populations”—“You know how to stir up the masses.” Now and then, after the mid-day meal in Hall he would address a few soft, melodious, sympathetic, but strong sentences of counsel and encouragement to an audience that literally hung upon his words. He was among those friends of inestimable price whom it is one of the pleasures and satisfactions of age to look back upon, though now no more.

Such was the eminent and altogether remarkable person with whose uninterrupted friendship I was honoured for more than a score of years. Even as Bishop Wilson of Calcutta was said to have a genius for building, so likewise had Abbot Edmund. One Guy Fawkes day that I was driving with him in his chaise amid the thymy cliffs and rock-bound gorges of Frigolet, he said to me “Come and live near us; bring your children and all. Tell me what rent you would wish to pay, and I will build you a house accordingly.” In

this connexion it may not be out of place to name another clergyman, of views rather evangelical, I suppose, than high, the Rev. I. Coghlan, late vicar of Tetsworth, who, long after I had gone to Haddenham, was good enough to invite me to return to his parish, saying that my old house stood empty and waiting to receive us. About the same time, as it happened, a gentleman (also of strictly evangelical principles) on quitting Haddenham after many years' residence, remarked, "I wish you were coming to live within a hundred yards of me": an observation that could not but surprize the subject of it, conscious as he was of delicate health, of a temper not invariable, of (perchance) too proud a spirit, and of possessing but a modicum of natural or acquired geniality of manner. Perhaps the secret of some having, nevertheless, desired his company lay, partly at least, in what his wife once said to him: "You feel so acutely for others: when the winds blow in the wintry season, your mind and words conjure up the storm-tossed barque and the imperilled mariner, though far removed in place and interests." Amid the unflattering criticisms which (happily for one's humility) everybody has at times to encounter, it may be permissible, in a fragmentary notice of past days like the present, to recall one or two among incidents such as those last touched upon.

CHAP. V.

ANECDOTAL.

LORD DENMAN	BARON PARKE
SERJEANT SHEE	SIR JOHN MELLOR
SIR F. THESIGER	SIR CRESWELL CRESWELL
LORD JUSTICE THESIGER	LORD PENZANCE
SERJEANT WILKINS	LORD HANNEN
BARON MARTIN	SIR JOHN COLERIDGE
LORD CAMPBELL	CHIEF JUSTICE ERLE
CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN	RUSSELL GURNEY
CHIEF BARON POLLOCK	MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR

FROM an early age I was a student of law books, a sedulous reader of law reports, and a frequenter (during leisure hours) of the purlieus of Westminster and Guild Halls. My father, who knew a “good few” lawyers, would often tell me legal facts and anecdotes—*nugæ curialium*; and on

one occasion, ere I was out of my teens, he commissioned me to report to him the particulars of a trial in the Queen's Bench, where he himself was ex-officio plaintiff as Chairman of the Commercial Bank of London. I accordingly jostled through the counsel's robing-room into the solicitor's quarters on the floor of the Court, and heard Mr. Watson, Q.C., (afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer) conduct the plaintiff's case, and Sir Frederick Thesiger (ten years later Lord Chancellor Chelmsford) that for the defendant. The latter had not a leg to stand upon, and his only resource was to confuse a plain case, suggesting that whereas the defendant had in fact bound himself as surety for a third party, and was now being sued on his bond, there was, nevertheless, a matter of account between the bank and the defendant, rendering it doubtful on which side the balance lay. So well did Sir Frederick press his point at a late hour on a winter's afternoon, as to induce Lord Denman to say to Mr. Watson: "Hadn't you better refer this?" to which the latter replied: "The expense, my Lord, the expense!" and in the end, by his firmness in persuading the Court to give the needful time and attention to sifting the merits, prevailed over Thesiger's efforts to confuse them, and justice was done. When I

.

related this to my father, with a mild expression of youthful warmth at the judge's seeming impatience, he at once threw cold water over my ingenuous zeal, remarking in his light, unconcerned way, "Oh, I suppose Lord Denman wanted his dinner!"

Episodically it may be mentioned that I heard at the time on good authority that about 1847-1848, soon after going out of office with Sir R. Peel (to whom he was Attorney-General) Sir F. Thesiger sent round a circular to the solicitors notifying them that having returned to private practice, his briefs might be marked with what was at that period a Q.C.'s ordinary fee in common cases, viz. six guineas.

On another occasion I was again present in the same Court of Queen's Bench, sitting at Guildhall, when Serjeant Shee was addressing the jury, Lord Chief Justice Denman being temporarily withdrawn into the judge's room behind the court, and the door between the two remaining open. After the learned serjeant had proceeded a certain way in his discourse, he stopped short and said, "If I did not think my Lord were within hearing I would pause, as I wish to direct his Lordship's attention to a point here." This brought up the Lord Chief Justice, who, putting in an appearance

at the doorway with a tall commanding presence, bewigged and robed, looked straight at his brother of the coif, nodded, and again withdrew: a proceeding which seemed quite to satisfy Serjeant Shee, who went on with his address without more ado. On yet another occasion I heard a juror intimate to Lord Denman that the open door just referred to caused a draught, whereupon his Lordship, with the utmost urbanity, rising from the Bench, went and shut it; being in this instance no less pointedly, if informally, polite than in the other.

In connexion with Sir F. Thesiger, it may be mentioned that soon after his elevation to the woolsack (1858) a London practitioner told me that he was regarded by the profession as a man of exceptionally sensitive conscience, to the extent of rarely putting out his full powers in a case which he felt to be a bad one. Some years later his son, Alfred Thesiger, proved an excellent judge as Lord Justice, too early lost to the Bench, although at the time of his promotion, straight from the Bar to the Court of Appeal at the age of thirty-nine, a good deal of adverse criticism found vent, partly on account of his comparative youth—especially for an Appellate position—and partly because (so 'twas said) he had not earned excep-

tional distinction either in his profession or at the University; but the result, as already intimated, showed the appointment not to have been misplaced. The ephemeral controversy to which it gave rise brought out the somewhat curious fact that if, as the opponents of the nomination averred, the Oxford examiners placed him in the lowest class of honours, he had not sought honours at all, going in only for an ordinary "pass" degree; yet had he done so well that the examiners "classed" him of their own accord.

Although I did not see the suggestion made in any of the letters or articles that were published on the subject, I cannot but attribute the appointment (which, as has been said above, took the public as well as the profession a little by surprise) to the fact that Mr. Disraeli, then in office, probably desired to make some amends, through his son, to Lord Chelmsford, whom, on his own first elevation to the premiership—following upon the elder Lord Derby's retirement—he had deprived of the Chancellorship in favour of his friend, Sir Hugh Cairns, and his lieutenant (that was to be) in the Upper House. By this stroke of policy Mr. Disraeli wished to secure the services of Lord Cairns as Leader of the Peers, thus necessitating Lord Chelmsford's retirement, which was rendered

more conspicuous from the circumstance that this was the solitary change in Lord Derby's cabinet made by the new Premier on succeeding to office in February 1868. Lord Chelmsford is said to have complained, upon this occasion, that "he had not even received the month's notice which must have been given to a housemaid;" but his only attainable vengeance was to say, with the caustic wit peculiar to him, "The last Government (that of Lord Derby, father of the late earl) was 'the Derby;' *this* is 'the Hoax!'" Fully to seize the point of this telling sarcasm, it needs to bear in mind that Mr. Disraeli was just then in very ill odour with a large section of the Conservative party, whose interests he was supposed to have sacrificed to his own ambitious ends, through "dishing" the Radicals by the democratic Reform Bill of 1867.

Crossing the pigeon-dotted Guildhall yard, in the City of London, you enter beneath a heavily groined Gothic portico; and passing by the veritable Gog and Magog of popular renown—two antique images of large proportions—one is within the great Hall of Guild: stepping athwart which, and pushing aside a ponderous green-baize door, the visitor used to find himself in, possibly, the most crabbed, irregular, and limited court any-

where to be found among the "loci in quo" of all the higher tribunals in Christendom; where, indeed, the area was so circumscribed that the "public" had to stand like cattle in a rectangular pen, projected almost under the chin of my Lord—cheek by jowl with the jury on the right—under the very lee of the witness-box on the left—and full vis-à-vis to the counsel's bar. Yet this diminutive, cramped, unsymmetrical, closely-packed space was in fact the most convenient court I was ever in; and many is the cause I have heard and mastered without losing a syllable, or finding any difficulty in seeing and hearing all that was going on. Oftentimes have I stood—not sat, for that was impossible—in the square cattle-pen afore-said at the feet of a Pollock or a Parke, a Channell or a Martin (all of them Barons of the Exchequer) taking in lessons of law and evidence in cases more or less complicated. Such was the historic Court of Exchequer when sitting at Guildhall.

On one of these cosy opportunities of seeing eminent judges and counsel, and for "assisting" at interesting *Nisi Prius* causes—opportunities that have been blown to the winds, so far as concerns the general public, by the senseless acoustic arrangements of the hopelessly skied strangers' gallery in the new Law Courts—I found myself

listening to a running-down case, where the brougham of a livery-stable keeper at Blackheath had collided with that of the well-known job-master, Newman, in Regent Street (well-known forty years since and long before, nor less well-known at this day) killing his horse. After struggling against the facts, Serjeant Wilkins addressed the jury in a rollicking, humorous vein in mitigation of damages, amusing them with a story of a certain barrister who, when driving over a common on his way to Sessions, had the misfortune to run over a goose, whose irate owner was soon on the spot, and had to be pacified with a *solatium* of some half-dozen shillings. "Now, gentlemen," said the Serjeant, facile of speech, "between you and me, I venture to say that, thus rewarded, the old woman would in her heart of hearts pray that the generous traveller might run over one of her geese every time he drove that way! So with the plaintiff here: if he is to get forty pounds for every hack he loses in a collision, it will be to his interest to have as many such as possible." In the result the jury reduced the plaintiff's claim from two-score pounds to twenty-five. Anent this same popular forensic orator—who, if I mistake not, hailed from Erin's verdant shores—I remember a letter in the "Times," many years since, complaining that

the doorkeeper at the Old Bailey had refused admission to the correspondent save on payment of half-a-crown, "because Serjeant Wilkins was addressing the jury." And in regard to a third case, I can recall that, happening to mention to an uncle of mine that Serjeant Wilkins had held forth for four mortal hours, he remarked, with practical sagacity, "that only shows what a bad case he must have had."

At yet another time I recollect a judge at the Old Bailey—possibly Mr. Justice Crowder—interrupting the same learned serjeant, who was defending, with his accustomed display of rhetoric, one of the prisoners in the political trials of 1848, "Brother Wilkins, I may be wrong, but if you say treason is justifiable I can't hear you." "God forbid, my Lord, that I should say that," exclaimed the voluble serjeant, and then proceeded much as before with his address. In a fifth case, about the year 1851—before Baron Martin, son-in-law of Chief Baron Pollock—Serjeant Wilkins was pressing a witness hard in regard to some compromising episode of her past life, when the judge interposed, saying, "I have always felt very strongly on matters of this kind." "But," retorted he of the coif, ever ready and plausible, "strong feeling, my Lord, often leads to great injustice."

Among other judges whose courts I have attended, two were among the most eminent there have been during the Victorian era—Lord Campbell and Sir A. Cockburn, successively Chief Justices of England. Although Lord Campbell presided in the Queen's Bench only for nine years (1850-1859) he left his mark on his Court to a degree which it may be doubted whether any other Chief has done in my time. And yet it was not at Nisi Prius that he displayed remarkable talents; at least he did not strike one as gifted with any unusual capacity for discriminating fact amid the labyrinths of conflicting testimony. It was in Banc, when applying general principles of law to ascertained facts, that he showed that grasp of his subject and power of generalization, together with tact in enlarging or modifying older legal maxims to meet modern ideas and requirements, without, however, formally setting them aside, whereby he acquired both the lead of his own Court, and a not inconsiderable reputation as a judge. With Sir A. Cockburn, on the other hand, it was just the reverse. Not, I believe, specially distinguished for his grasp of legal principles, he possessed, nevertheless, an extraordinary power of gathering together the threads of evidence, and unravelling the facts out of seeming chaos; and this, in the

most complicated civil and criminal cases alike. Witness Palmer's trial in 1856—though here it was as Attorney-General, not as judge—and the "Claimant's" case in 1873-4, when his summing-up, extending over more than a week, was a masterpiece of comprehension, clearness and exposition. Add to this that he was an orator of a high order—imposing, by his low but well balanced, musical tones of voice, breathless silence on crowded courts—and you have a judge standing out, metaphorically (for physically he was a small man) head and shoulders above the average occupant of the judicial Bench.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Cockburn's name in the year 1843, from a schoolmate, who with the naïve bumptiousness of thirteen, presumed to speak of that soon-to-be-distinguished man as "a rising young barrister;" tho' he must then have been already "rising" for some time, considering that not long afterwards he became a Q.C., and within five years—in 1848—had acquired a leading, almost commanding, position by his successful conduct of the unpopular side in the great theatrical suit of "Bunn v. (Jenny) Lind," in which he secured a verdict for £2,500 damages against the famous prima donna, Sir W. Erle presiding at the trial. Four years later he pleaded

powerfully for the defendant in the *cause célèbre* of "Achilli v. Dr. Newman;" yet another four years, and he made, in the "Queen v. Palmer" (referred to above) perhaps his most celebrated forensic display, by weaving the web of circumstance around the accused; whilst, in the closing decade of his long career, Chief Justice Cockburn "crowned the edifice" of his reputation by presiding over the famous ten-months' trial-at-bar (also just referred to) in which the so-called "Claimant" was arraigned of perjury. But, although I have frequently seen the late Chief Justice, both on the Bench and at the Bar, the only occasion on which I have heard him speak, was in the not too exciting case of "the Queen v. Sir William Young," before Lord Denman, when Cockburn defended an East India director in the Queen's Bench, sitting at Guildhall, upon a criminal information, imputing to him the corrupt disposal, for money, of his Indian patronage. A pin might be heard to drop, while the brilliant advocate, in a soft, richly melodious, engaging voice—persuasive and argumentative, but with unswerving calmness and reserve of power—sought in vain to struggle against overwhelming odds; for the evidence was not to be gainsaid even by the most honey-tongued of counsel.

Side by side with the two Chief Justices, let us glance for a moment at their contemporary, Lord Chief Baron Pollock, whose strongly pronounced, if almost plain, features are not readily forgotten by those who have seen them in the flesh, or even as portrayed in the oil painting lately added to the National Portrait Gallery: a man of the old school, with somewhat antiquated principles and prejudices; slow of speech rather than an orator, but calm, logical, and dignified in delivery. It has been my fortune to see him oftener, perhaps, than any other judge; oftenest in the Exchequer of Pleas at Guildhall, outside which his stately, high-hung, old-fashioned, yellow chariot and pair would sometimes be standing about four or five o'clock of an afternoon, to take him home after a good day's work. I have seen and heard the venerable judge in Banc at Westminster; had the privilege of sitting next him on the Bench, when presiding in ermine and scarlet, and full-bottomed wig at the Worcester Summer Assizes of 1855; I have been in Court for several successive days when he formed one of a Commission of four specially appointed to try the political case of the "Queen v. Bernard" at the Old Bailey in 1858; and I have seen him open in state the commission of Assize at Norwich Shire-hall, proceeding afterwards to the

cathedral in gorgeous apparel, with train borne behind him, and mace in front: the organ playing "God save the Queen" as my Lord, at the end of the service, attended by robed officials and counsel, walked slowly down the long Norman nave whose tier upon tier of sombre, round-headed Romanesque arches carry you back to those picturesque but rude times of which the imposing ceremonial still maintained by the "red judge" at Assizes is a stately remnant—and a remnant, too, of the more pleasing kind as suggestive of the scales of equal justice.

I remember a remarkable expression of opinion by Sir Frederick Pollock in a remarkable case—that of Müller (1864) who, after murdering a banker's clerk (tempted by the sight of his cash pouch) on a London suburban railway, and escaping to America, was brought back by detectives; one of the strongest pieces of evidence being that the accused, in the hurry of the moment, had decamped with the deceased's hat on his head in lieu of his own. The Lord Chief Baron, when the prisoner's fate was hanging in the balance, did not hesitate to tell the jury that he could not concur in the common saying that 'twere better ten guilty men should get off than one innocent man be convicted. In the sequel Müller, while standing on the

scaffold, pinioned, and with the noose round his neck, just before the drop fell, said to the German clergyman in attendance (the Rev. Mr. Tiarks) *Ich habe es gethan*—"I did it." Among the notabilia connected with this "cause célèbre" was the curious circumstance of the banker's leathern bag carried by his victim, and the immediate incentive to the crime, happening on that particular day to be empty! Another was the reply of prisoner's counsel in America (before extradition) to the prosecution, the latter having submitted to the court a necessary technical document signed by the U.S. consul in London. "How are we to know that is the consul's signature?" "Oh (said the prosecuting counsel) you know both the consul and his signature well." "Do you think (blurted out the other) I'm going to hang my own client?" Finally, the King of Prussia addressed an autograph letter to her Majesty begging for a remission of the capital penalty, but in vain.

A short but characteristic anecdote may be appended of this eminent judge—one of the most eminent indeed of the Victorian age, although (as already hinted) of decidedly slow and deliberate utterance. Once that I enjoyed the advantage—shall I say the happiness?—of being present in his court, counsel was pursuing a line of examination

which the judge deemed irregular, and he expressed himself accordingly ; to which the barrister thus addressed, somewhat flippantly replied, "Oh, my Lord, it was only my fairness that made me ask the question." To this free-and-easy repartee Chief Baron Pollock, fully equal to the occasion, retorted, on the instant, in his deliberate measured way—at the same time turning, and even nodding, his capacious head and massive features emphatically to the right, in the direction of counsel—"Then-don't-be-so-fair-another-time !"

Yet once again, some five and forty years ago, I found myself in the same straitened and most acoustically favoured of courts, the Exchequer of Pleas at Guildhall, in presence of Baron Parke—afterwards Lord Wensleydale—who, in my time, was for many years a puisne of the Exchequer, with Alderson, Rolfe (subsequently Lord Chancellor Cranworth) and Platt (who had been standing counsel to the "Times") for colleagues, Pollock being Chief Baron. A cause having been called on in its turn, was delayed through the absence of counsel in another place. After a very brief interval indeed the advocate on the opposite side, taking advantage of his opponent's failure to put in an appearance, proceeded to open his case, whereupon Baron Parke, full-faced and somewhat

fresh-coloured, raised his eyes from the newspaper that lay spread out on the desk before him, and turning sideways towards the right (in that confined area the Bar seats ran at right angles to the judicial Bench) said quietly, "Oh, no! I'm not going to let you walk over the course like that." After the lapse of so many years Baron Parke's eminence as a judge imparts at least a scintilla of interest to even the slightest incident tending to hand down to posterity an idea of his personality as it appeared to an onlooker in the first half of her Majesty's reign. Some, too, may remember the hubbub raised in the House of Lords by the proposal to create Parke a life peer for the benefit of suitors in appellate cases. Yet, though the life peerage had at that time to be abandoned, we now are used to see four life peers judges of appeal in ordinary; and no one—either Lord or commoner—is offended thereat.

The death of Sir John Mellor (1887) leads me to refer to that able judge, the "my friend Mellor" of the Tichborne "claimant." I remember his trying a capital case at the Maidstone Assizes in which a plea of insanity was set up. A witness in support of that plea was being cross-examined as to the grounds of his opinion, and among other far-fetched reasons he said that he had found the

prisoner inclined to the teaching of John Stuart Mill. This led the judge to ask the witness, "Do you think reading the works of John Stuart Mill a sign of insanity?" Here it may be noted as a circumstance not devoid of interest that John Mill and John Mellor both attended in their youth the famous course of lectures delivered by Mr. Charles Austin at the then newly-founded London University College, on what may be termed the Philosophy of Jurisprudence: lectures that were epoch-making in their subject, and at once raised their author to the highest pinnacle as a generalizer in the domain of Law. So solidly based was this reputation that to the present day, after the lapse of two generations, Austin is still the leading authority on the Philosophy of law: a vast field of inquiry in which he displayed the grasp and insight of a Master. The writer who, in our time, has most nearly approached him in his subject was doubtless Sir Henry Maine, though to some extent the late Sir James Stephen worked on similar lines; but his genius ran less in the way of generalization than either of the other two, and, so far, trenched less on the domain of philosophy. Sixty years had passed when Mr. Justice Mellor died at London, a week after returning from wintering in the "Ponente" (as he himself called it) or Western

part of the Riviera. He was one of the last judges of the "aula regia," in the days when Cockburn filled the judicial throne—for so it then might well be termed—of the Queen's Bench; and when the status of the latter was truly dignified, compared with its present 'minished position as a mere "Divisional Court," with (in a general way) only two judges sitting in Banc, and these two an uncertain and continually shifting pair out of the whole posse of eighteen judges or so available: a condition of things already foreshadowed in Sir A. Cockburn's time, and wholly disapproved by that distinguished judge, who was firmly opposed to the gratuitous wiping out of the three time-honoured, historical Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer.

In 1857 was passed the Act for the establishment of the Divorce Court, not, however, without strenuous opposition from, among others, Mr. Gladstone. The first judge was Sir Creswell Creswell, transferred to the new post from the Common Pleas. Somewhat oddly, perhaps, he happened to be a bachelor; and I can call to mind my mother remarking that this was, possibly, as well, since a married man, she said, would in such cases be likely to be biassed, either for the wife or against her. During nearly six years Sir C. Creswell

worked hard at organizing the new Court, and in laying down principles for the decision of causes matrimonial. When his career was unhappily cut short by a riding accident (1863) I remember Sir Robert Phillimore, at that time the leading practitioner in Probate and Divorce, making a public tribute to the memory of Sir Creswell, who, he observed, "though not a perfect judge, had done much to formulate the rules of practice and principles of law for the new and important class of cases he had to decide."

To him succeeded Sir James Plaisted Wilde, previously a Baron of the Exchequer, and now Lord Penzance. He displayed nice discrimination in dealing with a delicate and novel class of questions: his summings-up, besides grappling firmly and clearly with the evidence, rising at times, to a high pitch of eloquence in the keenness of sympathy they evinced for the painful and complicated family relations too commonly involved. Indeed, he seemed, perhaps, more at home in contributing to settle the domestic troubles and guaging the moral tragedies of the Divorce Court than in the more commonplace post he has since held of Ecclesiastical judge. Lord Penzance's successor was Sir James Hannen, a puisne judge of the Queen's Bench, who for more than a score of years presided

over the Court of Probate and Divorce, illustrating both subjects with a far-seeing grasp of principle, and exhibiting no little acumen in unravelling the web of fact from conflicting testimony. These qualities he had an opportunity of yet farther proving as President of the Parnell Commission, where, moreover, he showed himself capable of engaging in dialogue as a master of fence with the most self-confident leaders of the Bar in their prime, as well as of controlling them, even in their most recalcitrant moods, with a firmness of hand at once masterful and moderate. In short, his whole management of the arduous work of that Commission showed him to be a man of great tact, judgment, and power. Later on, this venerable yet vigorous judge refreshed the minds of such as care for the exposition of broad principles of law—for the philosophy of jurisprudence in fact—by a luminous summing-up in the Ferrand Will case, ere betaking himself to the “*Urbs urbium*” to spend in that city of mixed delights a well-earned Eastertide. Sir J. (afterwards Lord) Hannen till lately presided over the Admiralty Court, a position which led to his presence at an annual dinner of the Trinity House Corporation (1890) when he displayed the versatility of his talents by a humorous speech, pointing out that there are few things

harder than to do justice between man and man ; but that to do justice between man and woman was harder still ; while the hardest of all, in his experience, was to do justice between ship and ship—as in actions arising out of collisions—and this (he added) would be impracticable save for the aid of Elder Brethren of that ancient Corporation, the Trinity House, whom he was then addressing. Before taking leave of the late Lord Hannen, we may record Lord Chief Justice Coleridge's opinion, that during two generations he had known no greater judge. Let us add, that he united a penetrating discernment of character and circumstance, with a singular gift of correct expression.

The inordinate length of time through which the Parnell Commission sat—extending, I believe, over a greater number of hours than any recorded *cause célèbre*, not excepting the Tichborne or the impeachment of Warren Hastings—leads me to remark that even those who are most in sympathy with the sweeping judicial changes of the last twenty years appear agreed that the result of these innovations has been to swell the cost of legal proceedings, one of the causes of this ever growing expense being the increased duration of trials. But the continual prolongation of the hearings in Court seems to constitute an evil in itself apart

from the ruinous costs entailed, as tending both to weary the jury and to distract their attention from the main issue. Nor is it certain that the development that has taken place within the last half century in the length of judges' notes of the evidence is altogether an advantage. When a jury have heard the whole of the testimony in profuse detail for themselves, they should not require it all minutely over again in the judge's summing-up, but rather the leading heads, with comments appropriate and brief. Anything more tends to fatigue their already jaded attention, and involves at times those prolonged and diffuse reviews of the evidence than which nothing can be more remote than the succinct presentation of a case to a jury by a judge who has himself mastered it, and in that event hardly needs an almost verbatim note of the evidence in order to lay its substance before the jury. In connexion with the extreme length of trials, and their ever augmenting expense, I may add that the Courts in my day used to sit at ten in term and at half-past nine after term, while now they do not open till half-past ten o'clock all the year round.

Chance leading me to pass some days at Newcastle in December, 1856, another and beneficent chance led the Northumberland Winter Assizes to

coincide with my sojourn, thus enabling me to observe and study the administration of justice under Sir William Erle (an advantage I had enjoyed several times before) and his colleague Mr. Russell Gurney, recorder of London, who was going circuit for a judge on sick leave; and whose tall figure and prominent sharp-cut Roman features made him a not unfit representative of the majesty of the law, and with whose clear, logical summings-up I now first made acquaintance.

As to Sir W. Erle, everyone accustomed, to whatever extent and in whatever capacity, to frequent the Courts thirty or forty years ago will recall the somewhat ordinary looking North-country gentleman who enunciated the substantive "wound" so as to rhyme with "sound," but none the less showed a large measure of common sense, much good feeling, and considerable dignity of bearing, yet hardly perhaps (at any rate to a superficial observer like myself) of extraordinary talents or quickness of insight.

Three years after the above was written Lord Coleridge, in a public discourse on Eloquence, pronounced the following eulogium on this eminent judge, showing that—at least as a forensic orator, in which capacity I had never heard him—my estimate was below the mark. "He (Lord Cole-

ridge) had listened at the bar to Sir Alexander Cockburn, to Bethell, to Lord Cairns, and to the greatest of all the advocates who in his time had adorned the profession, and was supreme in the art of forensic speaking, Sir William Erle." Surprise has been expressed in some quarters at the extremely high estimate thus set on Erle at the bar. However this may be, he sat for many years in the Queen's Bench beside Sir John Coleridge (father to the late Lord Chief Justice and nephew of the poet), a judge of great experience and of fully average reputation, who in my day was long a puisne of her Majesty's Bench, with Wightman, Pattison and Erle for colleagues. These (it may be observed in passing) with Lords Denman and Campbell successively as chiefs, formed a more than respectable array of judicial talent. While still occupied with Chief Justice Erle, I may add that he, as well as his eulogist Lord Coleridge, hailed from the Western Circuit.

In relation to eloquence—the subject of Lord Coleridge's lecture—it may be remarked that if to be impressive is to be an orator, Père Edmond, Abbot of St. Michel de Frigolet (mentioned in the preceding chapter) was among the most eloquent of men. Other orators I have listened to were Mr. Gladstone, Sir A. Cockburn, Sir Fitzroy Kelly,

and the late Mr. William Johnson Fox, M.P. for Oldham, and a political writer, as well as lecturer, of whose style of oratory a highly appreciative notice appeared not long since in the "Saturday Review." His very aspect suggested the ideal artist, poet, rhapsodist—Homeric or Provençal: dark in complexion, in figure rather short than tall, with an abundant crop of hair flowing nearly to his shoulders; a voice soft and low, which is in itself a beautiful thing in a public speaker, especially when there is added the quality of perfect distinctness. Brilliantly rhetorical and deeply emotional, his eloquent harangues would at times wind up with a peroration, almost wild in its impulsiveness; deep-toned, suggesting (so to speak) the rush of a mountain torrent—something even akin to the soul-stirring effects produced by the harmonic glories of a full-voiced organ. For, if Coleridge's poetry, in its sonorousness, has been compared to the swell of an organ, the speech of W. J. Fox might, in its loftier flights, with equal propriety be likened to that noblest of instruments.

I have stood, one of a closely packed crowd, listening breathless to hear him harangue the "sons of toil" in a sympathetic address of no little power and beauty, yet measured and quiet in delivery; whilst at another time I have sat under

him when lecturing on the Book of Job with a touch of that mysticism wherewith the sacred story itself is replete: showing, moreover, insight into the spiritual meaning of its successive episodes, and bringing out something of the pathos that seemed a part of his own complex and sensitive nature. Of the public speakers I have heard, I am inclined to estimate him and Cockburn as the most mellifluous in regard to the quality of the voice and intonation. W. J. Fox "flourished" (as say the old chroniclers) from about 1820 to beyond 1860. Altogether—taking into account voice, appearance, rhetorical brilliancy, power of treatment, and a profoundly sympathetic organization—it may not be too much to place him among the most notable orators of the century in England.

It fell to me to enjoy the not inconsiderable privilege of his personal acquaintance. He was a man of culture, of fine sentiment, and of an altogether imaginative turn, of which last characteristic an indication may be afforded by the following slight incident. On almost the last occasion I was in his company he was speaking of the Crystal Palace; and, referring to the great Handel organ in the transept, at that time nearly new (1858), he said: "Seeing an inscription in large letters on the organ front, I drew near to

read it, expecting to find, 'Glory be to God,' or something of that sort; but no, it proved to be a mere trade advertisement of the builder's name!" More than thirty-five years have elapsed since then, and still more since I last heard him speak in public; yet the fire of his eloquence, the soft musical tones of his speech, and his very remarkable personality—the antipodes of the commonplace—remain fixed in the memory.

The reference above made to Sir John Coleridge (the elder) recalls one of the occasions that I saw this exceptionally dignified judge upon the Bench, more than forty years since, when he had before him an ordinary tradesman's dispute, with a jury who on a quite simple issue laid their heads together in the box, as if minded to make a difficulty of it. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Justice Coleridge, "this is practically an undefended case, there being no substantial defence whatever:" a method of taking the bull by the horns that at once brought the twelve men, "good and true," to reason and a right verdict. Such was the vigorous way justice was administered in the forties; and thus did the disposition of a jury—hoodwinked by counsel—to debate undebateable matters get nipped in the bud at the hands of a hard-headed commonsense puisne

judge of one of the three historical courts of common law.

The averment, whether accurate or otherwise, of Sir W. Erle being supreme in the art of forensic speaking, reminds me that soon after the earlier Tichborne trial, another critic claimed for Serjeant Ballantine, who led for the plaintiff, the position of first advocate of that day. Indeed, so consummate an artist was he in his profession that it has been said (possibly by an unfriendly observer) that he could plausibly suggest a guilty motive for the most innocent action. It may be of interest to mention here that this brilliant pleader and noted cross-examiner originally practised at the Old Bailey—in this respect resembling two Chancellors, the late Lord Chelmsford and the actual Lord Halsbury—whence, on taking the degree of the coif, he migrated to Westminster, obtaining in due time a patent of precedence, and eventually enjoying the high prestige of being specially retained at an almost fabulous fee (some 5000 guineas according to report) to go out to India to defend the late Gaikwar of Baroda from a charge of attempting to poison the British resident at his court: a task the learned serjeant successfully accomplished.

The first case heard at the Northumberland

Assizes was that of a woman indicted for passing a bad shilling. The prisoner was a little, pale-faced, wizened, thinly clad old woman; the prosecutrix, a publican's wife, being (*per contrà*) stout, fresh-coloured, and bedizened with ribbons and other finery, fit to appear in before "my Lord." She gave as a reason for thinking the accused knew the shilling to be bad—besides the material fact of her decamping when suspected—that she had before passed counterfeit coin at her bar, which made the judge ask, why she had not previously charged her, to which the witness replied, with some show of reason, that it would have entailed too much trouble, and of course conviction would have been more difficult: a statement which elicited from his Lordship, in summing up the case, the observation, more caustic than accurate, that the prisoner did not look like a person capable of giving much trouble to the prosecutrix. The jury, however (rightly, as I thought) returned a verdict of guilty. In another case of passing bad money, where the accused, a working-man, cross-examined the prosecutor on his own behalf, Sir W. Erle evinced a truly democratic spirit by the easy way in which he said to the prisoner, several times, while writing his notes of the evidence, "Give me time, please." Contrasting with this

free and equal bearing towards a poor man, was his demeanour on taking leave of the High-sheriff. This functionary, clothed in a scarlet cloak, and, possibly, a trifle confident in his social position, advanced boldly to the Bench, and offered his hand to the judge, in open court, and in the midst of a trial. His Lordship seemed to me not quite to relish this freedom, for he extended two fingers only, with a stiff formal bow, which differed pointedly from the "Give me time, please," addressed to the friendless, (though as the result proved) guilty prisoner at the bar.

In another case at the same Assizes I heard a man tried for brutally belabouring a woman, whereof she died. But though he had knelt upon her chest and beaten her savagely, followed shortly by her death, the doctor would not swear prisoner had contributed to the woman's death, because, said he, the cause of death appeared to be bronchitis. The judge had previously suggested to the grand jury that, in view of the medical evidence, they should ignore the bill, but nevertheless they found it true. Similar advice to the petty jury was equally disregarded; and, after all, an undoubted offender against laws human and divine got no more than his deserts in four years' penal servitude. But although, like other men,

greater and smaller than himself, not above making mistakes, Sir W. Erle was an eminent judge. I remember on one occasion when a Q.C. was arraying his "cases" before him in support of a legal argument, Lord Chief Justice Erle (of the Common Pleas, as he was then become) delivered himself of the weighty utterance, "No amount of judicial decisions will make bad law good law." This is the sort of *obiter dictum*—illogical, perhaps, but big with meaning—a few of which make the difference between an eminent and an average judge.

A judge's most arduous work, it may be surmised, is probably to detect the hard swearer. This last is one of two pitfalls that lie in the path of every jury. The other—not a whit less formidable—is plausibility. But when the plausible is united in the same person with hard swearing, Justice is in imminent danger of suffering defeat. I have seen the plausible hard swearer win the day with both judge and jury over the timid, conscientious witness of truth. I have sat and heard (though not often) a judge, in charging the jury, count heads in the matter of evidence rather than weigh them. Two or three witnesses swear, hard and confident (say) for the plaintiff; whilst other witnesses—less confident, it is true—believe, and with reason (according to the finding of a second jury) that the

defendant was, after all, right on the matter of fact at issue. No doubt it must be difficult for jurors, and judges too, brought for the first time face to face with utter strangers—strangers in character, antecedents, interests, motives—always to get at the rights of a controverted question of fact. 'Tis a safe canon, however, that truth is often wholly at variance with the story told by a bold, plausible, smooth-tongued, hard-swearing witness, male or female. And when testimony of this kind happens at the same time to fall in with popular prejudice, it needs what is called a “strong” judge to disentangle truth from falsehood. It was in such circumstances that Sir A. Cockburn would show his powers of discernment, alike in civil and criminal causes, eliminating with admirable sagacity the wheat from the chaff. During my opportunities of observation—reaching back to well nigh half a century—almost every case of signal and ascertained failure of justice has been due, not to circumstantial, but to direct evidence; this last being sometimes mistaken, though oftener intentionally false.

Pass we now for a moment to Mr. Russell Gurney's side of the same Shire-hall, where Mr. Digby Seymour was seeking to enlist the sym-

pathies of a jury on behalf of two prisoners charged with a nefarious robbery. Would they blast the characters of two respectable young women on merely circumstantial evidence? There was nothing against his clients but suspicion, and that, he submitted, quite inconclusive. Finally, he reminded them that "the noblest privilege of a British jury was the prerogative of mercy." This eloquent harangue was followed by a charge of three-quarters of an hour from Mr. R. Gurney, elaborate, calm, logical, in which that learned judge gathered the threads of evidence together in a manner not unworthy of Sir A. Cockburn; and so wound the coil of circumstance around the two interesting young persons in the dock as left the jury little opportunity for exercising, in this instance, the "noblest of their privileges!" In passing sentence Mr. Gurney remarked that, although wholly circumstantial, the evidence was not less clear than if someone had been watching them from a neighbouring window. Mr. D. Seymour, Q.C., after the lapse of eight and thirty years, is now, I believe (1894), judge of the Northumberland County Court, in addition to the recordership of Newcastle, which he has long held.

CHAP VI.

ANECDOTAL (continued).

A MODEL CHAIRMAN	MAGGIORE
A READY SPEAKER	MAX MULLER AND THE
"AS POOR AS A CHURCH	CURATE
MOUSE"	LIVING STATUES
A FRENCHMAN ON ENGLISH	CARDINAL FIESCHI
SOLDIERS	J. S. MILL AND MR.
"LE MATERIEL ET LE	GLADSTONE
SPIRITUEL"	J. S. MILL AND THE
A FRENCH CURE	CHURCH OF ROME
DEAN ALFORD AND THE	DARWIN AND MILL
CANONS OF STA MARIA	

THE preceding anecdotes have all related to the law or legal functionaries; but in the following selection from a number available, a few episodes of a more mixed character have been drawn upon. At the same time, scattered through the volume

are many other anecdotes of a miscellaneous kind which did not readily lend themselves to being dissociated from their context.

Some two score years and more ago I visited in company with a young journalist (a reporter on the "Globe" newspaper) one of the City wardmotes held annually on St. Thomas's day to elect common councilmen. In the chair was the alderman of the ward. His name has escaped me, but it was not, so far as I remember, Alderman Moon nor yet Alderman Sir Peter Laurie, though those were the days of Aldermen Moon and Laurie, both of them noted wearers of the civic gown. The meeting threatened to be stormy; the burning question of the hour appeared to be the cost of the local gas supply, and the minds of the citizens were becoming agitated. Then it was that the presiding alderman proved himself a model chairman, if not a born ruler of men. Aldermanic in his proportions; rotund of visage and ruddy, with a benign smile playing round his lips, he rose slowly from his chair—resting his hands on its two arms—whilst he turned, first to one side of the crowded hall, and then to the other, saying as he did so, with deliberate emphasis and a beaming countenance: "I am *sure* there is no *feeling* here!" The effect was instantaneous: oil had been cast on

the troubled waters ; and peace and order were at once re-established through the tact of, possibly, a somewhat commonplace personage, yet one unmistakably in the right place.

The incident just related brings to mind how, long years afterwards, at a public meeting in Devonshire, I heard Lord Feilding in quite another way—by a good-humoured joke thrown off at the right moment—tame down the uproarious refusal of a band of noisy young roughs among the auditory to give him a hearing on the question of the Union between England and Ireland. “When,” said Lord Feilding, “one gentleman at this end of the room is trying to make himself heard, and twenty gentlemen at the other end keep crying Bah! all the time, there would be nothing for it, if they persisted, but for him to sit down.” The youthful sparks were tickled by the facetious turn thus given to an interruption that threatened to be serious, and for a time at least, held their peace.

From warm and watery Devonshire to warm and sunny Italy is a far cry. Whilst on my way to Rome for the Easter solemnities of 1856, I sojourned awhile with the Barnabite Fathers of Genoa, to whom I was fortunate enough to have an introduction. During the Refectory meals they

used to hold in reserve a small whip wherewith to chase away several meagre, hungry-looking specimens of the feline tribe, whose importunities would at times become troublesome. When this happened, one of the Padri gave a vigorous crack! crack! to the "little whip"—τὸ *πραγέλλιον* of Scripture—followed by a unanimous stampede on the part of the four-footed mendicants. "No wonder," remarked Mr. Mill, to whom I recounted the incident, "No wonder convent cats should be thin when one recollects how poor, according to the proverb, are Church mice!"

In the year 1859—it was the year in which, later on, I joined the Rifle Volunteers, hearing of which at the Antipodes led an uncle of mine to say that nothing gave him so vivid an idea of the universality of the movement, as that such a bookish and homebound personage as he conceived myself to be, even at that early age, should associate himself with it—; it was, then, at Midsummer, 1859, soon after the notorious "French Colonels" had been vapouring and blustering to the Emperor their threats about invading "la perfide Albion," that finding myself at the Provençal town of Draguignan one Sunday afternoon, I was present at the usual military parade in the great Place. Among the spectators near me stood two French-

men, apparently of the middle class, one of whom made an inaudible remark to the other as to the bearing of English soldiers. His companion having said something in reply, which I did not catch, the original speaker rejoined: "*Je ne parle pas de la bravure, mais la tenue en est magnifique!*" Testimony so emphatic as this, coming from the quarter it did, is, I think, worthy of record.

Finding myself at Malvern during the Crimean War, and listening on one occasion to the band, a violent and unexpected tempest scattered bandsmen and auditors alike. Observing two ladies—an elder and a younger (whom I had seen several times before) clad in summer guise, without protection from the storm, I ventured, though ignorant even of their names, so far as to offer them my umbrella, which, after some demur, they accepted. A few weeks afterwards, being on my way to attend the Worcester Assizes, I fell in with the same two ladies, who having a relative among the Bar of the Oxford Circuit, were proceeding to the county town to see him and something of the Courts at the same time. Through the interest of the barrister in question, Mr. P——, (to whom the ladies introduced me) I was shown to a place on the Bench, where I had the honour of sitting next to Sir Frederick Pollock, Lord Chief Baron of the

Exchequer, in the Crown or criminal court ; and, later on, beside Sir William Erle, on the civil side. For these advantages I was indebted to a small act of gallantry in the offer of an umbrella in a shower to two unknown ladies !

In a previous chapter mention has been made of the Père Edmond, mitred abbot of the Premonstratensian monastery of St. Michel de Frigolet in Provence. A lively story in connexion with that honoured prelate of the Church of France may find a place here. It was All Hallowtide, 1866—just when the olive groves were deepening into the purplish black of their maturity—that we were being driven by a white-robed lay brother in a rather primitive chaise behind a good stout cob from the Abbey to Tarascon on the Rhone ; and as we passed along the high road, where for a certain distance it skirts the railway, a train happened to sweep by. This drew from me a chance observation on the contrast presented by the railway train and its associations with modern go-a-head progress, on the one hand, and the mediæval ideas suggested by the monastic profession and white habit of my reverend companion, on the other. “ Oh, oui ! ” cried Père Edmond, pointing to the passing train, “ Voilà, le matériel, et ici ”—indicating, as he spoke, his own somewhat ample

proportions—"ici, c'est le spirituel!" following up his sally with a right merry burst of laughter that made to ring with its cheery peal the overhanging hills of Frigolet, close beside which we were wending our way at an easy jog-trot.

Another anecdote recalls the last of several visits I have paid to the same great Premonstratensian House. The Curé of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon, as it happened, was also a visitor there, and he did me the honour, ere taking his departure, of coming to my room to pay his respects. Conversing on various topics, he narrated the following interesting circumstance associated with the life of some eminent saint, of whose name however he was uncertain. But, whoever he was, he seems to have belonged to a religious order, for, being "in recreation" with his brethren in the parlour, one of them inquired what he should do were the Angel of Death then and there to announce to him that the Almighty would that night require of him his soul? "I should," replied the man of God, "continue in recreation." It may be added that this same Curé of Villeneuve (a townlet washed by the right bank of the Rhone just above Avignon) expressed an earnest desire of being back again in his cure—whence he had been absent but a day—saying with emphasis, "Je sent que là c'est ma place!"

It was some time anterior to the date of the previous incident that a Norfolk rector (still happily living) told me how he had corrected Dean Alford's then lately published and manifestly overdrawn comments on the Roman clergy by a little book of mine on the Italian convents. After many years interval, I chanced—whilst sojourning at Chudleigh Vicarage—to light upon Weld's "Winter in Rome," where is quoted Dean Alford's very unflattering story anent the behaviour of certain canons of Santa Maria Maggiore at their daily service in that noble Basilica. Now it happens that having in my early days (as already intimated) a strong idiosyncrasy for church-going, I was not content with a full service at 6 a.m.—morning prayer and Eucharistic celebration—at Santa Maria della Concezione (where I was then being entertained as a guest), but from time to time would take the not inconsiderable walk to Santa Maria Maggiore in order to be present at this very daily office, hit off (so to speak) from no friendly point of view by Dean Alford, and rehearsed somewhere about nine o'clock, by these same canons in the identical choral chapel to which the dean particularly refers, and at a period of time, apparently, not far removed from that of his visit. It was precisely because the

service in question was so well and effectively performed—in a chapel entered through glass doors, as I remember, with a surpliced precentor beating time for the choristers just within—that I was induced, now and then, to resort thither ; and I am in a position to record my experience on the matter as entirely divergent from that of the distinguished, if somewhat erratic head of an English cathedral chapter, who could not, at any rate, impute to his Roman canonical brethren that they were wandering about the world, spying out objects of criticism, anywhere save in their own capitular stalls.

A circumstance of another and lighter stamp may here be interposed—referring this time to an Oxfordshire rector in lieu of the East Anglian incumbent with whom the last episode was indirectly associated. Leaving the buttery of All Souls, after lunching there with Mr.—, referred to in a preceding chapter, and who was himself a quondam fellow of the College, my friend told a rather good story of a budding divine, not long ordained, whom he had driven into Oxford and entertained at All Souls, where two or three dons chanced to be partaking of their “merenda.” The talk taking a philological turn, the curate aired his particular hobby on that wide and thorny topic, not only freely, but with some self-assertion, not to say

a dash of the cocksureness of youth. On emerging from the collegiate precincts into the delightful "High," the youthful debater inquired who that gentleman might be who had evinced so marked, yet so quiet, an interest in the subject under discussion. "Oh," replied Mr. —, "that was Max Müller"—at which his inexperienced and somewhat opiniative companion felt himself not a little taken down. "*Parabolæ seniorum*," said a great teacher of the past ('tis true, he was not thinking of philology) "*Parabolæ seniorum sine causâ non proferuntur*;" and the young of all times, ever prone to be positive on scanty information and less thought, need often to be reminded of the wholesome truth.

The following anecdote of the late Pope—to whom, on my first visit to the Eternal City, I had the honour of being presented, through his Eminence Cardinal Fieschi, of the renowned Genoese family of that name—may be worth noting.

Rome, the scene of an episode related above, was also the "*locus in quo*" of the following incident, which had place towards the close of the life of Pius IX., in the halls of the Vatican: stately and historic halls that on more than one occasion I have enjoyed the privilege of treading—now to

study the sculptured marble of pagan days, in the head-quarters of Latin Christendom; or now, maybe, on being conducted to a formal audience of the Priest-King. A number of English and American visitors were awaiting such an audience of ceremony in the great Gallery of Sculpture, where (or contiguous to which) might be seen the busts of Roman Emperors, ranged on either side, each upon a stunted column, perhaps four or five feet high; the fine statue of the Laocoon writhing in the serpent's coil; and the world-famed Apollo Belvedere. His Holiness, benevolent of countenance and ample in dimensions, entering with gracious bearing the spacious Hall, walked silently and with an easy gait through the company of Anglo-Saxon foreigners, who, in two lines, stood erect the while, without bending the knee. "Ah," exclaimed the Pontiff, with a combination of ready wit, *bonhomie*, and dignity characteristic of him, "I beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen, I mistook you for statues!" For calm self-possession and point, this is quite equal to another impromptu dictum attributed to the same Pope, who, on somebody venturing a doubt as to whether the Infallibility dogma was supported by tradition, replied, with heroic audacity, "*La tradizione sono io!*" This recalls the legend which gave rise to the Lourdes

Pilgrimage, where two young children declared that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to them on the spot. Being asked what the Mother of our Lord said to them they answered with innocent simplicity, "she said, 'Moi je suis l'Immaculée Conception !' "

From his Holiness the Pope we may step down a grade in the hierarchical ladder to consider for a moment the high dignity of the Cardinalate—acknowledged as this is all the world over, and respected by those of differing religious creeds. Its dignity has been secured (next to the selection of for the most part worthy recipients) by the rigid limitation instituted many centuries back as to the number of the Sacred College. At that distant epoch seventy-two was declared to be the extreme limit, though seldom is it, if ever, that several hats are not left vacant. The consequence is that with hardly more than threescore to be distributed over the entire habitable globe, the Cardinalate constitutes what is practically a very close order of life nobility, greatly prized throughout the Church, and one that is treated with consideration by all Governments and peoples.

While resident in Rome members of the College of Cardinals are expected to maintain considerable

state, and, with this object, to observe certain ceremonial points of etiquette, such as not to walk within the city bounds, but always to use a carriage when proceeding through the streets. These carriages are of antiquated build—reminding me, as to size and form, of the pair-horse hackney coaches in London fifty to sixty years ago—large and cumbrous, but stately, and drawn by handsomely caparisoned horses, decked with stiff upright tassels, dark red in colour (about the height, shape, and tint of a tuft of red horse-chestnut blossoms in May) rising above the head-gear. The coachman, as well as one or two (occasionally even three) lacqueys standing on the foot-board behind, wear showy liveries with cocked hats. Should pedestrian exercise be desired by their Eminences they drive beyond the walls—those venerable, wide-spreading walls of the Emperor Honorius—or at least to the Pincio gardens, just within the boundary, before leaving the dignified shelter of their carriages. Such, at any rate, was the strict ceremonial maintained at the time of my visits to the papal city nearly forty years since; and, presumably, the same practice yet obtains, for the pontifical Court is no less conservative of old mediæval ways than is our own.

Possibly, it may not be wandering too far from

the region of anecdote to interpolate here a brief recital of my presentation to his Eminence Cardinal Fieschi at the Palazzo Polo, situated at the back of the most magnificent among the public fountains in Rome (not far from the Quirinal): its numerous jets and cascades pouring forth an ample volume of water amid a setting of allegorical statues and sculptured basins, well known to every visitor, even though the lapse of time may have obliterated from my memory the name of this unique and ceaseless play of bubbling, dancing waters.

After the manner of Italian mansions, a free ingress into the hall led, by a broad marble staircase with open balustrade to the first floor. Here a liveried servant received one, and (having been already introduced by letter) he admitted the caller within the penetralia cardinalit a, in reply to some such question as "Su Eminenza riceve oggi?" (Does his Eminence receive to-day?), ushering him into an outer apartment, upon a table whereof stood a tall crucifix supported on feet; and, fronting this, a crimson "biretta" or square clerical cap significative of the ecclesiastical character of its owner, and similar in form, though not as to colour, to that so generally worn by the Latin clergy, both in church and in their own domiciles.

French windows, opening like folding-doors and with heavy wooden frames, let in the bright sunbeams—such at least as the partially closed jalousie-blinds did not exclude; variegated tiles supplied the place of carpet; pictures, mostly of religious subjects, hung around the walls; whilst, overhead, a ceiling elegantly painted in figures represented some classical subject.

Presently, a chaplain, or secretary holding the rank of Monsignore—his status indicated by a purple cravat—appeared, and with courtly urbanity begged me to accompany him across an inner room, smaller than the first, but exhibiting on the wall-side a canopy covering a sort of throne or chair of state for ceremonial occasions. This chamber of audience opened into yet another beyond, where stood an ecclesiastic of dignified aspect, between sixty and seventy years of age, wearing the long black cassock, fastened in front by a row of tiny red buttons, and edged with scarlet trimming, and stockings of the same hue, which forms the dress of a Cardinal on ordinary days. His Eminence, advancing a step or so, and bowing a welcome—or extending two fingers, according to the degree of familiarity he might choose to be upon with his visitor—pointed to a chair, and entered at once into general conversation.

Cardinal Fieschi, as he himself told me, belonged to the Fieschi of Genoa, a family of great local and some historical renown. He spoke of having twice made the journey from Rome to his native city, crossing the Apennine, penetrating the olive groves of Massa-Carrara—famous alike for its statuary marble and the popular outbreak of 1894—and traversing the Eastern riviera to Genoa the Superb: superb, in its loveliness, with an ideal position at the head of a gulf backed by an amphitheatre of lofty hills; its stately palaces and churches, the number of its religious houses, its Italian picturesqueness, and, not least, its associations with a splendid past. Speaking of such a city, mediæval and classical—the great Ligurian capital (which English and American tourists hurry over too much)—in the palace and presence of a Roman Cardinal, himself of Genoese origin, seemed by no means incongruous. On neither of my visits to Roma Felix did I fail to pay my respects to his Eminence; and it was to his courtesy that I was indebted for a private audience of Pope Pius IX., which, together with the concurrent introduction to the noble halls of the Vatican (their brilliant array of pontifical officers and domestics liveried in red silk, quite realizing, by the way, the “apparatus aulicus” of

Suetonius): a privilege not accorded to all visitors, and certainly one by no means to be contemned.

Considering the exceptional advantages afforded by many years' familiar intercourse with John Stuart Mill, it may perhaps be desirable to bring together in this place a few additional anecdotes to those on the same subject, scattered over other parts of the volume. Thus, during the Session of 1861 I had the good fortune to be present in a Committee room of the House of Commons when the author of the "Logic" was under a sharp examination by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe—two of the acutest of men—with regard to his idea that there should be two scales of assessment for income tax: one for those owning land, consols, railway stock, and other invested property, and another and lesser rate for the professional and commercial classes whose income is dependent on their personal exertions and which usually ceases with their life. It was an incident fraught with interest to hear the incisive questionings of the two eminent politicians—both of them first-class Oxford men, practical financiers, and distinguished orators—trying their utmost to drive into a corner the first logician and economist of the day on a point of political economy pure and simple, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe alike maintaining that neither the-

oretical or practical grounds existed for differential scales of taxation on incomes derived from invested property and those arising from professions and trade.

Now it so happened that, being on my first visit to Blackheath after my marriage, one evening a messenger brought a note from (if my memory serves me well) Mr. Hubbard M.P. for Buckinghamshire and Governor of the Bank of England—who had got a committee of the House to consider this and some other points touching the incidence of the income tax—begging Mr. Mill to attend next morning and support as a political economist the change in the rate of assessment which they both advocated; and the more urgent was Mr. Hubbard in the matter inasmuch as some of his most valued witnesses—even experts in finance and political economy—had been seriously disconcerted—not to say overthrown—by the searching nature of the interrogatories to which they were subjected. “I will go” said Mr. Mill; and hence his presence in the Committee room on the morning in question.

A veritable battle of wits it proved. On one side, two men of extraordinary powers of dialectic—both somewhat ample in person and of vigorous constitution—of great practical experience of affairs as well as financial knowledge—and dexterously

supporting one another in their subtle cross-examination. The gist of this was, how the witness could justify on theoretical grounds a difference of percentage in favour of professional and business incomes? What would be the basis of principle on which he, as an expert in political economy, would found his distinction in the assessment of the two kinds of property? The witness under interrogation (spare in form, and by no means of robust health) replied with guarded caution and deliberation to question succeeding question, until—after pointing out that the landowner and fundowner could sit at home at ease and enjoy the revenue of his property, besides bequeathing it to his posterity, while the income of professional men wholly, and that of the commercial classes largely, ceased with their personal exertions—he finally came out, slowly and tersely, with his economical principle, for which he had been so persistently pressed. “I base my advocacy of this change in the scale of income tax assessment on the fact that property owners need not to save for their families after their own decease, whereas professional and commercial men must; so that the difference in the assessment which he (the witness) was urging, represented the tax on the amount prudence

required them to put by. "But," said Mr. Gladstone, "what about the many people who have no families to provide for?" "You cannot," replied Mr. Mill, "legislate for exceptional cases. Legislation must of necessity deal with large generalizations." "Do you think," asked Mr. Lowe, in his most insinuating manner, "Do you think it would be easy or possible to persuade the House of Commons to take your view of this matter?" "I think," rejoined the witness, "that if the right hon. gentleman" (Mr. Gladstone) "were to bring his arts of persuasion to bear upon the House he might succeed." At the adjournment of the Committee, Mr. Gladstone (who had not previously known him) invited his economic antagonist to breakfast the next morning that they might farther talk the matter over.

It may be added that a graduated income tax is still advocated by many—that it was included in the Newcastle Programme—and that the principle of graduation seems to be, in effect, not a little conceded by the constantly increasing drawbacks granted by parliament in favour of small incomes. Farther, it is observable, that Sir William Harcourt's Budget Bill for 1894, in one of its subsidiary clauses, established for the first time the important distinction between income and

earnings. When the broad principle comes to be admitted—as plainly it soon will be—that the man who earns £1000 by his hands or his brains should be more lightly taxed than the man who clips it in coupons or receives it in rent, the part taken in the matter by J. S. Mill should be borne in mind. Mr. Balfour has asserted that on certain points Mill's economics have become antiquated. Let him acknowledge that at any rate on the great question of differentiating (in respect of taxation) funded and landed income from personal earnings, his teaching—so far from being antiquated—is progressing in public favour and even now beginning to bear substantial fruit.

J. S. Mill was distinctly an anti-pessimist. He looked forward to the future of the human race, not only with hope, but with confidence. Long ago, when walking with him in Surrey, I expressed a fanciful wish that 'twere possible to reproduce the past, so as to realize the life and manners of men five hundred years since. "I would far rather," he replied, "be able to dive into the future and view the progress made by mankind five hundred years hence." Later on, under the pressure of a great bereavement, he observed, somewhat despondingly, that he did not see how the weight of sorrow of that kind—the loss of deeply loved friends—was

ever to be lessened, even though man should achieve the most heroic advances towards perfection.

It has been affirmed lately in the Press that the first mention by John Stuart Mill of the phrase "stupid party" was in his essay on "Representative Government" (where, however, it is the "stupidest" party) published in 1869; but this is incorrect. It was in the Parliament of 1865-68 that, amid general merriment, the member for Westminster made the famous declaration that the Conservatives constituted the "stupid party"; and when he added, "No wonder 'tis a powerful party," the House fairly burst into a roar of laughter, men of all sides thoroughly appreciating the humour of the thing.

Any proposition he might enunciate—any side he should take up in a controversy—needed to be closely scrutinized, and to be diligently collated with the facts and bearings of the case; for a logical view of things came so naturally to him that he could find an argument for any matter whatever and present it in a telling form. Consequently, an opponent needed not necessarily to waver in an opinion he might favour because worsted by the eminent logician's greater readiness and skill in

dialectic. Thus he was a powerful advocate of any cause he might espouse ; whence the corollary has been drawn that he would have had a brilliant career at the bar. His voice was soft ; his manners engaging, from a high-bred courtesy that distinguished him, and the absence of all that savoured of over-confidence and presumption. Hence his speech was essentially persuasive. In personal appearance—to compare him with a contemporary—he always reminded me of Sir Alexander Cockburn, with an inch or two added in stature ; while both one and the other would somewhat recall the portraits of Voltaire—to go back to a previous generation. Once and again have I come direct from seeing Cockburn preside in the Common Pleas or on her Majesty's Bench in Westminster Hall to dine with J. S. Mill at Blackheath, and thought within myself, were ever two men more alike in physiognomy, or, it might be added, in refined softness of voice and courtesy of demeanour ?

Speaking of theological controversy, I have heard him say that every religious body is strong in attack—in spying out and emphasizing the weak points of its opponents' armour ; but that 'tis when they themselves are put on their defence that each successively exhibits its measure of vulnerability. While theological prejudice was wholly absent from

his mind, and, indeed, altogether foreign to his character, he seemed to entertain what may be called a political dislike for the Church of Rome, founded on the bigotry commonly imputed to her (though, truth to say, it would be hard to cap that shown by most of the Protestant sects); and, still more, by its historical aptitude for persecution. Yet, on the other hand, never perhaps have I known anyone to more highly appreciate the purely musical qualities of the Catholic services; and certainly no one was ever more qualified to do so. I have, too, heard him remark, on behalf of the Catholic Church, that while the Greek, Anglican, and Lutheran communions were, politically, the handmaids of the powers that be, the Papacy alone had the spirit and the power to maintain an independent attitude with regard to the State; and had moreover, in certain cases, stood boldly forward to defend what was substantially the cause of the people against their oppressors. Illustrations of this last observation may be found in several passages of history—especially that of Germany—but here we will for a moment glance only at one or two examples from English annals.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, for instance, the student is confronted with the ever-recurring disputes between the civil and clerical authorities

on the subject of Investitures, which involved the burning question of the day, whether the bishops were to hold their sees of Pope or King, and, consequently, which of these two rival potentates was to be supreme in matters ecclesiastical. Another ground of quarrel betwixt Sovereign and Prelate, synchronous with that about Investitures, and coming to the fore no less persistently, was the claim—not unreasonable amid the rough, violent, semi-barbarous life of the period—that the clergy should be amenable to ecclesiastical tribunals alone. It was like the modern claim insisted on by Europeans in Constantinople and other Eastern cities to be judged only by their own Consular courts. Broadly stated, it was the principle asserted from the beginning in our own legal system that a man is to be tried by his peers.

Now in those rude days of royal and baronial oppression, it was of the first importance for the subject, lay quite as much as clerical, that the one efficient moral force of the time—that of the Church—should be upheld against the fierce passions and omnivorous greed of king, emperor, and feudal baron. This was what Anselm did with regard to Rufus and Beauclerc; Becket as respects Henry the Second; St. Edmund Rich, archbishop of Canterbury, in his contest with the third Henry.

J. S. Mill was a firm believer in Darwinianism. On a certain—to me ever memorable—occasion (some time during 1859) I was with my stepfather and sister in the diningroom at Blackheath—the walls encompassed with tall bookcases surmounted by plaster casts of classic celebrities, and a fine engraving of Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola over the mantelpiece—when, for the first time, I heard pronounced the illustrious name of Charles Darwin; the “Origin of Species” having then lately been published and my stepfather engaged in reading it. The Haeckels, the Huxleys, the Tyndalls—the scientists, in fact, all over Europe and America—had not then, as a body, endorsed its teaching. Yet J. S. Mill did not hesitate, even at that initial stage of the controversy, to accord his own assent to the “new learning”; and in view of the general (though not universal) consensus of scientific experts subsequently declared, it may be interesting to compare the similar view thus early enunciated by the logician and philosopher. It has been said that if the hypothesis of Natural Selection—that is the principle of the struggle for existence—were swept away to-morrow, Evolution, on which that theory is based, would still stand where it was. But this is hardly an adequate statement of the case; for though the doctrine of Evolution was

known before Darwin, it received a prodigious accession of illustration and proof—and certainly of general acceptance—as the result of his labours and intuitive genius.

Weisman, the distinguished German biologist and disciple of Darwin, has lately summed up the matter from his side in these remarkable words : “We accept natural selection, not because we are able to demonstrate the process in detail, not even because we can with more or less ease imagine it, but simply because we must, because it is the only possible explanation that we can conceive.”

To the foregoing anecdotes may be appended the following appreciative sentences by Mr. Leslie Stephen recently published in the “Biographical Dictionary” : “The general disparagement of so-called “individualism” has led for the time to a lower estimate of Mill’s services to liberal principles. The final decision as to the soundness of his teaching will not yet be reached. But no historian of the social and political movement in his time can fail to note the extraordinary influence which he exercised for a generation ; the purity and energy of his purpose ; and his immense services in the encouragement of active speculation, and of the most important movements of his time. It is equally noticeable that no one ever did less to court favour by the slightest compromise of principle.”

CHAP. VII.

ARCHITECTURAL.

GOthic ARCHITECTURE.—THE DOME: ITS FORM, PROPORTIONS,
AND EFFECT.—JOHN EVELYN AND THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S.
—DOMICAL SNOW HUTS AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.—THE
RENAISSANCE.—A JACOBÆAN MANSION.

FROM my youth up Gothic architecture was a subject of special study and delight; and I can recall how, passing along Fleet Street in very early days with my sister, who had lately been in Normandy, she remarked that the graceful, perforated tower of St. Dunstan's in the West, with its border of fleur-de-lys encircling the top like a coronal, reminded her of that on the famous church of St. Ouen at Rouen: a remark the aptness of which I was enabled to verify for myself subsequently, and which first directed my attention to the singular beauty of the light, airy tower whose bell (or rather that of Old St. Dunstan's removed in 1830) must so often have been heard by Dr. Johnson in the neighbouring Bolt Court.

But it was in 1856, 'mid the snows of a wintry February, that, for the first time and in a sledge, I bridged the Alps—τὸ τεῖχος Ἰταλίας—descending upon the plains of Piedmont with a similar scene spread out before me to that with which Hannibal encouraged his troops, when, foot-sore and toil-worn, they emerged out of Gaul into Italy; and it was during the same journey that my architectural purview began to expand, so as to realize as I had not done before the fact that Pointed Gothic did not constitute the sole criterion of architectural beauty. More especially I got to recognize the advantages of variety in architecture as in other things; and could admire—at first tentatively, later on more fully—the noble domes of St. Peter's and the Pantheon, of Florence and St. Mark's, without feeling that I was wanting in due reverence for the vaulted glories of Westminster and York, or of Amiens, Rouen, Rheims, and Bourges. So keenly, indeed, have I ever appreciated these latter that were it permissible to weave fancy's web so far as to imagine any of the Courts above o'er-canopied by a fretted roof too lovely in form to be conceived of by mortal man, the ideal of such a one—light, lofty, airy, exquisite in grace—might perchance be the perfection of vaulting exhibited by the nave and aisles of Westminster Abbey,

towering as they do in height, while yet delicately slender in shape; and showing long lines of diminishing perspective not to be surpassed, if equalled, as you throw back your neck so as to bring the dizzy, though sublime sight overhead well within the compass of your vision. Standing and gazing and wondering, you have before you the gloriously successful essay of a thirteenth-century architectural genius to express in uplifted, soaring stone that aspiration of the mind after elevation of thought and sentiment which a living French writer has qualified as "la pensée aérienne et sublime du style ogival." Yet, feeling all this, 'tis nevertheless, with such creations of man's intellect and man's hands that I venture to compare more or less, in their elevating influence on mind and imagination, the finer specimens of the dome; adding to those previously enumerated, our own St. Paul's and the *Panthéon* at Paris, among the first rank; with Notre Dame de Boulogne and St. Front at Périgueux among the second.

The Dome, like so many other novelties, came to us from the East, travelling westwards out of Asia to the New Rome of Constantine, where, apparently (judging from report) the Mosque of St. Sophia presents one of the finest known examples. Thence it found its way to Venice, Old Rome, and

elsewhere in the West, although even to this day it has hardly got to be so far acclimatized but that it remains very much a type of Oriental construction. As to the etymology of the word, the Greek *δῶμα* or *δόμος*—for both forms occur—meant, like its Latin derivative “domus,” any house or building. It is a secondary and more modern use for it to signify a “concameratum ædis fastigium” (the hollowed-out roof of a house) as Ainsworth, in the last century, latinizes the English word dome: a vaulted roof, that is, of a form approaching a hemisphere, in which case the height, or depth, will scarcely exceed half the diameter, or one-sixth of the circumference (being in fact radius to the circle); whilst an elliptical dome may vary in height from about two-thirds of the diameter, to a depth equalling, or exceeding, the latter. In these last-named instances the height coincides with the major-axis of the semi-ellipse, which conic section is formed by every conical dome whatever, whether it deflect but slightly from the half-sphere, or rise, tall and tapering, so as to constitute a narrow cone-shaped turret rather than a cupola.

The beauty and effect of the dome seem to depend on three things chiefly—its size, its shape, and its height above the ground. The size and shape are intimately connected together, the largest

and finest cupolas being in form hemispheres, or nearly so—like an orange cut in half—whilst others are semi-ellipses; and inasmuch as an ellipse (or oval with the two ends equal) may approach ever so near to a circle, or recede ever so far from it, we have elliptical domes varying from the handsome modern cupola surmounting N. D. de Boulogne, to the mere pepperboxes that form the satellites to the central dome at Périgueux, and which satellites, by the bye, look insignificant enough to have been the progenitors of those dotted about here and there, over the London National Gallery. The cupolas of St. Peter's, the Pantheon, Florence Cathedral (the masterpiece of Brunelleschi), St. Paul's, and the Paris *Panthéon*, together with Palladio's stately dome of St. Justina at Padua, are all either half spheres or only slightly elliptical, while the many cupolas of the second order in Italy and elsewhere are manifestly to the eye elliptical in figure, and, possibly, in that degree, less majestic; though the effect of a dome (like that of any other building) necessarily depends a good deal on its mere bulk and vastness, over and above the perfection of its proportions.

But the grandeur of a dome in architecture is no less dependent upon the elevation of its supports

than upon either its shape or its size. There are domes—notably that of the Pantheon at Rome, probably the largest of them all—which seem to lack something of the highest measure of impressiveness from an absence of corresponding height in their supporting arches; whence they appear not to soar into the very clouds like the cupolas of St. Peter's and St. Paul's: the two latter comparing in their dizzy exaltation with the lofty aisles and pinnacles of (perhaps) the finest Gothic churches. No size, or excellence of proportion, in your cupola will avail unless, by poising it on the shoulders of a quadrature of arches sufficiently lofty, you succeed in projecting the half-globe—balloon-like—well into the air. This Michael Angelo effected in the case of the Vatican basilica, and Wren at St. Paul's, but which the Roman architect hardly did, in the same degree, whether we judge his otherwise noble work from inspection, or by its comparatively limited elevation as computed in feet. For while the dome of St. Peter's rises to a height of over 300 feet, and that of St. Paul's to between 200 and 300, the Pantheon is said to be only some 140 feet high. An interval of eighteen centuries may have failed to enrich the world with a larger dome, but it has sufficed to toss it up as high again into the air, with the

effect—especially on a sombre November day—of a floating sphere in cloudland.

The cupola is as characteristic of ecclesiastical architecture in Italy as is the Gothic tower and spire in England. Many of the churches throughout the land, and a considerable number of the smaller ones among the three hundred scattered over Rome itself, may be described as all-dome edifices, their narrow area being literally confined to that covered by the dome itself, so that all the offices are of necessity held “under the dome,” as they say of our own St. Paul’s. This is likewise true of the Temple Church in London, and (with the addition of a fine portico supported on a colonnade) of the already mentioned Roman Pantheon—a rotunda, without either pillar or window, but lighted from a large circular aperture in the top of the dome, pervious to the weather. Let into the pavement beneath is a round plate of brass (corresponding to the opening overhead), concave, and pierced with holes, being the orifice of a drain to receive the rainfall. This venerable pile—the most perfect of all extant buildings of antiquity—was built by Agrippa out of compliment to Augustus on the occasion of his victory at Actium over Antony and Cleopatra. It is thus a contemporary memorial in stone, present to sight and touch, of

that decisive historical event—the Battle of Actium. It was the same classic temple—on which Time has unmistakably, even to the most casual observer, set her hoary impress—that formed the scene of a different and quite recent political incident connected with a visit of French pilgrims, to whom the Italians imputed an intention of slighting their late king, Victor Emmanuel's ashes, which lie entombed within these thrice hallowed walls: hallowed, that is, by a far-receding historical past, and being the last resting place of the Kings of Italy, as well as by having been constituted ages since, a Christian church.

Contrasting with the Rotundas, or round churches, completely roofed in by a single dome, are several noble specimens of the many-domed church, as witness that most unique of Western ecclesiastical buildings, St. Mark's at Venice, with its five capacious hemispheres on high; and its near neighbour, the vast basilica of St. Antony at Padua, surmounted by an equal number of imposing cupolas.

To the foregoing examples of the domical roof may be added the Pavilion at Brighton. It would almost seem as if the unpopularity of the royal builder of the last-named mosque-like structure had led to the work associated with his name being

regarded with an indifference, if not contempt, which it by no means deserves, though (possibly) want of taste in artistic matters generally on the part of the public must also be credited with its share in the neglect of a meritorious specimen of architecture. All the more, then, is the Corporation of Brighton to be felicitated on the judgment as well as public spirit displayed in acquiring the property in the Pavilion and its pleasant gardens. The form of the cupola in question (neither spherical nor elliptical, but somewhat flattened, and bulging at the sides); and, indeed, the lines and general effect of the whole building are altogether exceptional in Western Europe, and must have been fashioned on a good—presumably an Eastern—model:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree—

suggesting the remark that in the case of architecture plagiarism is no reproach; and it were to be desired that we had more architects capable of copying. Wren, in his glorious dome, worked confessedly on the plan of St. Peter's; and it wants but half an eye to discern that, in his West Front, he was inspired by the façade of St. John Lateran, on the model of which he must have drawn line by line. Yet, borrowed in idea as

several parts of this noble fane manifestly are, it would be hard to name a grander architectural display than that exhibited by St. Paul's as you ascend Ludgate Hill (on the right-hand side of the way) with its magnified, and therefore improved, Lateran façade rising aloft in Italian lightness and elegance of form, if not Italian whiteness of tint; and showing, in the background, a fine view in receding perspective of the cupola soaring into space; and—wreathed as it not infrequently is with mist and vapour—recalling some huge airy billow in its wave-like spherical contour and darkened tone. There can be little doubt that the low ground at the foot of Ludgate is the true coign of vantage whence to drink in the full majesty of St. Paul's; though the view from Blackfriar's-bridge, especially of the dome, is undoubtedly effective in the extreme.

Since the preceding observations on St. Paul's were written an architectural critic in the Press has characterized Wren as "the creator of that most magnificent roof in the world, the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral." But, sublime as is that roof, it would be difficult to assign it pre-eminence over the aerial—almost fairy-like—vaulting of the nave and aisles of Westminster, or the prodigious elevation of Amiens, to say nothing of the Vatican

basilica, with its dome projected yet higher (by a good deal) into the skies than Wren's itself. It may not be uninteresting to add that the man whose creation of St. Paul's entitles him to be ranked as the first architect of his age, and one of the greatest of any age, is named by Newton (*Principia* tome 1, p. 49, Ed. Colonizæ 1760) first of three mathematicians whom he pronounces to have been foremost among the geometers of their day—"ætatis superioris geometrarum faciliè principes." Thus was Wren hardly less supreme among mathematicians of his time than first of architects.

Before taking leave of this splendid monument of human genius expressed in terms of hewn stone, and which foreigners, no less than Englishmen, rank among the wonders of architecture—"St. Paul de Londres" (as the French say) being thoroughly familiar to them, at least by name—an extraordinary episode in connexion with it should not be passed over. Evelyn—himself a connoisseur, as well as author on Architecture—tells us that six days anterior to the outbreak of the Fire of London he was in Old St. Paul's (a Gothic edifice after the manner of Westminster Abbey) with "Dr. Wren," and others, taking counsel as to the repairs needed by the ancient steeple. "We persisted (continues the Diarist,

p. 317) that the shape of what stood was very mean, and we had a mind to build it with a noble cupola, a form of church-building not as yet known in England, but of wonderful grace." This remarkable colloquy beneath the roof of the venerable pile—which for ages had been the glory of the City of London, and which had not a week to stand—throws the full light of contemporary history upon the genesis of the Dome of St. Paul's as we now see it, since it indicates the design of Wren (even before the coming fire) to cap a Gothic cathedral with a Renaissance cupola; and at the same time it brings out in strong relief the architectural taste of the period so far, at least, as Gothic is concerned. The conference between the great architect and Evelyn took place on Aug. 27, 1666: on Sep. 2 broke out the conflagration which reduced a large part of the City, including St. Paul's, to ashes.

Another curious and interesting circumstance, immediately bearing on our present subject, may be here intercalated by way of episode. Captain Parry (*Voyages*, II., 160) describes a number of huts built by the Esquimaux exclusively of snow, with ice for the windows, no other material whatever being employed even to weld them together. These huts consisted of a small circular room in

the centre, covered by a roof forming a perfect arched dome; while from this three doorways led into as many inhabited apartments, one on each side, and the other facing the visitors as they entered: the several inner rooms having each a domical roof of snow, no less than the central chamber. This seems a striking instance of the adaptation of the dome to building purposes by a barbarous people, who indubitably use it from motives of convenience or strength, and not at all from any idea of beauty of form.

Taking leave of the cupola, we may pass on to one more laudable instance of architectural plagiarism in the Reform Club, an excellent specimen of secular architecture, and which looks as if modelled on a section of (as I remember) the vast Palazzo Farnese, in the Piazza of the same name at Rome. This may possibly take rank among the best specimens of Renaissance of the strictly domestic type, and one not often surpassed in Italy or out of it. My father, who was cognizant of its merits, and had himself been one of the original five hundred members who founded the Reform Club, would sometimes dilate on them; but it was not till I had improved my taste by foreign travel that I was able fully to appreciate his well-deserved encomiums.

It is not necessary to remind anyone interested in the subject that the Renaissance in architecture was mainly a revival of classic forms borrowed from both Greek and Roman, with some more recent characteristics incorporated. Greek architecture, as we see it in the Pæstum temples—reproduced substantially in the Paris Madeleine—kept to the stern simplicity of the flat roof with square-headed doorways and windows, colonnaded exteriors, and pedimented (*i.e.* triangular) fronts. Out of the square Greek was apparently evolved the Roman round arch, which (having passed through the early mediæval or Romanesque stage) eventually gave place to the Pointed Gothic. This, after an undisputed sway of nearly four hundred years, was succeeded by that modern combination (referred to above) of classical elements, known as the Renaissance, which, in England, took the form of the later Tudor or Elizabethan, wherein the last relics of Gothic were blended with the rising spirit of classic revival.

Of the dignified, if somewhat formal Jacobean, a remarkably fine specimen was presented by Northumberland House at Charing Cross, till ruthlessly sacrificed a few years since by a tasteless generation, and the dearly-purchased acquiescence of a noble duke. This stately mansion of red brick

with stone facings stood flush with the pavement, and was surmounted by a colossal lion of white stone, in a standing position and with tail erect, which gave occasion to some wit to say that so prone are Londoners to gather in crowds, and wonder, that were a man only to stand at Charing Cross, and, looking upwards with fixed gaze at the lion over Northumberland House, to keep exclaiming, slowly and sententiously, "It wags, it wags," a crowd would surely gather round him in sheer gaping wonderment!

CHAP. VIII.

RETIREMENT.

And I have lived recluse in rural shades.

Comper.

——— tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres,
Quærentem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque.

Horace.

MUSIC, Law, and Architecture, which, thus far, have filled the greater part of these pages, are subjects requiring for their study and cultivation a specifically town life, or rather that of a great city; subjects, therefore, which in their associations are very distinct from those suggested by the term "country life;" especially when the latter, as in my case, connoted a large measure of retirement, combined with the habits of a student, and not a mere change from a busy London to a not less active and gregarious country life. I was

indeed, a Londoner bred and born, residing there till I had completed my twenty-first year; soon after which I went to Blackheath, at that time one of the most distant suburbs of the metropolis, with green fields opposite, farm land on the left, and the gardens of Morden College behind. Here were my headquarters for nine years, till marrying in 1860, I took a cottage at Limpsfield, a picturesque village in a charming position at the foot of the Chalk Hills, on the confines of Kent and Surrey.

Just over the Kentish border, and within a league of Limpsfield, is the townlet of Westerham—not then reached by the magic touch of the railway—delightfully placed amid spurs of the same Chalk range. At one end of the little town may be seen the square-built house that gave birth to General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec; at the opposite end, for the curious in such matters, is an antique panelled door; and between these two extremes, a cottage made interesting by the suggestive inscribed date of 1521, and also the wooded slopes of the “Squerries,” with their base laved by sheets of swan adorned water. Standing out among these objects of various interest, and crowning an eminence, is a fine mediæval Decorated church, where are some monuments to the Crispes, especially a Sir Nicholas Crispe, who (according to

my grandmother) was an ancestor of her family, and a cavalier in the Civil War of Charles the First's time. She herself was a handsome old lady whom I have visited at my grandfather's seat of Birksgate in the parish of Kirkburton, Yorkshire, where he was a Justice of the peace, and joint lord of the manor. From him I learnt that a particular high-backed pew in Kirkburton Church had been appropriated to his family for 300 years.

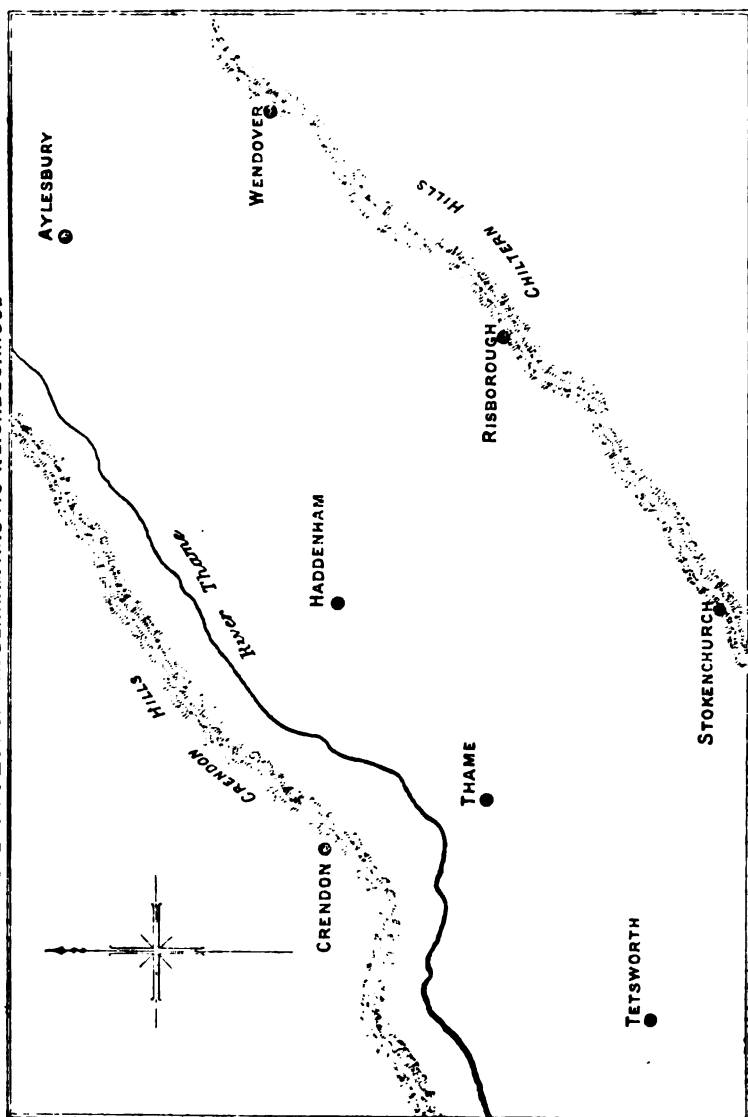
After several happy years at Limpsfield, we went farther a-field in the direction of country :

O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure passed—
Comper.

and took a more roomy cottage at the quiet village of Tetsworth, three or four miles from Thame, in a pleasant neighbourhood of pasturage and woodland, with the background filled in by the bold chain of the Chilterns. Seventeen chequered years were spent in this retired spot ; and then I removed, though unwillingly, yet farther countrywards to Haddenham, as far to the north-east of Thame as Tetsworth is to the south-west. My new abode was in an agricultural district of Buckinghamshire, well wooded, and commanding from our own windows a full view of the Chilterns, some half

dozen miles to the south-east; whilst at a couple of miles in the opposite direction stretches another and lower range, commonly known as the Crendon Hills, with their base washed by the river Thame. In the centre of the broad, flat space thus constituted between the two series of uplands—and which wide expanse of hill-bound plain seems to suggest, in pre-historic times, the bed of a lake—stands Haddenham,

SKETCH-PLAN OF HADDENHAM AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD



a village off the highroad, but of some size, yet very rural in character, with many thatched roofs; and a large green flanked by a fine thirteenth century church, which exhibits, besides a tower of exceptional beauty, each successive phase of Gothic, from First Pointed to late Perpendicular. The place, moreover, is of historical interest, being accorded a full share of notice in Domesday, with the rare addition of the name of the curate of the period in one "Gilbert," who is thus mentioned without prefix or affix other than the fact that he was "Priest" to Archbishop Lanfranc to whom the same authority assigns the ownership of the manor. Haddenham and its neighbourhood, including Thame and Tetsworth, was, too, the battleground betwixt the Parliamentarians with their headquarters at Wycombe and the Royalists at Oxford; and some curious memoranda are extant setting forth the charges to which the parish was put in billeting sundry troops of Parliamentary horse. More important is a contemporary document extending to several folios, and dating from the reign of James I, which records in minute detail the labours of a committee of Haddenham men named in the early part of the seventeenth century, to inquire what had been the customary services rendered to the lord by tenants of the

copyhold in time past, beginning with Edward III. As a copyholder myself of the manor of Haddenham I was specially interested in this ancient record, whercof two copies exist, one of which I have read and made extracts from.

My country life here I thoroughly appreciated, as I had also done that of my previous village residences at Limpsfield and Tetsworth; a country life, indeed, differing essentially from that of the sportsman, the man of business, and the professional man, as well as from that of the cricketer and even the lawn-tennis player, since it involved a retirement and silence rarely broken (outside the home circle) save by natural sounds: the blast of the storm-wind or the sougling of softer summer breezes; the lowing of cattle; the melody of black-bird and thrush, bullfinch and robin, harmonized (so to speak) by a chorus of starlings or saucy chirping sparrows; the double bass of bee and bumble-bee buzzing and feasting 'mid the branches of a spreading *ribes* or flowering currant bush that stands a dozen feet high and thrice as many round, forming, in the merry month of May, a resplendent pink mass; and, finally, the sonorous self-confident note of Chanticleer, varied, perhaps, from time to time, by the cheerful and not inharmonious neighing of a horse in the spacious orchard adjoining.

In a word, the writer had realized that country quietude which, as George Sand says, is ever *l'idéal des villes* :

———— a soul whose master bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes,
Sweet images, which wheresoe'er he be
Are at his heart.

Wordsworth.

Nor are the sights seen from the latticed windows in the garden front of an old-fashioned two-gabled homestead, dating possibly from the seventeenth century, less suggestive of country associations than the various and harmonious sounds just indicated. These sights, so soothing to sense and imagination, include in the far background—beyond our own flower-garden, dotted with apple, cherry and plum trees—the swelling line of the Chilterns already mentioned, some of them rising to near, if not quite, a thousand feet high, from behind which the sun is seen to ascend in its early glory ; while with equal beauty, if less splendour, the yellow globe of a full moon peers often at even-tide gradually above the green curtain of hills, and between the foliage of tall, intercepting elms : these elms bounding at once the broad, flower-bespangled pasture they inclose, and our own little domain. This has been from generation to generation the

property of yeomen, held by copy of court-roll from the lord of the manor. As in so many like cases, economical causes led the last yeoman farmer (bearing the typical Saxon name of Franklin) to sell his hereditary estate, which has now devolved on me.

An old thatched barn, capable of sheltering a company of soldiers, mud-walled and covering a larger area than the dwelling-house itself, stands, tall and rough, yet not unpicturesque, betwixt the latter and a sufficiently ample kitchen garden. In this bit of vegetable ground—which to a vegetarian like myself had a peculiar interest and charm attaching to it—I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life, tending potatoes, rooting out weeds, or pacing to and fro, “while breathing the sweet air of retirement,”* along an ash-made path, planned by myself and fashioned by my own hands, its length of about a hundred feet coinciding with Cowper’s “thirty yards of gravel walk” at Olney; while many weeks’ laborious work on the potato crop—digging, planting, earthing up—or on useful winter greens, or the equally beautiful and productive scarlet runner, would sometimes recall (to compare again small things and persons with great)

*Life of St. Basil the Great in Alban Butler, vol. vi., p. 238.

the accounts one has read of Garibaldi's assiduity in raising cabbages on his island home in the Mediterranean. Such, for a series of years, constituted my chief morning employment. The remainder of the day was largely devoted to reading or being read to, the latter social occupation being much in vogue with our party. Now and then a novel was read out, though more often works of a different stamp found favour, such, for instance, as Hayley's *Life and Letters of Cowper* in four volumes, Boswell's "*Johnson*," Cook's *Voyages*, Gillies' *History of Greece*, Evelyn's *Diary*, Wordsworth's "*Excursion*" and Milton's poems.

A fine organ, built to my order and according to my own specification nearly thirty years since by Mr. Rouse of Summertown near Oxford, and since then always tuned and repaired by that master in his craft, no doubt contributed its share to the cultivation of music with us. On Sundays especially we had during our entire residence here, and for years previously at Tetsworth, a musical service based on the book of Common Prayer, from which collects and versicles in varying keys were regularly intoned between the choral portions and the several instrumental pieces selected from Handel, Beeth-

oven, Mendelssohn, Bach, and others. These Sunday services became considerably more elaborate and effective, musically speaking, after our removal to Haddenham, in proportion as the powers of the young performer (my elder daughter) gradually developed themselves; and led a musical friend from one of our oldest episcopal cities to say, "These Sunday performances take one (in imagination) to the Cathedral." Sunk a couple of feet below the flooring of a chamber in our old-fashioned and low-roofed domicile at sweet Haddenham, my organ, thus manipulated, has expressed the creations of the finest, or rarest, composers: from the gorgeous fanfaronnade of harmony in the Gloria of Beethoven's Service in C, to the melodious Italian softness of Caldara in the third movement (*Et Resurrexit*) of the Credo in one of his Masses; with, say, the rich full-blown accords of Bridgewater's Jubilate in A major, and the stately Transfiguration Hymn out of "Ancient and Modern:"

O wondrous type, O vision fair—

thrown in between by way of variations.

At another time the performance would open with a brilliant, light, yet full and rich number from Mozart—perhaps the Sanctus of the Twelfth

--where the composer, by the sparkling effulgence of his florid "runs," and the sweetness and variety of his melodies, may seem to bring before the imagination the cherubim singing their Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; shouting, exulting as, winged and ethereal, they rest on the clouds, and, in the exuberance and lightness of their joy, proclaim the praises of the Most High! All this abundance of gladness and amplitude in its expression is, or may be, suggested to the sympathetic spirit by the 4th part (or number) of the Twelfth Mass--*i.e.* the Sanctus

Let us now pass, for a moment, to another style of composition, Jackson's *Misereatur* in F. Here, too, we have a fine and rich harmony, well representing the peculiarly effective choral chants which distinguish the English Cathedral service: stately, sonorous, solemn, thoroughly musical in expression; but, for all that, in making the transition, none the less have you descended from heaven to earth--left the clouds with the cherubim, and taken your place in the choir of Westminster Abbey, or beneath the majestic dome of St. Paul's.

Hence to a plain melody in the unison, tho' with pathetic words, out of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," is, from a musical standpoint, a plunge yet greater. The hymn, being to a large extent

prayer in a rhythmical form, and touching, as such, some of the tenderest chords and innermost workings of the human heart, has pathos pre-eminently for its salient characteristic; but its melodious effects, however varied and pleasing these may be, are not, for the most part, to be weighed (*quà* music) with Jackson's Service in F, or Bridgwater in A, still less with the harmonic glories of Mozart and Haydn, Bach and Beethoven; the *Et Resurrexit*, for example, of the first-named master's same Twelfth Mass where—if we seem in his Sanctus to be among the cherubim—we now behold, as it were with the eye of the imagination, the whole heavenly choirs, cherubim and seraphim, thrones and dominations, sounding forth the praises of the Holy of Holies! In a word, we have at last reached the top of Mount Pelion itself—piled on Ossa; and that again on Parnassus, and can no farther go. If capable of musical inebriation at all, and in a receptive mood, and the execution be at all worthy of the theme, maybe we shall have attained to that mystical consummation. But everything (as suggested in a previous chapter) depends on the truth of time; for only pass from the Adagio to the Allegro, or even the Allegretto (as is often enough done “with a light heart”) and you have burst the bubble,

destroyed the illusion, and brought us down from the third heaven to a rude awakening to the fact (only too true at best!) that in common with La Fontaine's famous dealer in earthenware, after the dashing of his hopes through the collapse of his china basket :

Je ne suis que gros Jean comme devant !

These occupations—horticultural, literary, and musical—were varied by walks abroad, generally in the neighbourhood, though at times they would be extended to a considerable distance—to Tetsworth, nearly seven miles ; to Aylesbury, six miles ; to Wendover, a picturesque townlet on the rise of the Buckinghamshire Chilterns, some nine or ten miles away, &c. Being all of us thus fond of travelling afoot, and having lived for seventeen years at Tetsworth, within a dozen miles of Oxford, I repeatedly, in company with one or both of my daughters, made it the object of a walk, more particularly if an opportunity offered of hearing some well known Professor on his special subject. Sometimes we would pursue the old road (with here and there the traces of antiquated eighteenth century milestones) leading right over the holly-clad top of Shotover—that Shotover which once was the goal of Shelley's meditative walks when at University college, and along which so many

generations of wayfarers to and from Oxford have trudged or ridden ; whilst on other occasions one would follow the new road—new since about 1798 which, in lieu of breasting Shotover, turns it by working round its base on the flat. Arrived at the beautiful city by the Isis we listened to Sir Henry Maine at Corpus on the burning by the French peasantry (during the Revolution) of the archives in the rural châteaux, which the lecturer no doubt rightly attributed to a desire of blotting out the records of oppressive taxes and feudal services. At another time, in the modern theatre at the Parks, we heard Professor Shairp on ‘Shelley’—a poet discoursing of a poet ; or Sir Fred. Gore Ouseley (an expert in the divine art) on Music in the Sheldonian theatre—one of Wren’s earliest, as well as most famous masterpieces, anent which Evelyn in his Diary (p. 299) has an interesting passage, it having been actually under construction whilst he was visiting Oxford in 1664. “To the new Theater, now building at an exceeding and royal expence by the Lo. Apb. of Canterbury [Sheldon]. The foundation has been newly laied and the whole design’d by that incomparable genius my worthy friend Dr. Christopher Wren, who shewed me the model, not disdaining my advice in some particulars.”

But whether these walks and excursions were more or less protracted, entailing a longer or shorter absence, we ever returned with gladness to our homestead of modest aspect, indeed, yet having a façade beautified by trellised plants as tall as itself: Virginia creeper with a crimson autumnal hue, a pink blush cluster rose, another of damask, a jasmine and two white roses; while facing this, is a pleasant, if small, plot of front garden, hedged in by a screen of laurel, snowberry, lilac; and flanked by red thorn and purple iris, yellow wall-flower and blueish-grey Michaelmas daisy, together with a sprinkling of annuals. Close at hand is a delightful green court, carpeted with turf, dividing the dwelling-house from the ramshackly straw-topped grange before mentioned; whence divers birds—sparrows, starlings, or an occasional robin—will emerge with a flutter out of crack and cranny as, bobbing your head under the low wicket beside the great folding barn-doors, you break in upon their solitude.

In jotting down these outline sketches of rural scenes personal to myself, I am reminded how that distinguished French painter M. Jules Breton, in his "Memoirs" (lately done into English by Mrs. Serrano) gains his readers' sympathies by a touching account of a field of saffron-coloured colza in bloom,

recalling a similar passage of De Quincey's on the crocus. As beautiful—though not presenting the same wide stretches of plain one sees under the colza-oil plant in France—are the patches of turnip blossom that have often charmed both eyes and sense of smell about my own home: the soft pale yellow, the graceful form of the blossom, the fragrant scent, all combining to make of a turnip field in the flowering time a veritable garden of delight.

Another field crop to be seen here and there in our neighbourhood, yielding a broad expanse of colour no lover of painting could fail to appreciate, was the rich dark-red of an elongated and rather large species of clover, spreading a glow over an entire field in bloom, which—while contrasting with the light primrose tints of the turnip flower—was, by its depth of almost sanguineous hue, not less refreshing to the sight and cheering to the spirits, weighed down as these might be at times by the more or less inevitable clouds and rubs of circumstance, and of a delicate organization.

Deeply sensible as I am that he who writes of his home life guards a sanctuary, and cherishes more than he reveals, I know not that these few scattered and almost dream-like recollections of past happy days can be more fitly closed than by quoting the

contemporary evidence of a sonnet composed by my younger daughter the year before we left :

SONNET.

Sister, I sing our happy destiny,
To spend the summer days among bright flowers,
With sweet tasks fitted to beguile the hours,
And, for our souls' uplifting, melody
Of wild-winged pensioners of thy charity.
O pleasant dwelling! O ye gardens dear!
More pleasant grown from happy year to year.
The mainspring of our calm content is he
Who reigns the monarch of this fair domain :
Who for our easy tasks an end doth make,
For whom these flowers are fair, those trees are green :
Who rids our dancing moments of the bane
Of objectless self-seeking ; and doth wake
Thoughts in us of the world without, unseen.

Such was my country home: parva sed apta mihi. Long years of absence (due to uncertain health) have followed, during which the writer has seen in imagination the little cottage at Haddenham, and the sweet spring time coming again and again to the beautiful Vale of Aylesbury, where luxuriant wild clematis fringes the slopes of the neighbouring Chilterns, and fragrant hawthorn whitens the hedges round about, and home-like rural sounds come to the ear as one passes through the pleasant lanes alive with singing birds.

During my earlier days an inscription in Latin elegiacs set up by Ariosto on his house at Ferrara took my fancy :

Parva sed apta mihi sed nulli obnoxia sed non
Sordida : parva meo sed tamen ære domus.

Ariosto.

This I determined to copy if ever I should possess a domicile of my own to which it was applicable. Accordingly, I caused the above distich to be inscribed on a slab of marble, and let into the wall of our garden-front at Haddenham, with these added prose lines by way of record :

MDCCCLXXXII. empty fuit hæc domus ab Algernon Taylor
qui lapidem istum anno proximo posuit.

CHAPTER IX.

PHILOSOPHY AND SOCIAL POLITICS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EVIDENCE.—SIR MATTHEW HALE AND THE BURNING OF WITCHES.—BIAS, LIKE GRAVITATION IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD, THE NATURAL TENDENCY OF THE HUMAN MIND.—TRUTH THE ULTIMATE CRITERION OF MORALITY.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF SENTIMENT.—GROWING MORALITY AND HUMANITY OF MANKIND.—HOMER AND THE TRAGEDIANS.—CÆSAR AND HENRI QUATRE.—EVELYN AND THE TORTURE CHAMBER.—VOLTAIRE AND BECCARIA.—ALTRUISM.—SLAVERY.—CARLYLE AND VIVISECTION.

INASMUCH as these notes consist of excerpts from fifty years of the writer's experiences—chiefly in the domain of art, literature, and cognate subjects, involving some study and thought—it may not be

out of place to devote a couple of chapters to observations, more or less desultory indeed, on several points of interest connected with philosophy and social politics.

In estimating the value of evidence, for example (whether for judicial or other purposes) two fundamental laws seem to lie at the root of the matter: the law of antecedent probability, which requires the amount and weight of testimony to any fact to increase with its *à priori* or antecedent improbability; and the law of intellectual bias, which necessarily, and in spite of himself, causes a person's judgment of facts to be warped by his prejudices. The latter was curiously illustrated by a writer in a public journal, who suggested whether, after all, there might not be something to be said for the crusade against witchcraft waged here and in Scotland during the Tudor and Stuart periods, seeing that it was believed in, and so terribly acted upon, by Sir Matthew Hale, of whose deep piety, as well as mental acumen, there can be no doubt. My first introduction (so to speak) to Sir M. Hale—over half-a-century ago—was in my school days, and in this wise. A young cleric of evangelical proclivities (though fresh from the Tractarian Oxford of that day) and overflowing with zeal for his coming missionary work, in en-

forcing a sabbatical observance of the Sunday, quoted to me Sir M. Hale's well known couplet :

A Sunday well spent
Brings a week of content.

Years afterwards, with increasing knowledge and reflection, I had perforce to picture to myself the Chief Justice spending his Sunday with scrupulous piety, and the week-days, occasionally at least, in passing sentence of death upon witches. It was this action of his, more (possibly) than anything else, which "educated" public feeling up to the point of demanding by legislation a cessation of the strange recrudescence of witch persecution that rendered the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries notorious in this island. And yet was undoubtedly Sir Matthew Hale a sincerely devout man—"that excellent good man the Chief Justice Hales," as Evelyn in his "Diary" (p. 355) calls him—a great lawyer, and withal a genuine believer in witchcraft. On the supposition of his being all three, the writer in the journal above referred to founds the reactionary hypothesis that (may be) the so-called witches of the middle ages were no less dealers in necromancy than the witch of Endor, modern scepticism to the contrary notwithstanding!

The truth would appear to be that the co-existence of intellectual power with participation in

popular prejudice, even to the extent of burning one's fellow creatures alive on preposterous charges, presents in the case of Sir M. Hale one of the most remarkable phenomena in the whole history of the philosophy of mind. Judges—and the greatest judges—in the seventeenth century, without mercy or compunction, sent old women to the stake for offences which in the next age people would not believe had ever been committed. Such are the foibles of the human mind, and such the terrible issues sometimes depending on such foibles! A flaring pile of faggots, blazing away in the middle of Norwich market-place—where now on a Saturday you buy geraniums and petunias beneath the shadow of St. Peter's Church—with, for *dramatis personæ*, a helpless old crone dragged out of some wretched Norfolk hovel of that day; a Justice of Assize robed in scarlet and ermine; and, round about, a surging, howling, blaspheming rabble:

crescitque tumultus et omne
Infremuit vulgus veluti æquora concita ventis,

all this enacting in the name of law and religion in the days of the Merry Monarch and his immediate successors:—and you have before you a scene worthy the brush of a painter and the contemplation of a philosopher!

But this was not enough. The picture was to be still farther darkened a few years later when the nation was roused from its propriety, or apathy, by the spectacle—so, at least, it is said, for at this distance of time the fact seems almost incredible—of the hanging of a child of nine years old (temp. George I.) for selling her soul to the Devil! Such a tragedy may well have sounded—as in fact it did—the knell of judicial cognizance of witchcraft, at least in England; for in Germany a woman was burnt at the stake on account of this imaginary crime as late as 1749. Such, it is salutary to bear in mind, were the “good old times.”

How the best and wisest can be blinded by their own preferences and prejudices, less absolutely it may be than others, but still their judgments warped—coloured by being formed through the media of self-interest, or preconceived opinions—is one of the broadest, most fundamental facts with which we are confronted in our passage through life. This liability of the greatest sage, and of the most advanced saint, to see men and things through their preconceptions; in other words, to shape, colour or distort facts, meets us more or less at every turn in human affairs. But the degree in which this is done consciously differs infinitely in different individuals: from a mere light shade of

colour, and hardly perceptible twist in the skein (as it were) to a depth and breadth of shadow—or a distortion so patent—that it can scarcely, if at all, be differentiated from wilful falsehood.

The tendency of the mind thus partially to deceive itself by, in a measure, knowingly looking at facts, hard solid facts, to say nothing of arguments, through a coloured vista is a psychological law which influences in the widest and most far-reaching way the course of practical life. But what, perhaps, is less universally recognized is that, through the infirmity of man's constitution, none are exempt from this weakness; and that nothing short of a full admission of this truth, together with ever vigilant efforts towards a true and accurate perception of fact, in its just—*i.e.* its real—proportions, will enable anyone, however exalted in intellect or lofty in character, even to approximate to a right estimate of things as they are, where there is any room for the play of personal feeling, or for bias, even the most recondite. "Sicut nobis res cordi est, sic de eâ frequenter judicamus,"* writes a high authority on the ethical tendencies of the human mind. It is, however, not only the "violent bias of prepossession" which has

* De Imitatione Christi, lib. 1, cap. xiv.

to be guarded against: that is apparent enough even to a person's own self; 'tis the less manifest and more subtle form of prejudice that is the hardest to detect, and which, perhaps, few if any of us wholly escape. Some such considerations as these seem to have been present to the late Mr. Serjeant Robinson when, in his "Bench and Bar," he says that not only is it true that "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*," but that the converse proposition—"nemo repente fuit justissimus"—is not less true; and he points out how that a good intention and the wish to be impartial are insufficient to a right judgment, especially in complex cases; the judicial frame of mind demanding culture and experience, together with the habit of correctly observing men and things, and of painstaking looking at all sides of a question: qualifications which are not to be acquired in a day, by a mere effort of the will.

Differences of opinion, involving much argument and counter-argument, would often (when probed deep enough) resolve themselves into inability, on the one side or the other, to recognize facts as they actually exist. Hence the importance of taking truth for the foundation of correct judgments in matters of opinion—that is to say, plain, literal, unexaggerated truth, or exactitude of statement

in regard to the facts which necessarily form the groundwork of most matters of opinion. We may go a step farther, and suggest that it is also the ultimate criterion of morality itself, when viewed from a strictly scientific standpoint, apart from the religious sanction, with which, indeed, it is intimately bound up.

Philosophers have often disputed as to the scientific or theoretical basis of morality; and different bases may, no doubt, be consistently adopted, according to our point of view. Thus, if we are considering the end which the moral code is to subserve, we may conclude that general utility is as good an end as can be proposed. "Justice" will not do, being a variable quantity, often changing with time, place, and circumstance; and, in most cases, moreover, begging the question, since the word merely signifies that which is lawful and right—whatever this may be—thus bringing us back to the original starting point. What *is* just or lawful? The ultimate basis, as suggested above, seems to be Truth, viz. the accord of thought and word with actual fact. This is analogous to what mathematicians understand by a constant quantity. It is scientifically exact, being always the same, and as old as the hills. If it be said that truth is rather a side, or part, of the

whole, than the whole itself, we may reply that it is a very large part indeed of the whole, seeing that a truthful character connotes, as all experience shows, a considerable portion of the moral law besides. The mere circumstance of a person being observed to be particular in making his words an exact counterpart to fact is instinctively felt to constitute a claim to general confidence; and since all judgments, and therefore all action, must necessarily depend, in the first place, for their correctness on being founded on an accurate estimate of fact, the conclusion might possibly be worked out that truth does, on the whole, afford the best ultimate basis, or criterion, for morality when regarded from a purely philosophical standpoint, irrespective of religious considerations. "Faithfulness and truth," according to Cicero, "are the most sacred excellences and endowments of the mind;" and a living writer of repute (Mr. John Morley, if memory may be trusted) says that veracity is the mainstay of human society. It has been here presumed to go even beyond this, and to formulate the theory that truth is at once the basis, and a criterion or test, of morality: the basis because appearing to present the most solid theoretical foundation for the moral law; and a criterion, since a truthful character is experi-

mentally felt to be all-embracing in regard to the other branches of morality.

It was, indeed, from hearing a business man casually remark that in his practical experience he had found the truthful man to be the same with the honest man and the moral man, that I was led to the idea that truth might be accepted as a working—possibly even as a scientific—basis for morality. The fact is people cannot afford to be strictly truthful and aboveboard unless their course of life and habits will bear the glare of day upon them; and the circumstance of a person prevaricating or resorting to subterfuge—still more the lie direct—is an indication of something to conceal.

In connexion with the paramount power of truth as a moral force, and as implying a profound respect for it, may be cited the German proverb “Eines Mannes Red’ ist keine Red’; man muss sie hören alle beide.” This is equivalent to the Latin “Audi alteram partem,” both apophthegms enforcing the plain, yet ever needed lesson that to hear one story only in regard to even the most passing ordinary matter is unsatisfactory; while to make such a partial statement the groundwork of action or marked change of manner is generally altogether unfair. The old English saying, “One

story is good till another be told," is well; but better still is the German adage just quoted, refusing, as it does, so much as a conditional or interim goodness to a one-sided tale, and treating such as altogether nugatory and of no account. Thus it comes to being wholly illusory to listen to any *ex parte* tale whatever: a fact which constitutes in itself a powerful reason against the infinity of gossip about other people's business and doings, whereof a large part of what is known as "small talk" consists. The fairest narrator is apt to exaggerate, to omit, to colour, even to distort, and needs that his version of a fact should be subjected to the crucible of examination and reply. Otherwise (to translate the same German proverb) "Hearing one man's story only is equivalent to hearing none at all!"

When considering truth as apparently the best available foundation for morality outside the religious standpoint, we may recall the interesting disquisitions in the same wide field of ethics by the Greek philosophers, some of whom maintained that truth itself, as well as all other virtues, are but varying aspects of the Beautiful, or of the eternal fitness of things: *τὸ καλόν*, with which they identified the Good: *τὸ ἀγαθόν*. From this point of view it is that the German Vegetarians—a numer-

ous and increasing body—insist so emphatically upon the Æsthetic side of their subject, making this, in fact, the Hauptidee of their argument, and dwelling, as they do, on the revolting physical features involved in the existing system of butchery and preparation for butchery, the horrors of transport, the repulsive exposure of reeking carcasses in open shops, and the unlovely work, ill suited to refined women, in the handling and dressing of dead flesh, fish, and fowl in the kitchen. The outrage on cultivated taste and refined sentiment of propriety, in exposing bleeding carcasses to public view, has induced a number of persons in the city of Dresden to sign a memorial to the authorities praying that at least the bloody sights displayed in the butchers' shops be placed under police prohibition. So praiseworthy an example (which, it may be hoped, will be followed elsewhere) strongly emphasizes the power of Sentiment—Beauty—Æstheticism—τὸ καλόν; and all honour to those whose delicacy of feeling brought about so laudable an effort to banish a coarse and brutal exhibition from the streets of countries professedly civilized and even Christian, but which (in this respect at any rate) appear deeply tainted with barbarism.

One of the most powerful influences, indeed, for

good with which the human mind is endowed is that of sentiment, which may be described as the operation of feelings, natural and acquired, tending to modify the conclusions of hard, dry, unassisted reason. Among the most forcible expressions of sentiment, or feeling pure and simple, to be found in the whole range of literature is that from a very old writing indeed, where we are cautioned against seething the kid in its mother's milk. The imaginative feelings, apart from any direct action of the reasoning powers, to which we give the name of sentiment, help largely to mitigate selfishness by the promptings of love, pity, and kindly associations with persons, places, events, all tending to excite sympathy, or contributing to the play of fancy, and thus to refinement of mind, instead of giving up to pure intellect—ever fallible at best—and to prosaic fact, undisputed sway in the concerns of this world. Sentiment is oftentimes synonymous with pathos, which latter seems akin to sentiment set in a minor key. How deeply pathetic, for instance, was the sentiment expressed by an eminent Frenchman who, when his home, once happy, had been left desolate, would solace himself by exclaiming "*J'ai toujours le souvenir!*" And that very word home, too, with all the associations that well up at its bare mention, what a

diversity of pathetic sentiment, sad and joyful, does it not evoke! Yet many, and some highly cultured, persons are found to underrate the legitimate influence of the feelings on human affairs, and who apparently would fain eliminate sentiment and sympathy from every mundane (or, at least, every public) transaction. But it might be hard to sustain the thesis that the sentiment of patriotism, of reverence for the past (as exemplified in the great deeds of our ancestors), of a filial regard for the mother country on the part of Colonies, ought to be wholly discarded in considering political questions; and, indeed, were we to try so to do, 'twould be difficult to accomplish. The truth rather appears to be that among the maze of practical problems ever pressing for solution in the complicated whirl of civilized life, sentiment is, within bounds, rightly a factor—softening, modifying, checking, even at times reversing, absolute conclusions drawn from logical premisses. “*Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connoist pas,*” says Pascal.

From the Philosophy of Sentiment the transition is easy to consider the marked development of humanity, and of morality generally—for there seems to be a distinct connexion between the two—as the world grows older. Casting our mental

vision back for a moment to times preceding the historical period, we find that Homer troubled not himself and his hearers about the moral or immoral tendency of the actions he ascribes to his deities: five or six hundred years afterwards, however, society had so far progressed, that the Tragedians seek to justify the ways of God to men. It would no longer do to place Divine action in too flagrant a contrast with natural law and moral sentiment. When, again, Cæsar was carrying fire and slaughter through Gaul, he narrates as a matter of course, that on taking a town he put all the men to the sword, and led the women and children into captivity; but after fifteen hundred years have rolled by, Henri Quatre, more merciful, is content, after capturing a place in the civil wars (and on the same theatre as that of Cæsar's Gallic campaigns) with "only hanging eight of the principal citizens!"—so Sully, his minister and panegyrist, who was himself present, tells us. This, though it strikes us as cruel enough, was at any rate an improvement on the more wholesale proceeding of Julius.

Keeping our attention still directed to the progress made in developing the ideas of justice and humanity, let us read over and meditate on Evelyn's cool, almost unmoved account of his calmly going

to see a man tortured at Paris, that a confession might be wrung from him of robbery he denied. The entire episode: the prolonged agony of the helpless victim under the successive torments to which he was subjected; the going to his prison cell to witness it as a spectacle by an English gentleman of culture; and, then, the wooden account you get of the whole proceeding, seems to imply a less developed state of the moral faculties, and doubtless of the nervous sensibilities also, than (with all our faults) we have now attained to. Indeed, so unsympathetic a recital of such a scene, in the case, too, of a man whose guilt Evelyn himself says was problematical, and which the agonized victim persisted to the end in denying (p. 210), goes far to reconcile one with the many weak points of our own verbose and somewhat nerveless generation. Not a syllable of reprehension or disapproval, though he could hardly have been used to regard such as the recognized method of procedure at home in the middle of the seventeenth century; scarcely a word of sympathy for the sufferer, even when admitting his guilt to be but "presumptive." Nor would it be to the purpose to say that allowance must be made for the age in which he lived, since that would be only asserting in another form what we began with affirming as

to the more backward moral tone of the period. The manners and customs of an age, a people, or a class, are but the expression of its moral development. Ere quitting the ghastly topic of judicial torture, it is well to remind the reader that to Voltaire and the Italian Beccaria, more perhaps than any other men, is due the honour of having persuaded mankind of the infamy of such means of seeking to search out the truth in criminal cases as the thumbscrew, the "wooden maiden," and the rack.

Again, the same Evelyn relates (p. 268) how, going along the Strand towards Charing Cross, he met the reeking "quarters" of four men of mark, who—in those ruthless days—had just been hanged, drawn, and quartered as traitors, being conveyed City-wise for exhibition on Temple Bar; nor does he appear to have been shocked by the spectacle. Now-a-days it is only the bleeding and perforated carcasses of animals that, in the delicate refinement of our "high civilization," we are still content shall obtrude themselves to view during our walks abroad! Moreover, if the seventeenth century was incontestably behind ours in the primary matters of justice and humanity, no less so was it in regard to pecuniary honesty (as witness the amenability to bribery and corruption on the

part of the highest officers of State) or the gross laxity that existed in relation to the sexes, and the insobriety pervading all classes.

Thus it seems as incontrovertible as any philosophical thesis can be, that the world, with all its faults and weaknesses, goes on improving, especially from the moral viewpoint. So much is this the case that philosophers in our own day have found it convenient to invent a term, the demand for which alone suggests a vast stride in advance. We can scarcely turn over the pages of any modern work or article on a philosophical subject without coming upon the term *Altruism*, meaning a regard for the good of others, and consequent action for their benefit apart from any gain to oneself. "Many men," writes the Bishop of Ripon (Boyd-Carpenter) in his lately-published Bampton Lectures—"Many men still stumble at the thoughts which Christianity presents, but it will be found to be a living power, promoting the spirit of *Altruism*, and preaching the service of man."

Unselfishness is thus constituted a philosophical principle, and so altruism becomes the scientific expression of that development of the moral sense, as generation succeeds to generation, which has been already touched upon. It is vain, therefore, for some writers and speakers to tell us that human

nature is the same at all times—that the nature of man never, in the long run and on a sufficient average, changes. But a man's "nature" is evidenced by his acts, and if his acts change so as to constitute him a civilized and humane being instead of a fierce and cruel one, it is correct to affirm that his nature has changed. The important point, however, is that more refined actions should synchronize with the course of ages, and that seems indisputable. Human nature, in fine, at any time and place is just the outcome of all the influences, good and bad, that have been brought to bear on it at that time and place, plus the influence of heredity. In one case, human nature is represented by the unreclaimed Sioux Indian or African savage: in other cases, by a Gordon, a Garibaldi, or (what, by the bye, was taboo to the last-named) the cloistered and world-forsaking recluse.

It is relevant to what has been premised on the cruelty to their fellow-men, as well as to the brute creation, which marks many of the ideas and practices prevailing among Christians and Englishmen down even to the present century, to note that so late as 1792, or thereabouts, the Corporation of Liverpool actually petitioned Parliament against some proposals for regulating and limiting the Slave Trade, upon the ground of such

legislation being an interference with the shipping interests of that port. When slavery and the slave-trade could be so lately tolerated in respect to their fellow-creatures, we can hardly wonder at the barbarous cruelties still perpetrated on animals in preparing them for food and other ways—acts which, in time, will doubtless be looked back upon with something of the same horror and loathing as that wherewith we now regard the atrocities of the torture chamber and the traffic in slaves. Even as former generations, though callous enough to the use by themselves of the rack and to the practice of slavery, yet could hold in detestation the bloody fights 'twixt Gladiators in which Roman ladies were content to find recreation. And these same Roman ladies (we may remind the reader) were wont to carry about them as part of their personal equipment a stiletto, the steel point of which they thrust into the flesh of slothful or saucy female slaves. We, in our state of "high civilization," no longer, it is true, goad our fellow-creatures, reserving the spur for the thin-skinned, patiently laborious horse, though here, too, progress happily is making, if it be true (as stated by the "Saturday Review") that "about eight out of ten hunting men now use dumb spurs." There is, too, a memorable passage in one of Walpole's Letters

which—from the pen of a man of the world a century and a half ago—is worth noting. Replying to a correspondent who had referred to the “innocent pastime of angling,” he pertinently asks whether that can truly be called innocent which is based on the torture of living creatures?

Yet another sign of progress, though in a different direction, is to be found in the condition of convicts nowadays compared with the terrible over-tasking, beneath a blazing sun, mercilessly flogging, and under-feeding of the unfortunate galley-slaves in the French warships of the seventeenth century, even during Colbert’s generally enlightened rule. M. Loir, in his “*La Marine Française*” (1893) describes a state of things in regard to the treatment of these poor wretches which reads only less horrible than the intentionally prolonged scenes of agony enacted in a modern vivisection laboratory. Happily, however, such inhuman treatment of the poor galley slaves came to an end in the succeeding century. Thus it is that the world does undoubtedly move on morally, even as Galileo (in another and physical sense) exclaimed, “*E pur’ si muove!*”

The same Christian Church which, in early days, freed the slave, and, in her monasteries,

supplied a refuge to the lowly and peaceful from the perpetual din of war and fear of kingly and aristocratic oppression :—that same universal, morally powerful Church, able and ready in the middle ages to cope with the strongest and roughest of earthly potentates, was also willing at times (in the persons of her ministers) to take upon her the cause of persecuted dumb animals. St. Francis's sympathy with the lower animal creation is notorious; St. Giles, on the site of the modern country town of St. Gilles in Languedoc, afforded (so says the legend) to the terrified hart a shelter in his hermit's cell from the ferocity of her pursuers; and the following beautiful anecdote of St. Anselm, when archbishop of Canterbury, is told by Alban Butler (iv., 255): "One day, as he was riding to his manor of Herse, a hare, pursued by the dogs, ran under his horse for protection, at which the saint stopped, and the hounds stood at bay. The hunters laughed, but the saint said, weeping, 'This poor hare puts me in mind of a poor sinner just upon the point of departing this life, surrounded with devils waiting to carry away their prey.' The hare going off, he forbade her to be pursued, and was obeyed, not a hound stirring after her." A similar poetical legend is ascribed to St. Monacella of Pennant Melangell in Wales,

who, as early as 604, preserved a hare from the fury of dogs and men by giving it a refuge beneath the folds of her garment.

To these notable examples in early times may fairly be added quite a number of Anglican church dignitaries and parochial clergy of our own day—above all Bishop Barry, the Bishop of Manchester, and the late Bishop of Durham (Dr. Lightfoot), who have stood boldly forward to condemn the specifically unchristian iniquities of vivisection. Bishop Lightfoot, in a powerful sermon at Westminster Abbey in 1889, says: “If He who made us made all other creatures also; if they find a place in his providential plan; if His tender mercies reach to them—and this we, as Christians, most certainly believe;—then I find it absolutely inconceivable that He should so have arranged the avenues of knowledge, that we can attain to truths which it is His will that we should master, only through the unutterable agonies of beings which *trust* in us.” Truly may it be said that the practice thus reprobated, with all its exquisite modern developments, does nothing less than unchain the brute in mankind—resulting in the infliction of acute and purposely protracted tortures which I heard an army surgeon at a public meeting declare to be a veritable hell upon earth!

In any mention, however slight, of vivisection a passing tribute of respect ought not to be withheld from the honoured names of Mr. Geo. Jesse and Miss Frances Power Cobbe: two indefatigable pioneers in a righteous cause. Such also is the newly founded Anglican "Church Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals," in connexion with which the Rev. F. Lawrence last year gave a much needed lecture on "Sports that are Cruel." This was followed, on another occasion, by an address in which the speaker (I think, Canon Clarke) at the Westminster Church House deprecated "fox hunting, hare hunting, and rabbit coursing" as barbarous and "unmanly"; for what can be more cowardly, and therefore unmanly, than the pursuit, for pastime, of a single creature by many? and if unmanly, how much more unwomanly? Thus the Established Church of this country would appear to be moving ahead of other denominations on the path of civilization and refined Christian feeling wherever animals are concerned.

We may, in respect of the indifference felt by the natural man and woman to inflicting acute agony on other creatures, both human and brute, for their own selfish ends, distinguish four leading epochs.

1. The Roman, when the handful of people who disapproved of man-fights to the death for sport, and other abominations of classical civilization, would be ridiculed in their generation, and dubbed "eccentric." 2. The days—as late as the seventeenth century—when civilized men, even while still practising judicial torture and negro slavery, were nevertheless so far advanced as to be able honestly to reprobate such unmitigated savagery as the ancient Gladiatorial contests. 3. The eighteenth century, when torture had got to be generally condemned, and slavery was beginning to be so, but cruelty to animals was as yet little heeded. 4. The nineteenth, when the latter vice has come to be universally repudiated in theory, though still generally practised, as (for example) the nameless horrors of vivisection, and the gross inhumanities of the cattle trade, lately exposed by Mr. Plimsoll. In regard to the former of these two subjects, Carlyle should command the respect of an enlightened posterity for the vigorous terms in which, almost on his deathbed, he characterized the atrocities of vivisection: atrocities he had been invited to join the Earl of Shaftesbury and Cardinal Manning in personally denouncing to the Home Secretary, and which failing strength alone prevented. Here we have the typical repre-

sentatives of English Protestantism, English Catholicism, and English Philosophy combining in one righteous cause—a happy augury of its early success. May we not, indeed, expect that a few generations will see great advances with regard to the whole treatment of animals, and that many a practice now accepted as of course will become, in its turn, reprobated with disgust?

Considering how slow has been the progress of mankind from barbarism to the comparative refinement hitherto reached, it may seem strange, that in the very earliest times we meet with fine, even noble, aspirations and precepts for the attainment of a high moral standard. It is a sufficiently common observation that some of the choicest maxims of morality and philosophy are to be found enshrined in the Talmud; and the same may be predicated of the Buddhist sacred books, where you have passages inspired by a truly lofty ethical teaching. This also holds true of many an ancient writer whose work is less eminent than the Talmud and the Buddhist Bible (as it has been called), such as the little read Latin poet Publilius Syrus, who in his “Mimi” gives us a number of interesting apophthegms, among them being one breathing the very essence of Christianity in four terse words—*Injuriarum remedium est oblivio*. “The best

remedy for an injury is to forget it." This is true philosophy no less than Christianity.

CHAPTER X.

PHILOSOPHY AND SOCIAL POLITICS (continued.)

M. DE MONTALEMBERT ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.—
DIFFERENT TYPES OF CIVILIZED MEN.—FRA GREGORIO AND THE
BEATITUDES.—MYSTICISM, PHILOSOPHICAL AND RELIGIOUS.—
MORE'S "UTOPIA."—MR. D'EYNCOURT ON THE THEORY AND
PRACTICE OF POOR LAW RELIEF.—ST. AUGUSTINE AND
ST. BENEDICT ON THE "LABOUR TEST."—THE WORKING
CLASSES AND THE LABOUR QUESTION.—MALTHUS AND THE
LAW OF POPULATION.

IF the differences in point of civilization between successive generations are great, no less so are the differences in moral, as well as intellectual, development of different individual men of the same generation. Heavy trials, indeed, confront even the best and ablest of mankind; none being free from weaknesses demanding at

times the utmost vigilance and resolution in overcoming them. Religion, philosophy, propriety—every motive that can influence human conduct for good—are needed to contribute their several parts to enable even the higher natures among the mass of humanity successfully to do battle with the evil from without and within. M. de Montalembert, one might think, had as fortunate a lot in life as most men; yet how feelingly does he speak of its miseries. “Nous la recevons tous, cette amère et cruelle leçon. Elle arrive à l’âge où, déjà enervés par nos fautes, abattus par nos mécomptes, souillés par nos chutes, nous ne sommes plus capables de changer de vie, de prendre un parti généreux et de secouer le joug.”*

How various, again, indeed almost infinite, are the ends of human ambition—the ideals imagined respectively by statesman and artist, the successful lawyer and the *belle* of the season, for example. Or take the ideal framed for himself by the pious young recluse in an Italian monastery. Sojourning, during the course of my travels in years long gone by, at an old conventual house, perched high up amid the background of North-western Apennines overhanging Genoa, I fell in with

* “Les Moines d’Occident,” vol. 1, page xxvi.

one such in Fra Gregorio, a youthful friar, and a candidate for deacon's orders. To a lively fancy, Fra Gregorio might have suggested one of the Beatitudes just stepped out of a Master's canvas! Somewhat large-built, broad-featured, blond as a monthly rose, blue-eyed as Pallas Athene herself, with a perpetual smile, and piety simple and earnest, he seemed more to embody, so far as appearance went; the ideal felicity of the Blessed in Paradise than, perhaps, any person I can recall. A novice at sixteen (on the recommendation of two of his brothers, both of them Capuchins like himself); at seventeen making his solemn profession, followed by some four years' study; and now, in his twenty-second year, a subdeacon, this being the first step or grade in holy orders, and binding him irrevocably to all the responsibilities of that state, including life-long celibacy.

The foregoing episode of Fra Gregorio and the family circle in which he was a remarkable figure, suggests that phase of philosophy commonly known as religious Mysticism, and which is largely (tho' by no means exclusively) associated with the life of the cloister. On this curious and interesting topic it may not be out of place to offer one or two observations.

Mysticism, in the theological sense, is a matter of degree. There is a mysticism which exists in the Church as against the world. It is to be found, more or less, in the various sections of Protestantism as well as in Catholicism; in Mahometanism as among the disciples of Buddha. There is also an intellectual mysticism—that of the Schoolmen, Aquinas and others, his predecessors and successors in systematizing theology into the formal and logically defined limits framed by the Scholasticism of the twelfth and two following ages. Mystical, likewise, from the intellectual side is the “contemplative attitude” in regard to literature taken up by Schopenhauer, who contrasts with it the mean and grovelling position of writers working under the pressure of narrow cares, and the influence of continual excitement and a “bustling will.” This contemplative attitude in literature on the part of Schopenhauer brings to mind M. Scherer, the eminent French critic’s description of Carlyle as a mystic; and possibly we might suggest, without putting too great a strain on the word, that Mr. Disraeli was in some sort a political mystic, even as Carlyle was a philosophical one.

Thus there is a mysticism rooted in the moral instincts of mankind which causes reflective minds

to turn away from the world with its petty interests to take refuge in the mystic experiences of the inner life. We meet with it in the Nirvana of the Oriental devotee, and in the Gods of Epicurus—who, according to Lucretius, enjoy the divine peace of contemplation, profoundly indifferent to the fate of mortals—no less than in the tendency towards Quietism displayed by so many of the mediæval and later Western mystics. Suffice it to name here Francis of Assisi and the author of the “Imitation of Christ;” the Scandinavian St. Bridget and the Spanish St. Teresa; Madame Guyon, and Fénelon, himself the friend and sympathizer of the last-named lady. To these may well be added Whitefield, the two Wesleys, and, finally, in these latter times, the French refugee priest, Père Grou, who, from the ascetic character of his writings (see his deeply experimental “Hidden Life” published by Rivingtons) did not escape the imputation of that heterodox form of mysticism known as Quietism, which may be described as passive meditation pushed to absolute mental vacancy and other fantastic extremes.

The idea and practice of Christian mysticism may be carried back very far into the ages, for not only did St. Bonaventure, in the thirteenth, compose an extant treatise entitled *De Mysticâ*

Theologiâ, but Gregory the Great (the most illustrious of all the pontiffs who have sat in St. Peter's chair) advocates, in his masterpiece on the Pastoral Charge, not some act of practical utility or of external Christian charity, but silent contemplation as the foremost duty of a pastor of souls. "*Præ cæteris contemplatione suspensus.*" Among this pope's many claims to veneration was the extraordinary way in which, before the close of the sixth century, he anticipated modern notions of religious liberty by ordering on several occasions synagogues, which had been arbitrarily seized and converted into churches, to be restored to the Jews: especially a synagogue at Cagliari, where an image of the Blessed Virgin and a cross had already been placed, but which he directs to be removed with becoming reverence—"Sublatâ exindè quâ par est veneratione, imagine et cruce," as he says in his most interesting letter on the subject. This imperative ordering of things at a distance seems, by the way, to imply a wide-spread jurisdiction as already accorded to the see of Rome at a comparatively early date.

Among religious mystics St. Teresa,* the famous

* The name Teresa or Theresa is at least as old as the fourth century of the Christian era, when we find it under the form of Therasia, the Spanish wife of Saint Paulinus of Nola. Alban Butler, vol. vi., p. 348.

Spanish nun and reformer of the Carmelite order in the sixteenth century, was one of the most celebrated. Spain, indeed, has ever been the home as well of that comparatively moderate degree of mysticism which (after much doubting and searching of heart on the part of the high ecclesiastical authorities) was eventually approved in the case of St. Teresa herself, as of those more extreme phases which were formally condemned by the Church, often with pitiless penalties annexed. The Spanish contemplatives, both orthodox and unorthodox, went by the common name of *beatas*, with the addition of the epithet *alumbradas* (impostors) applied to the many who were so fantastical as to be accounted heretics. Not that the mystics, whether recognized by the Church or lying under her ban, belonged always to one sex. Witness Miguel de Molinos, a priest who, towards the close of the seventeenth century, suffered long and much on account of his mystical teaching, stigmatized by his enemies as Quietism, of which, indeed, he is reckoned the founder. So powerfully was his contemporary, the illustrious and saintly Fénelon, drawn to the extreme practices of ecstatic contemplation, that he published a treatise called "Maxims of the Saints," wherein he was alleged to have maintained that a soul might be so wrapped

up in God and in passive contemplation of His glory, mercy, and holiness, as to be indifferent to all things besides—indifferent even whether she was to be damned or saved! When, however, the book was condemned by Innocent XII. in 1699, Fénelon at once suppressed it, submitting himself without reserve to the judgment of the Holy See. This doctrine of boundless, unselfish absorption of the mind in God, leading to absolute quiet, and indifference even to the soul's own salvation, got to be known as Semi-Quietism, though but a slender line seems to divide it from Quietism, pure and simple, for which Molinos died in prison.

The adherents of this last-named visionary, were popularly called in Spain "Molinistas"—itself a word of feminine import, since the chief professors of mysticism, though not exclusively, were yet apt to be women of an hysterical temperament, who aspired after quietude of soul, tending even to positive mental vacancy, and bringing them at times into a rapturous condition, where visions were seen and a sense was enjoyed of complete union with the Deity. The Spaniards have ever been noted for their readiness to take up with successive forms of religious revivalism. The *beatas* and Molinistas, with their contemplative absorption, constituted

what in these islands would be called revivals, which is equally true of their contemporaries, the "Saludadores"—*i.e.* (literally translated) Salvationists—some of whom pretended to an extraordinary gift of miracles, and did perform wonderful feats of a kind which astonished Mr. Pepys in a journey through Spain made about 1684. See Evelyn's "Diary," p. 485. Thus, not only had the religious revival set going by the Salvationists of to-day been anticipated by the Spanish revivalists of two centuries ago (for all so-called revivals based on Christian principles are more or less similar), but the very name adopted by the Spaniards has been appropriated to their English successors, with, however, the same difference we had to note in one or two analogous cases, viz., that while the Salvationists in Spain were strictly within the national Church, their modern namesakes in England are outside of it.

Another eminent Spanish contemplative was St. John of the Cross, a Carmelite friar and friend of St. Teresa. He wrote several books of mystical theology, especially the *Flamma vivi Amoris*—"the living Flame of Love"—where he breaks out into bursts of ecstatic praise and adoration of the Divine goodness and perfections; and

would have us begin here on earth the perpetual employment of the Blessed in paradise. If, then, there are any who imagine "religious revivals" to be peculiar to Protestantism, or even to the "Evangelical" party, such an idea is altogether erroneous. "Revivals" have taken place in the Church Catholic all the world over, but nowhere more persistently than in Spain, and upon a scale that has rendered them historical. In Germany, too, we come across the Flagellants of the fourteenth century, another body of demonstrative, open-air mystical revivalists, who by their singularity—especially the practice of self-inflicted public castigation—earned for themselves an enduring name in history.

An interesting example of the persecution of the *alumbradas*, or so-called mystic impostors, is afforded by the story of a *beata*, named Francisca (like many of her class, belonging to no religious order) and one of her disciples, a Franciscan friar, who was so zealous in her cause, that after the arrest of the *beata*, nothing daunted, he continued for a time to maintain the truth of her doctrine, even defying the Inquisition from the pulpit. So late as 1711 a canon of Tudela was actually burnt at the stake for Quietism or Molinism; whilst in our own day many of us remember the name of the

nun, Sor Patrocinio, a beata of the orthodox type, and a protégée of Queen Isabel, in the episode of whose dethronement (1868) she figured rather prominently. Later still—1887—Malaga was the scene of a strange outburst of fanaticism, which is stated to have assumed the characteristic Spanish form of religious mysticism.

Thus did the Spanish mystics of the sixteenth and following centuries cultivate much the same ideal as that of the philosopher Plotinus in the third century of the Christian era, whose “end and aim was union with the universal God:”—*τέλος γὰρ αὐτῷ καὶ σκοπὸς ἦν ἐνωθῆναι καὶ πελάσαι τῷ ἐπὶ πᾶσι θεῷ*. What, again, is this but the spirit, almost the words, of the founders of Methodism in the last century? Listen to George Whitefield. “I have a garden near at hand, where I go particularly to meet and talk with my God, at the cool of every day. I often sit in silence, offering my soul as so much clay, to be stamped as my heavenly potter pleases.” (Southey’s “Life of Wesley,” vol. i. 368). This may be coupled with the *Familiaritas stupenda nimis* of the “Imitation of Christ,” where the author (lib. ii., cap. i) imputes to the devout soul aspiring after holiness, a familiarity with her Creator nothing less than stupendous—*Familiaritas stupenda nimis*! Again, Whitefield’s friend

and co-worker, Charles Wesley, preached daily Communion in the following mystical lines taken from his High Sacramental hymn, "All hail, Redeemer of mankind":

Yet may we celebrate below,
And daily thus Thine offering show
Exposed before Thy Father's eyes ;
In this tremendous mystery
Present Thee bleeding on a tree,
Our everlasting Sacrifice.

The examples of mystic thought hitherto noticed have hailed chiefly from the sunny and romantic South, but we must not take leave of this fascinating form of moral and religious sentiment, which the world has agreed to call Mysticism—deeply rooted as it is within the innermost folds of the human mind—without referring to two remarkable characters among the earlier female mystics, both native to Northern and colder climes. One of these, a Saxon, impressed her strong, not to say, eccentric personality on the thirteenth century; while the other exercised a yet wider influence, through an extended circle of disciples, upon the fourteenth. The former, St. Gertrude, author of a short but beautiful book bearing the engaging title of "Divine Insinuations"—*Insinuationes Divinæ* (for she was a good Latin scholar and

wrote in Latin)—added another mystical strain, even as the golden manual *De Imitatione Christi* had already done, to the thirteenth century: her work being among the most important ascetic treatises existing. In the succeeding age we are confronted with St. Bridget, a princess of the royal house of Sweden, keeping a diary almost, if not quite unique; its pages exhibiting the self-drawn portrait of the inner life of a truly devout woman who believed herself to be the channel of a multitude of Heavenly communications—directing other people's conduct no less than her own—and continued over a long course of years; the so-called revelations condescending to the smallest—not to say trivial—matters as well as rising to the greatest: all which she diligently set down in writing, and embodied in an elaborate treatise yet extant. She was, too, the founder of a new religious order—that of the Bridgittine nuns—though without belonging to it herself; an order still subsisting in Bavaria, England, and elsewhere.

St. Bridget appears to accept it as, in her case, quite an ordinary thing that the Almighty should constantly vouchsafe to impart to her direct personal revelations (so she calls them) concerning both her own conduct and that of her friends, touching not infrequently upon circumstances

which seem to be of altogether secondary importance.* It would be impossible to wind up this subject more appropriately or effectively than with the following extract from "Verbum Dei" by R. F. Horton, M.A. (an American and a Protestant), being the Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1893. "That which has secured her [the Church of Rome's] noble and eternal victories has been the continual maintenance, from the first age to the present, of the habit of *meditation* on the Person of Christ. She has always had her mystics and her saints, men and women who turned aside from the crowded ways to contemplate in tearful wonder or rapturous adoration the Saviour crucified. She has never made the mistake which the vigorous and self-reliant spirit of Protestantism constantly makes ; she never regarded mysticism as a term of reproach. Tauler and Madame Guyon were in some respects more at home in Catholicism than they could have been in any Protestant denomination, and unless Protestantism repents we shall find many souls turning back to the cloister and the cell for the calm of contemplation and the quiet insight into realities, which the loud roar of

* See Miss Partridge's "Life of St. Bridget of Sweden" (1888) *passim*; and for St. Gertrude, Alban Butler, vol. xi., p. 316.

the mart and the defiling lust of gold are making difficult in English-speaking communities."

Having touched on several points of jurisprudence and moral philosophy, we may proceed to consider one or two topics involving political economy and social politics.

Social politics—such as the Labour question, the right of veto exercised by an hereditary Chamber, the ever widening of the suffrage, the lowering of the social status of the magistracy, the principle of the Referendum, and other Democratic questions, are claiming, and will yet farther claim, attention as the masses get more and more to feel the power in the State their votes give them. On the last named of these subjects—the Referendum—it were difficult to improve upon the words of Lord Grey (who might rival Mr. Gladstone himself for the title of Nestor of British politics) written so lately as 1894: "It is unnecessary for me to consider whether counting the votes of the whole people in the manner proposed by Mr. Strachey would afford a reliable test of the real wishes of the people; because, even if this could be proved, it would afford no guide as to the expediency of accepting or rejecting the measures submitted to the decision of the people. The proper object of a Government, and especially of a representative Legislature, is not

to meet the wishes of the majority of the population, but to adopt the policy and sanction such measures as may be best calculated to promote their welfare. This was the view taken of the subject by a writer of such Radical opinions as the late Mr. J. S. Mill."

With regard to the movement for an eight hours' working day—another burning problem in social politics—it seems a fair enough limit for the toilers to insist upon for themselves if they can, but not to compel others, who may be unwilling, to follow suit. Sir Thomas More in his "Utopia" will have each day divided into three parts—eight hours for work, eight for sleep, and eight for meals and recreation. Thus, in so far as an eight hours' day may prevail, it will be carrying out in the nineteenth century the aspirations of the philosopher in the sixteenth. It may, moreover, be anticipated that in the not distant future the Democracy will awaken to the fact, that should war break out, our imperial position certainly, and possibly even our national existence—to say nothing of the food supply for teeming and clamorous millions—depends absolutely on command of the sea; when, doubtless, the great matter of National Defence will assert itself as the supreme question of the hour. Meantime,

should defeat ensue, a crisis is likely to supervene in our political institutions whereof 'twould be difficult to forecast the issue.

Mr. D'Eyncourt, the late London police magistrate, seemed, on a certain occasion, to solve the vexed question of how the unemployed are to be provided for in times of extraordinary distress and general dearth of work ; it being often objected to the Poor Law system that it must break down when subjected to so great and exceptional a strain. But it would not break down at all, explained Mr. D'Eyncourt from the magisterial bench ; on the contrary, if tens, or hundreds, of thousands of unemployed need to be relieved by the better-off classes, in seasons of universal depression, the true way for appraising that relief, and equitably raising the necessary funds, is just the normal and ordinary machinery supplied by the Poor Law itself. And, he added, not only is this the true principle and machinery, but the needful funds, however vast, can hardly fail to be forthcoming, considering that every ratepayer is subject to an unlimited liability to pay rates, even to the extent of his whole rental. This appears to be the true solution of the special problem involved, viz. that of making property provide for the destitute : far better than any amount of sub-

scriptions, soup-kitchens, or so-called "relief works," which last are probably the most demoralizing of all forms of almsgiving yet devised by the ingenuity of man.

To the preceding clear statement of the theory of poor-law relief, even when submitted to the utmost possible trial, an official letter from Mr. Chamberlain, when presiding over the Poor Law Board, to the Holborn Guardians, setting forth how exceptional distress on a large scale was to be met, formed a practical complement. He pointed out that however great the number of those seeking relief, the Guardians were bound to provide for them by hiring temporary buildings to any required extent, if only they never failed to exact the labour test from the able-bodied. Thus Mr. Chamberlain showed how the relief was to be given, while Mr. D'Eyncourt demonstrated how the ways and means would be supplied so long as any propertied classes remain to be taxed.

It may, perhaps, be interesting to note that, just as work is the necessary test of fitness for parish relief in the case of the able-bodied; so, also, as long ago as the fourth century of the Christian era—at the very dawn of the monastic system—when people of all ranks were flocking, in a rude age, to the novel institution of religious houses from every

conceivable motive, Saint Augustine, whilst an active apostle of monachism, insists in his treatise “*De opere monachorum*” that manual labour is the essential criterion of fitness for the religious life. It matters little, he says, what may be a man’s motive for taking the monastic habit, provided a labour test be offered him, and he conform to it; and adds, that the “head of a house” need not too curiously inquire whether a postulant is impelled to seek admittance by pure love of God: his one and sufficient practical test—so writes St. Augustine fifteen hundred years ago—is, Will he work? For that will be found in effect, to include everything else. *Mutatis mutandis*, one might almost mistake St. Augustine urging the labour test on the monks of the fourth age, for Mr. Chamberlain (or the late Sir Edwin Chadwick) inculcating its observance on able-bodied paupers in the nineteenth!

It was in a not dissimilar spirit that St. Benedict, two hundred years later, preached to the followers of his Rule the ever memorable maxim, “*laborare est orare*”—He prays well who labours well. To quote once more St. Augustine: *Verè novit rectè vivere, qui rectè novit orare*—He that knows how to pray, knows how to live aright. If then to labour well is to pray well, and to pray aright is to

live rightly, it would appear that to labour well is equivalent to living well.

In connexion with these brief references to the perennial, yet ever growing Labour Question, it may be remarked that not only are the working classes recognizing their claims to a fuller share in the benefits of civilization, but they are reading and studying for themselves; thus laying the foundations of real knowledge and sound judgment. The artizan is studying Malthus and Mill, and the newer economists. He reads philosophy: the philosophy, perhaps, of Carlyle or Darwin, maybe even of Kant and Hegel, as well as of those who treat on practical politics; thus going back from the ephemeral literature of the hour to the higher and less immediate sources of knowledge. The better educated among the labouring class, are, in a word, having recourse to first principles, and it is from these men that are proceeding and will proceed the social movements of our day. Such, briefly stated, is the spirit whence arise the questionings of received axioms, and the searchings and the probings of prevailing social methods and systems. For the first time, the reading artizan is a force acting directly on politics: reading and, in many cases, thinking deeply, not influenced merely by the opinions of

others, but reflecting for himself. This cultivation of free and original inquiry bodes evil to all those parts of our social and political fabric which will not stand investigation. Yet if some are inclined to look with alarm to the future—when the working man shall realize not only the overwhelming preponderance of him and his compeers in point of numbers, but the force of reason and right that lie largely on his side—let them bear in mind that a reading and thinking people probably affords the widest and the safest basis for any Constitution.

The classes whose choicer spirits thus read and think, and which erst were dubbed “inarticulate” by Carlyle, are not only finding their voices, but are evincing a remarkable capacity for organization. They know all about their wants, not dimly and vaguely, as of yore, but lucidly and exhaustively, and are able to formulate them in sufficiently intelligible and reasonable language. Those of us who survive well into the twentieth century may expect to see an extensive and general upheaval—social no less than economical—of the millions, who will hardly always be willing to work for a pittance on behalf of their “betters,” to whose necessities and luxuries they minister, and by whom they are regarded very much as an inferior caste, occupying a lower level of humanity than

themselves. These aristocratic class-prejudices permeate the English social system to the backbone, and are among the last relics of feudalism, which will have to give way before advancing education, physical well-being, and refinement on the part of the labouring population, combined with their increasing consciousness of the power of organization.

At the same time nothing can prevent, in the long run, the sure tho' silent operation of the Malthusian law of population; and no redistribution, however ingenious or subversive of established order, will avail to save the sons of toil from having to confront this keystone of the great Labour Question, already knocking at our doors. Steam, telegraphs, and the distant markets opened up by their means, have put off the day of reckoning; yet the axiom remains indisputably true, that whenever population increases faster than the food supply—which the Malthusian law tells us it ever tends to do—want and misery must of necessity ensue.

CHAPTER XI.

BOOKS AND READING.

HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.—A CLASSICAL TUTOR'S CLASS-ROOM.—
LETTERS OF JUNIUS.—GREGORY NAZIANZEN.—DELIGHTS OF
GREEK STUDY.—"THE CHRISTIAN YEAR."—LONDON INSTITU-
TION.—ELY RECORDS AND PORSON.—ST. BERNARD.—CORPUS
JURIS CANONICI.—DU CANGE'S GLOSSARY.—LATIN ELEGIACS.
—BERKELEY'S "THEORY OF VISION."—BROWN ON "CAUSE
AND EFFECT."—BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES."—BENTHAM'S
"RATIONALE OF JUDICIAL EVIDENCE."—MILL, JEVONS, AND
TENNYSON.

REFERENCE has been made in a former chapter to my having got my school education under the Hamiltonian system of teaching languages by literal interlinear translations; grammar and dictionary being relegated to a later stage. Too often under the orthodox method is the heart broken by grammar before the head knows sentences and words enough to understand what grammar is all about. 'Tis probable, however, few

who may glance at these lines will be cognizant of the term Hamiltonian system, so quickly do new methods and theories become obsolete, and yield place to others; yet, though the name be forgotten—notwithstanding that the “Edinburgh Review” of sixty odd years since hailed the system as a brilliant innovation in the field of education—we find the idea originally promulgated by James Hamilton a couple of generations back lately revived in several quarters, and most recently by Lord Dufferin, who has maintained anew the thoroughly sound thesis that vocabulary should be acquired before set rules of grammar.

The difference between the ordinary system of teaching languages—beginning with grammar and general rules—and the Hamiltonian is sufficiently marked. Thus at nine years of age I was, for my first lesson in the Hellenic speech, put upon the Greek testament—St. John’s gospel—without any preparatory grammatical instruction whatever, or even being taught the Greek character, my tutor merely reading off, slowly and distinctly, each Greek word together with its English equivalent, and then pausing for his pupil to repeat that word after him, and so on for a page, or part of one, going over the same ground several times to impress it on the memory. If this seems some-

what parrot-like work, it must be remembered that it is the way infants pick up their mother tongue without effort by imitating their elders; and so with us, grammar and lexicon were deferred till a couple of books or so had been learnt empirically in this way. Nor should it be forgotten that in children the memory is at its strongest, while the capacity to grasp general ideas or rules is at its weakest.

For seven years, 1838—1845, I resided at No. 7, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, with a tutor, Mr. Underwood, son-in-law of the late Mr. Hamilton. Unfortunately, I was no readier than other schoolboys to avail myself of the opportunities afforded me by the thoughtful care of parents and the learning of a ripe scholar. Nevertheless, I read a good many books in the aggregate; for besides the classics, and German and Spanish, which I studied with my preceptor, I read French and Italian with his wife; nor were English books altogether neglected, the latter including Roscoe's "Leo X.," Adolphus's "Parliamentary History of George III.," and the "Letters of Junius," which last—made up though they are of a mixture of *haute-politique* and hair-splitting on points of law with Lord Mansfield—captivated me as much as any story book.

It was like living in a classical atmosphere. There was the Reverend Charles Hillman (as afterwards he became, and the best fellow in the world) who, as soon as Cambridge term was up, would come to read during vacation with my tutor; and who, being extremely short-sighted, and at the same time gifted by nature with a somewhat prominent nasal organ, used, in my boyish imagination, to bend dangerously near his Greek text. Hardly had he taken his degree than he was here again to read for the Voluntary Theological Examination, to which circumstance I was indebted for a very early introduction to St. John Chrysostom; a part of whose works chanced to be the leading subject for the examination in question. Then there was Mr. C—, the medical student, reading Celsus for his diploma at Apothecaries' Hall. This gentleman, his services happening to be invoked when a dangerous accident befel one of the boarders (my brother), the palm of whose hand was completely transfixed by a pen-knife, came and looked at the wound, and then—like another Lord Burghley—giving his head a knowing shake, said slowly and sententiously, "This is a very bad cut," and forthwith, without more ado, turning on his heel, went demurely back to the adjoining chamber and Celsus. Then would come, perhaps,

another collegian from the banks of Cam or Isis : some undergraduate to be coached up in the Greek Testament ; or to study the niceties of style and grammar in a Greek play, or, possibly, the more facile, if more ornate, periods of Gregory Nazianzen* and Chrysostom.

In these days when it is seriously proposed to bestow the badge of a liberal education on a man who is ignorant even of the Greek alphabet, it is pleasant to call up in imagination the magnificent musical qualities of the language, together with its extreme compression and pregnancy, and to dwell for a moment on the delights of Greek study : the reading of the Greek Testament, Herodotus, Xenophon, Demosthenes, Plato ; of Homer, and Theocritus ; Anacreon, Moschus, and other of the minor poets ; of Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus, with the efficient aid of your Donnegan and Valpy, though the latter has too generally given place to Curtius, after passing through the

* At a comparatively early age I had the self-confidence, not to say the temerity, to presume myself capable of writing an essay on Nazianzen, which, however, with all its deficiencies, got itself printed in one of the London Quarterlies. My mother (though fully alive to the crudities of my performance) remarked with a smile, having regard to my youth, that I might now take rank as a "Quarterly Reviewer!" So little satisfied was I myself with this juvenile and too ambitious flight, that I could not bring myself to keep a copy of the Review in which it appeared, nearly forty-five years since.

crucible, for English students, of Sir William Smith. An example of the way in which Greek casts all manner of side lights on general subjects, occurs in a passage of Keble's "Christian Year" (a work that renders into something more than verse—into real poetry—thoughts, high and deep, congruous to the course of the Christian calendar) where his "many-twinkling smiles of ocean" suggests, and indeed seems founded on, Æschylus's *ποντίων τὲ κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γελάσμα*. And this, again, reminds the Homeric student how in the *Iliad* we have men differentiated from the lower animals by the attribution to them of the epithet "laughing"—*γελάοντες*; while the assembled gods of Olympus are depicted, on a certain festive occasion, as convulsed with "inextinguishable laughter."

From what has been premised regarding Gregory Nazianzen, as well as from what is said on a subsequent page anent St. John Chrysostom, it may be gathered that I have always had a weakness for the writings of the Christian Fathers; insomuch that even anterior to the date indicated in the last foot-note, I had made repeated visits to the excellent library of the London Institution in Finsbury Circus, to study not only the early Fathers, but some of the works of later doctors,

the *Summa Theologiæ* of Aquinas, for instance, and St. Bernard's treatise *De Consideratione*. This last—St. Bernard's masterpiece—was addressed to a monk of his order at Rome, who had been unexpectedly chosen pope under the name of Eugenius III., and whom he conjures not to let his exaltation cause him to fall into a forgetfulness of himself and hardness of heart. Succeeding popes have been accustomed to study this admirable essay, which has been by them esteemed a spiritual guide to the duties of their high estate. It is in fact a brilliant discourse on the well-worn theme *Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν*. "Let thy consideration begin from thyself and end in thyself! what, who, and what kind of being thou art" (lib. 2). It would appear as if St. Bernard (12th century) may have had suggested to him the title of his *magnum opus* by St. Chrysostom (4th century) who says: "It is impossible that a man should be saved that neglects assiduous pious reading or consideration"—i.e. as we should now say, meditation. Eugenius III., whose elevation thus gave occasion to an important moral treatise that has lived to our day, was the same who later on—in 1147—proclaimed the Second Crusade; a disastrous undertaking, which, though enthusiastically preached by St. Bernard himself, was discountenanced with signal

foresight and courage by that high-minded statesman, Abbot Suger, minister to Louis VII. of France, surnamed the Young.

Other standard books which I had the privilege of reading in the same Institution, and greatly appreciated, were the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, a collection equally stiff and interesting, of judicial decisions given by the *Curia Romana*, on appeal from inferior jurisdictions in causes ecclesiastical, during the Middle ages ; and the Glossary, or Dictionary, *De Mediâ ac Infimâ Latinitate* of Du Cange, to whose memory his native Amiens has honoured itself by dedicating a statue in the market-place. The library—that of the London Institution—which was at this particular juncture the chief scene of my literary studies, had been made historic by having once owned for its librarian, Porson the famous Grecian, and one of the celebrities of Cambridge University in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Yet, notwithstanding Porson's eminence in the classical world, his position at Cambridge was somewhat anomalous, recalling rather the "poor scholar" of mediæval days, than the University don of the Victorian era. In a remarkable volume of diocesan records privately printed (1891) under the auspices of the Bishop of Ely, are some curious letters from a

predecessor of the present bishop to his agent at Cambridge, in one of which the prelate directs his correspondent to furnish "Mr. Porson of Trinity" with a coat, and in another to pay the renowned Grecian "two guineas" by way (apparently) of relief to present necessities!

It may be added that if the London Institution is associated with Cambridge through having received from it a librarian in Porson, on the other hand it has now become connected with Oxford by giving a librarian to the Bodleian in the person of Mr. Nicholson, who formerly held that post in the London Institution, quitting it only for the more eminent position on the banks of Isis, which he still holds. Referring to the same Institution and its librarians, it is to the purpose to mention that my uncle—already named in these pages, and who was one of the Managers—contemplated making a present to its Library of some scores of his choice collection of books. I was so far in favour that he told me I might look the lot over, and select any I particularly desired. When I had chosen five or six volumes, Mr. Thompson, a successor of Porson in the librarian's chair of the London Institution, said to me, "I consider you have made a very judicious selection indeed"—meaning to imply that I had picked out some of the plums.

Not only was Dame Nature niggardly in the measure of favours she accorded me, but she was chary as to the rate in which she doled them out. In other words, my mental development was slow. Thus, the first half of my life seemed to be more taken up (so to speak) with the elements of things than that of more gifted youths; and then, by degrees, there appeared to develop itself a larger power of combination and generalization than before I had been conscious of; though my indifferent health must always stand in the way of any considerable results in these respects. Still, all shortcomings notwithstanding, I was getting good and solid foundations for future mental development when, for example, I would, during early teens, con over my tutor's Bentley, his Zumpt's Latin and his Matthiæ's Greek Grammars, the Lexicon of Hederic, Tait of Rugby (the future archbishop) on Horace, with other scholarly books, which it was an appreciable part of a classical education to have seen and relished all together in one bookcase. Nor was Art a stranger to this class-room of Greek and Roman literature, around its walls being hung engravings from Raphael's cartoons, representing incidents out of the New Testament; among them (as I remember in particular) the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, and St. Paul Preaching at Athens.

Beside the foregoing stood a splendid folio edition of Livy in I know not how many volumes, handsomely bound in chocolate-brown leather ; and contrasting, again, with the latter in point of size, a compact but useful "Introduction to Latin Elegiacs" by Mr. Underwood himself. Friday (as I can recall after the lapse of ten or eleven lustra) was the day assigned to these precious Elegiacs—"Longs and Shorts" as schoolboys say—and a day of travail and detention during play time it too often proved. Not for us, as for the Etonian upper forms or Balliol man, who may grind out copies of hexameters and pentameters with comparative ease, was the approach to the Muses smoothed by the wealth of synonyms provided in a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, a simplifier of Latin versification utterly tabooed by the classic austerity of our preceptor. Nevertheless—*Gradus* or no *Gradus*—'tis a safe conjecture that were Virgil and Ovid to be shown in the Elysian Fields a volume of the prize Latin verses of some of our leading public schools (to say nothing of the Universities) they would peruse the contents with not infrequent smiles.

It may be doubted whether at that time London or the Universities contained the equal of Mr. Underwood as a first-rate classic and modern

linguist combined in the same person. Men would come up from Oxford and Cambridge, some even fresh from taking their degree, to continue under one of the greatest teachers of his generation, and among the first of Grecians, their studies for ulterior examinations. J. S. Mill—himself a fine linguist—took lessons from him in German. He had been bred in one of the nurseries of classical scholarship—a large Grammar-school of the olden time—having filled the post of usher (as sound scholars formerly were not ashamed to call themselves and be called) in that of St. Saviour's, Southwark. He was, moreover, married to a French lady, a circumstance which may have had its share in contributing to his proficiency in four modern languages; so that, with the classics, he was an adept in no less than six different forms of speech, besides his native tongue, of which latter, indeed, he was a practised writer for the press. It was, by the way, an axiom with him that a student grounded in Greek and Latin grammar had no need to trouble himself with the principles of his own or any other, the basis of grammar in all modern languages being comprised in the more complex and exact grammatical construction of the classical tongues. This dictum of a distinguished linguist of a former generation has

been lately re-asserted by a competent critic of our own day. I may add that confidence seemed to be the keynote which governed his conduct towards his pupils ; at any rate he showed unbounded confidence in my regard, for though residing in the heart of the metropolis, and going out daily alone, he never inquired whither I had been "on my walks abroad ;" while, per contrà, during the seven years I passed beneath his roof, I should sooner have dreamt of flying than have thought of telling him the shadow of an untruth.

While touching upon the subject of a classical education, I may refer to the charm that Herodotus's mingled record of history, legendary gossip, and travel had for me : a charm made up of curious matter, of transparent honesty on the part of the writer, and of a fine style (including an ease of manner which alone is very captivating) in the finest of all known media of expression. An ingenious critic, speaking lately of the power and artistic excellence of Greek literature, says it is conceivable, easily conceivable, as a mere εἰχὴ of the imagination—a delicately spun web of the fancy—that a translation of Herodotus, the Father of History and of Travel, should make such an addition to the literature of England as is not made once in a century by original authorship, and

that nothing less than "The Pilgrim's Progress" (of all books in the world) should be fit to keep it company. With respect to translations generally, it may be observed that they fail, almost necessarily, to convey the force and flavour and literary form of the original; and they fail just in proportion to the beauty of the latter, and to whether or not it is in an ancient language. Dryden calls all sympathetic translation "a study after the life," so hard is it to render both truly and effectively a work written in another tongue. Still, there are cases where a large measure of the character and style of the original has been assimilated with a very full measure indeed of the idiom and flexibility of the modern language. The Jacobean translation of the Bible is one well-known instance; St. Jerome's Latin Vulgate, Bishop Challoner's terse rendering of the beautiful prose-poetry of the *De Imitatione Christi*, the sonorous English translation of the yet nobler Latin of the Ambrosian Hymn, and Smollett's idiomatic "englishing" of *Gil Blas*, being among other memorable examples of the kind.

Before taking leave of Manchester Street—where (as has been seen) was laid the school basis of my education—I may mention, as matter of history, that the many-windowed house at the top, or north,

end of the street, and facing south (thus looking down the whole length of a long thoroughfare) was occupied by Mr. Babbage, the mathematician ; while the palatial residence at the opposite extremity, forming one side of Manchester Square (since re-built on a yet larger scale by the late Sir Richard Wallace) was tenanted by the literary and philosophical politician Guizot, who, again, had been preceded there as French ambassador by Marshal Soult, the co-hero, it may almost be said, of Napier's prose epic of the Peninsular War.

As already hinted I was by nature slow of understanding, and constitutionally delicate of health ; the latter characteristic being emphasized by a low fever in early youth, from the effects of which I never wholly recovered. The result was I soon became pushed aside in what is called the "race of life" : I was, in fact, very much what goes among the (physically) more prosperous sons and daughters of Fortune by the name of a "poor thing" ; an income more than modest completing the comparison. But though thus handicapped by nature, she seemed nevertheless compassionately to have imparted to me one gift by which, to some extent, I might be likened to the tortoise in the fable : the gift of perseverance.

For thirty or forty years I added steadily to my straitened capital by the sure method of spending less than one's receipts; so that eventually (helped by a few beneficent windfalls) I found myself with a fortune which, meagre enough at the outset, and at no time more than inconsiderable, yet sufficed to command, in a degree, the respect of even the "respectable" classes. Meanwhile, by slow and painful efforts, I was accumulating from a steady course of reading, a varied stock of information; had published two or three volumes of travel; served, with a measure of success and preferment, in the Rifle Volunteers; was chairman of the local School Board; a member of the county Archæological Society; a governor of the county hospital; and, finally, had purchased the little estate which for some years was the scene of our rural retirement. The tortoise, weighted by nature, and still more by ill health, had toiled, suffered, battled, hoped, till it had made an appreciable way towards overtaking some who had started with prospects far brighter.

As Chairman of the School Board, too, a degree of success seemed to fall to my lot; and, on my resignation, a meeting of the district over which the Board exercised jurisdiction was specially summoned to pass a resolution, moved by the

Vicar of the parish where I resided, acknowledging what he was pleased to call my services. The fact is I was put into the Chair to serve—like the intervening slip of territory between Burmah and French Siam—as a buffer 'twixt parties whose zeal in their respective causes ran, perhaps, at times a little too high for them readily to work together without friction. I was there to hold the balance equal between the Established and the Dissenting churches; and so well did the friendly concurrence of every member of the Board second my efforts, that throughout the several years of my chairmanship, such was the harmony prevailing, that on no single occasion—not even on the thorny topic of religious instruction in the early days of the Board—was a vote ever taken at any of its sittings: a unanimous decision being, in every instance, arrived at after discussion.

It may be worth mentioning that one of the principles on which I proceeded—consciously and deliberately—and which appeared to be attended with such happy results, was (immediately after the reading and signing of the minutes) to address the Board in a short, well-considered speech on the various matters likely to arise that day for consideration, in the same manner and spirit as if I were a judge at Nisi Prius addressing a jury on

an issue of fact. I endeavoured to set out the evidence, or circumstances attending each question, recalling especially every stage of its previous history with regard to the Board itself; and, whenever venturing so far as to suggest a conclusion to be arrived at in any case, taking care that the suggestion should be of the slightest, and but indirect, while leaving the ultimate decision entirely to the quasi-jury I was addressing, although I carried in my pocket the Act of Parliament giving me as chairman the casting vote in the event of the Board being equally divided; and it so happened that our Board was equally divided betwixt Establishment and Dissent. Yet, never was Board more invariably united and harmonious in its action, as well as in the personal relations of its several members.

The position of affairs was, practically, an anticipation by fifteen years, on a small scale, of the Conciliation boards of masters and men more recently presided over by Lords Rosebery and Shand. Even as their boards were divided into two equal parties on the Labour question, so (as intimated above) was ours between Established church and Dissent. And just as a vote on strict party lines in one case was to surrender the decision absolutely to Lord Shand; in like

manner, had our board stood stiff-necked, neither side giving way, the result would have been to hand over the arbitrament of the matter at issue to the unworthy chairman; the practical effect of this state of things being to soften asperities and induce compromise. Thus might ours also, without impropriety, be termed a Conciliation board. It may be added that though, personally, I repudiated all party connexions, I believe my original election was due to the Nonconformist influence; nevertheless, 'twas by invitation of the leader of the other side that I accepted, first, the Vice-chairmanship, and afterwards the Chairmanship.

Besides some volumes of travel referred to above, the present writer composed a manuscript account in the Latin language (slightly tinted in colours) recording the hours of Divine service by day and by night, as well as divers episodes of claustral life, while sojourning on his travels in many a convent home dotted over various countries, both North and South. The notes in question fill something like two hundred pages in a quarto tome entitled *Horarium Monasticum*. A French clergyman (the very rev. Prior Louis de Gonzague and the head of a religious house)—who had

ransacked half the libraries of Europe, including the British Museum and Bodleian for Mss. relating to the Premonstratensian order—on being shown this manuscript volume said, after turning over a few of its pages: “Mais c’est curieux. Voulez vous me permettre de le montrer à mes frères?” adding that it reminded him of a manuscript of the middle ages.

Born and bred in London, I continued to reside there till I had completed my twenty-first year, early in 1851. Although my reading had not hitherto been voluminous, it had been choice, being almost limited to works of standard interest and reputation, these having, indeed, for the most part, during several years, been both suggested and lent by Mr. Mill himself from his library at Kensington. Among such I may name, within the range of metaphysics—to which at that time I felt myself a little drawn—Reid, Brown on “Cause and Effect,” Locke, Hume, Hobbes, James Mill, and Bishop Berkeley’s “Theory of Vision,” with the ingenuity and brilliancy of which last I was much impressed; although, perhaps owing to deficiencies of comprehension on my own part, I was never a thorough convert to his system. On my remarking to Mr. Mill that I found Brown’s view of the

power of causation difficult fully to apprehend, he observed that he thought I must have read the book with more attention than many, for Brown's argument, he said, was not usually considered difficult to follow. Being persuaded, notwithstanding my difficulties, that Brown is right; and having little doubt that Berkeley was equally so, because the best authorities seemed to concur in approving his theory, I was led to suspect that my talent lay not in the direction of metaphysical speculation, and did not pursue the subject much farther; feeling led, in the sequel, rather to study the more exact principles of Jurisprudence, and, later on, of mathematical inquiry. The tendency of my mind towards the former has been already indicated; and the development of mathematical studies in my case was of sufficient importance to be sketched in a separate chapter.

In connexion with "books and reading," I can recall the following incident involving a far too generous admission on Mr. Mill's part. The winter of 1857-58 had been spent by me at Blackheath, chiefly in putting together the slight volume of Italian reminiscences (a wholly inadequate performance on a large subject) which appeared some years later. When, after several months' work on the manuscript, I remarked that had I

made notes at the time I might have been able to enter into more detail about Rome, my stepfather, who sat sorting and determining his plants after one of those rural botanizing walks which were characteristic of him, said "Without notes *I* could not have written at such length about Rome as you have done." He spoke, of course, in regard to quantity not quality, which latter he had not seen.* This reminds me of another incident illustrating, not Mr. Mill's generosity, but the universality of his knowledge. Essaying with my tyro pen to give some account of a visit to the lake of Albano, and being at a loss for the sort of trees a wood bordering its banks close to Castel Gandolfo consisted of, I thought it worth while asking Mr. Mill, who was sitting reading, if he chanced to know and remember the wood in question—in the heart of Italy, be it remembered, and scarcely in itself of extraordinary interest—to which random question the author of the "Logic," the "Political Economy," and the "Liberty," replied without a moment's hesitation, and almost without lifting his

*Mr. Mill was at Rome in the early months of 1839, and also in those of 1855, when he visited the antiquities in company with Mr. Frederick Lucas, the Irish M.P. and a noted politician of his day, who would diversify political talk by apt and abundant classical quotations suggested by what they saw around them.

eyes off his book, that it was ilex, which of course is the evergreen or holme-oak.

Having ventured to ascribe to John Stuart Mill something like a universality of knowledge, one or two additional instances are given in support of this attribution. Thus it may be noted that, on his visiting me at Limpsfield after my marriage, I challenged him to a game of chess, although (notwithstanding an intimate acquaintance of five and twenty years) I had never heard him say whether or not he played the game. However, he at once assented, when it soon became apparent that I had not a chance, and that nothing was left for me but to "die hard." Nobody, too, in a company was more likely than he to recognize an operatic or other air, so acute was his ear. If, again, you desired to refresh your memory respecting any of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture in the leading galleries of Europe—the Vatican, Pitti, Munich, Louvre—you would find him quite at home on the subject. He was no less of a proficient in modern languages than in the classics and mathematics. He had a considerable general acquaintance with science; and such was the extent of his reading, and so retentive his memory, that his mind might be likened to a living encyclopædia. When dining alone a book invariably lay open on

the table to his left hand; and often, even in company with members of his family, at other meals also, though I do not remember, when my mother was present, that he would read at any meal. On railway journeys he always read, not infrequently recreating himself at such times with a Greek or Latin author. His great restorative for all this sustained mental application was vigorous walking, which he enlivened by being ever on the look out for botanical specimens. Two years before his death I saw him off at Blackheath on a solitary tour to Cornwall in quest of some particular plant which grew there; and the last time he was out of doors—less than a week preceding his death in 1873—was a long day similarly spent, with a botanical friend, in floral researches near Orange, including a railway journey from Avignon and back again.

It may possibly be thought characteristic of the present writer, at least of one side of his character, that when in early manhood he accompanied his mother, sister, and stepfather in a tour through North Wales, he took with him a volume of Blackstone's "Commentaries" to read, by way of recreation, amid the mountains and castles of Conway and Carnarvon, the slate quarries of

Llauberis, and the wooded rocks of Capel Curig. Indeed, he always felt drawn to a study of the laws of his country in their leading principles, with which he combined a study of the subject in the concrete by frequently attending the Courts, as has been already said, and by a careful reading of reported cases, including a selection of Howell's "State Trials." Lyttelton on "Tenures"—the groundwork, that is, of "Coke upon Lyttelton"—was another law book he read; also "Fleta" in the mediæval Latin (lent him in later years by Mr. Birch, solicitor, of Thame, from his choice collection of law books); and Jeremy Bentham's "Rationale of Judicial Evidence" in five volumes, edited by John Stuart Mill when but nineteen years of age at the illustrious author's request. It is worth recalling that Bentham, being at Paris after the close of the great war, and visiting the Chamber of Peers, that assembly rose in a body to honour, by an almost unparalleled manifestation of feeling, a foreigner, whose fame was world-wide, and whose dignified aspect appeared to them so venerable. This was the man who, about the year 1825, singled out an unknown stripling of nineteen to do the very arduous work of editing his confused papers and still more confused sentences. I have heard the editor relate

how laborious a task it proved to disentangle and recast the philosopher's long and involved periods, which, prune them as he might, nevertheless filled five volumes. And here I may mention that it was Mr. Mill himself who, in my early teens, imparted to me with his own power of masterly generalization some idea of the fundamental principles of special pleading.

Another anecdote—and that of a purely literary character—within my own knowledge (and in which I was myself personally concerned) may be noted in passing. Familiar as are the oft-cited two Latin words *Principiis obsta*, and their application; yet all may not at once recognize them as the initial clause of a hexameter verse. This was so even with Mr. Mill, who—albeit a profoundly read classical scholar—on my quoting the entire line

Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur—

remarked, with his usual frank simplicity, which accorded well with his vast learning, that he had not remembered the second part of the verse in question. I will add that one among the consequences and advantages of his intimate acquaintance was to impress me with a sense of my own ignorance and incapacity—indeed, of one's own absolute nothingness by comparison; so that

to have been able to supply the tag to a familiar quotation, was felt to be, of a sort, a feather in one's cap!

Whilst upon this (to me highly interesting) topic—whatever concerns my stepfather—and in close connexion, moreover, with “books and reading,” I will observe that comparatively small men have made themselves conspicuous not only by criticisms on Mill, but by vehement onslaughts on what may be called his intellectual character. Mr. Bain, and the late Mr. Jevons, are but two among a number of writers of varying calibre who, especially during the years immediately succeeding his death, created quite a “Mill literature” by the abundance and variety of the commentaries, epitomes, and criticisms (some friendly, others less so) inspired by the fame of his writings. Mr. Jevons, in a posthumous Essay, had the hardihood to assert that, “However it arose, Mill's mind was essentially illogical.” Now, that it emphatically was not, although at times, and in regard to certain matters of opinion, he may have allowed his convictions to be partly swayed by other than purely logical considerations. At bottom an Aristotelian—*i.e.* an inductive philosopher—he may in particular instances have permitted himself to diverge somewhat into

Platonism, representing unproved general propositions and sentiment; but, for all that, he followed an essentially logical father in having the severely logical mind of the latter reproduced in his own case, though more modified by sentiment and moral considerations. When, in 1843, his great work—"A System of Logic"—took the philosophical world by storm, and acquired the singular position of being adopted, almost at once, as the text-book on Logic at both Oxford and Cambridge, though written by a non-University man, an eminent critic—Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece—in reviewing the book, said it was the greatest contribution to Logical Science since Bacon's "*Novum Organum*," and consequently the third most important work that had been written on the subject, the first, of course, being that of Aristotle himself.

Nor should it be forgotten that the "System of Logic" appeared at a time when the "Logic" of Archbishop Whately—an Oxford man—was not only in possession of the field, but in the hey-day of that success it had so well merited. Nevertheless, the archbishop hesitated not to do what lay in his power to promote the circulation in Dublin of the new treatise ere its success and world-wide fame had become assured. With regard

to Cambridge I recollect how in the 'forties it used to be said that Mill's "Logic" was made use of by many in that University to refute Whewell's philosophy. For the latter, while *facile princeps* as a master of exposition—witness both his History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, besides a number of minor works, chiefly on physics and mathematics—was less distinguished in the sphere of abstract, or original, speculation. And at my own marriage in the little Norwich mediæval church of St. Michael at Thorn—whereat my stepfather was present and signed the register—the son of the officiating minister (then a Cambridge undergraduate reading for honours) observing the signature, exclaimed afterwards to his father, "Why, that is the great gun at Cambridge!" This young man—the Rev. John Rust, as he afterwards became—eventually took so high a place in the Classical Tripos (besides taking Mathematical Honours) as to win a fellowship and College living, which latter he still holds with honour. His father was perpetual curate of St. Michael at Thorn in the days before Bishop Wilberforce's Act had deluged the land with vicars of what may be called the "new foundation," and which caused a leading Journal at the time to ask, not altogether impertinently—"Whose vicars?"

The logician, the political economist, the political and social reformer, the classical scholar, was likewise a connoisseur in painting and sculpture, a skilled botanist, and both a scientific and practical musician. More than that, he was also a keen appreciator of poetry, and when editing the "Westminster Review," was one of the earliest to bring before the public the merit of the then youthful poet Alfred Tennyson (circa 1835). This may have been in part the reason of Lord Tennyson, forty years afterwards, being among the subscribers for the (sufficiently indifferent) bronze statue of the eminent personage in question that is to be seen on the Thames Embankment. Added to these several characteristics, if they are to be complete, must be that of a humourist, a capacity in which those who enjoyed his intimacy will retain a vivid recollection of him. Nor was this all; for he was in a quite exceptional degree, a lover of nature, in which respect he resembled Scott, Burns, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Tennyson, Jefferies, and others distinguished in the world of letters, even though he may not, as did several of these, show it in his books. For him the many-tinted beauty of the woods—the majesty of the mountains—the vastness and ceaseless roll of the ocean—the

ever-changing forms and colours of cloud scenery—were a source of untiring observation and never-failing delight; so much so, indeed, as to constitute appreciation and enjoyment of nature one of his most remarkable characteristics.

Although far from strong, and liable at times to severe attacks of headache, he was wholly indifferent, when reading or writing, to any amount of talking in the same room. In fact, his mind was then too absorbed in his subject to pay attention to anything outside it. Nevertheless, in a general way, when in the society of others—especially of his own family—he was full of interest in whatever was going on; taking his share in the conversation, though at the same time the best of listeners, not only from courtesy, but also because his avidity for knowledge made him eager to learn all he could from everybody he came in contact with. I once heard someone who knew him well say that his only equal for extent and variety of information, and in the retentiveness of his memory, was Macaulay. Mr. Gladstone, in a published letter to a Viennese correspondent during the autumn of 1892, expressed the opinion that “Mill had perhaps the clearest head of any man of his generation.”

CHAPTER XII.

BOOKS AND READING (continued).

COWPER, TOM MOORE, AND OTHER POETS.—PETRARCH'S SONNETS AND LATIN WORKS.—LETTERS OF CICERO; OF THE FATHERS; OF CORRESPONDENTS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—MEDIÆVAL HYMNS. — BOSWELL'S "JOHNSON."—ALBAN BUTLER. — A MODERN DON QUIXOTE. — NOVELS. — YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."—"FABIOLA."—RENAN'S "LIFE OF JESUS."—DRUMMOND'S "NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD." ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM'S HOMILIES.—"CANTERBURY TALES." —A'KEMPIS AND THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE "IMITATIO."

IN a preceding chapter (on "Retirement") mention has been made of our practice, begun at Tetsworth and continued at Haddenham for years, almost without interruption, of reading aloud for the general entertainment: my elder daughter, Nelly, usually beginning the evening by reading from a standard poet, and Mary afterwards finishing with a prose writer. These evening readings

aloud by the domestic hearth—than which I can recall few pleasanter reminiscences—are thus associated with the melody and pathos of Keats; the sonorous, organ-like stateliness of Coleridge, illumined by flashes of brilliant imagination, which touches its meridian in the “divine perfection” (as it has been called) of *Kubla Khan*; and the daring intellectual flights of Shelley: while they suggest, too, the sensitive, retiring Cowper, with his ardent love of the country and of nature, in which to some extent he anticipated Wordsworth, and through which, partly, he became a link between the older school of comparatively formal and classical poets of the eighteenth century, and the more modern style of poetry, with its leaning to philosophical speculation on the one hand, and, on the other, to elaborate appreciation of scenery, especially in its wilder and grander aspects. Other poems read on these occasions were Campbell’s “Pleasures of Hope,” together with his minor but very effective pieces, such as “Lochiel’s Warning,” and the “Exile of Erin”; Beattie’s “Minstrel”; Thomson’s “Seasons”; and the Master of Abbotsford’s renderings of the bold deeds of knightly times in song and story.

Nor was Tom Moore omitted from the list of favourite poets read aloud in our small home

circle. His *Lalla Rookh* is a richly coloured Oriental romance, steeped in the fragrance of that high-wrought impassioned sentiment and musical verse for which the author was supremely famous. Another of his poems, the "Loves of the Angels" (according to a recent Italian critic, Professor Levi) is "on the lips of as many lovers of poetry as the world contains." The Irish melodies have a no less enduring claim to remembrance. In such masterpieces of rhythmical melody as that beginning

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled!

and other charming lyrics, Moore threw the halo of his verse around the historic glories of the past, and touched with a ray of tender sympathy the Emmets and Fitzgeralds who had died for their native land. And it is worthy of note that at this present new year of 1890 (when I am writing) his celebrated song "Sweet Vale of Avoca" has been sold—presumably the MS—for eighteen hundred pounds: a large price for an "old song!"

In connexion with the author of *Lalla Rookh* and the *Melodies* it may be noted that Mr. Saintsbury, in one of his later critical Essays,

considers Moore undervalued at the present day, a fact admitting of but little doubt. He holds Moore to have possessed in the highest degree "musical music in poetry"—apart from "poetical music"—which goes far of itself to give his verse a distinction we never fully appreciate except on a comparison of his lyrics with those of his many imitators. This quality of "musical music in poetry" was doubtless not wholly dissociated by his critic from the Bard's well-known taste and skill in vocal and instrumental music alike.

Before passing from poetry to prose it may be mentioned that while staying, many years since, at Avignon (or rather at my stepfather's house in its vicinity) I sacrificed sedulously to the genius loci by reading Petrarch's poems, particularly his sonnets in honour of Laura; visiting Vacluse (his favourite haunt) some leagues away; and riding over to the less distant and still walled townlet of Sades—just within the limits of Provence, on the far side of the boundary stream of the Durance—whence the noble family of Sades (into which the poet's ideal heroine had lately married) derived its name. It is on these sonnets and other of his lyrics that Petrarch's fame as a poet rests, not on his more studied Latin verse,

though the latter was by himself regarded as far more important, especially the long Epic entitled "Africa," of which Scipio, the conqueror of Hannibal, is the hero. Some of his less generally known prose writings also are of considerable interest, such as his letters in Latin to various correspondents on public and private affairs. It has a curious effect now—after the lapse of five hundred and fifty years—to read a complaint, couched in a classic tongue, of so commonplace an incident as that the poet's shoes sorely pinched his feet! In the 27th Epistle, to his brother Gerard, he exclaims: *Quid de calceis loquar? pedes quos protegere videbantur, quàm gravi et quàm continuo bello premebant!*—"What can I say of my shoes? The feet which they seemed to protect, they pressed with a grievous and unceasing warfare!"

Episodically, it is observable what an astonishingly large number of letters are extant from men of note in all ages—times in which there was no post, when roads were few and bad, travelling altogether difficult, and the facilities for correspondence, in the shape of writing materials, decidedly limited. An important part of the New Testament consists of letters written and transmitted to individuals or public bodies at a distance. Of Cicero's extensive correspondence, not only

are some specimens preserved, but hundreds of his letters, on every conceivable subject, addressed to all manner of people in every part of the known world. Some of these are truly eloquent—disertæ literæ, to use an expression of his own; others of a plainer or domestic sort, as where he imparts to a correspondent that the workmen, while making alterations in one of his country houses, subject its master to the annoyance of draughty blasts! Preserved also are a number of letters indited by St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom and many other of the Fathers. Not the least interesting of these are those comprised in the voluminous correspondence (in several Books) of Gregory the Great, about 600 A.D., the same to whom we are indebted for the conversion to Christianity of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Coming to the middle ages, amongst extant letters innumerable, we possess a rich assortment of St. Bernard (12th cent.) a few of St. Francis, more of Thomas Aquinas (13th cent.), and a varied collection both of Petrarch himself and of the royal mystic St. Bridget of Sweden (two contemporaries in the 14th); while the Paston Letters—drawing a vivid picture of affairs, public and private, about the time of the Wars of the Roses—bring us to the fifteenth, after which, as we reach the first dawn

of modern times, an approach to a regular system of letter carrying gradually became organized. It is worthy of note that among the most important epistles of Petrarch (in the Latin language) and also of St. Bridget, were those addressed to successive popes at Avignon, imploring—in the interest of the Universal Church—the return of the Holy See to Rome; and, farther, that Urban V., who eventually brought to an end the papal “captivity,” as it was called, seems to have been appreciably influenced in his decision by the equally eloquent, but independently written, missives of the Italian poet and the Swedish princess.

As to the sonnets in eulogy of the youthful Laura de Sades—most of them gently reproaching with cruel severity the lady whom (availing himself of the poet’s licence of that day) Petrarch had chosen for the object of his sentimental devotion—these poems are exquisitely graceful, delicate, imaginative, rhythmical, and withal marked by that *imperatoria brevis* which is itself such a charm; whilst, at the same time, they are interesting contributions to the development of the vernacular Italian as the recognized medium of literary expression (in place of the Latin)

begun by Dante half a century before. Among the most elegant of the lyrics are the 14th canzone (equivalent to the French chanson) where the poet comes unexpectedly at Vacluse upon the lady of his fancy sitting beneath a tree, whence a shower of spring blossoms are wafted over her by the sweet May zephirs; the 166th sonnet, where, at a ball in Avignon, Petrarch picks up a gold-embroidered silk glove dropped by Laura, but which she instantly snatches from him on perceiving his intention to make a trophy of it; and the 215th sonnet, where he takes leave of his idol on what proved the last occasion of their meeting, inasmuch as four months afterwards, in April 1348, she fell a victim to the terrible pestilence known as the Black Death.

Petrarch gives us a curious and a pleasing account of his visit to Rome for the purpose of attending the Jubilee of the year 1350. He had always been a pious Catholic. It was in church on Good Friday—at six in the morning—he first set eyes on the beautiful and virtuous Laura. Twenty-three years later, arrived in the City of Jubilee, he lays bare, with the pen of genius, an introspection of his mind—more mediæval in its candour than modern—on preparing for a humble confession of his sins. He acknowledges amongst

other grave errors, too warm an attachment to the lady of his imagination when the wife of another. Great (he tells us) were the spiritual graces derived from this observance of the Jubilee: so much so as to influence the whole tenor of his after life. Petrarch died at Arquà near Padua, where the tomb of the immortal poet is yet shown.

Many zealous Protestants entertain a lively, if confused, notion that what they term the "dark ages," and, indeed, the middle ages generally, were very dreadful in the matter of religion. Yet some of the most beautiful hymns ever penned (and these the foundation of many more in modern hymnals) were composed during early and mediæval times, such as St. Hilary's *Lucis largitor splendide* (4th cent.), the very ancient and lovely *Jam lucis orto sidere*, paraphrased in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (No. 4), Thomas of Celano's *Stabat Mater*, and the no less famous *Dies Iræ*, *Adeste Fideles*, and *Jesu dulcis memoria*: the last being by St. Bernard, contemporary with our Henry I. and Stephen. This has appeared in various English hymn books (Nonconformist as well as Anglican) but these versions scarcely preserve the full flavour, together with the terseness, of the original, unless it be in some selected lines. A recent critic has said: "No doubt Latin

of the post-classical kind is *the* language for hymns; no other can touch it." Subjoined are two verses from St. Bernard's hymn (giving proof of what an elegant and flexible medium of literary expression the Latin of the "dark ages" had become) with the corresponding rendering in "Ancient and Modern":

Jesu, dulcis memoria,
 Dans vera cordis gaudia ;
 Sed super mel et omnia
 Ejus dulcis præsentia.

Jesu, spes pœnitentibus !
 Quàm pius es petentibus !
 Quàm bonus te quærentibus !
 Sed quid invenientibus ?

Jesu, the very thought is sweet !
 In that dear Name all heart-joys meet :
 But oh ! than honey sweeter far
 The glimpses of His presence are.

Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
 How good to them for sin that mourn !
 To them that seek Thee, oh how kind
 But what art Thou to them that find ?

'Tis relevant to our subject to add that I have seen in a Congregational hymnal this hymn ascribed to "Bernard of Cluny," which is a mistake. It is the work of the great St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux. I presume even to suggest

that the author of the ascription of this hymn to "Bernard of Cluni" was really thinking of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, for in a series of distinguished men belonging to the great Burgundian abbey of Cluni—which, by the way, was in the diocese of Macon on the Saône—we do not find a Bernard of Cluni mentioned. See Alban Butler, vol. iii., p. 290.

One of the prose works in which we were most interested was Boswell's "Life of Johnson," the great master of Table Talk and of literary criticism, whose character, learning, and genius are reproduced for all time by the prince of biographers. For, spite the sneers of writers who have presumably often been too much in a hurry to be able to assimilate and appreciate his work, Boswell displays unfailing patience, discretion, and high-breeding, whilst uniting with boundless loyalty to his friend, patron, and hero, a truly admirable independence of judgment. Nor is the above estimate of a man who did the work he undertook to do, with extraordinary and unrivalled success, materially affected by Percy Fitzgerald's bookmaking "Life of Boswell" (not long since published) in which all the real or assumed weaknesses of the great biographer are searched out

and, in a manner, focussed together so as to set them in an exaggerated light. This is but an illustration of the sound literary canon that to write an adequate biography one needs to be in sympathy with its subject.

Another favourite was Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints"—twelve volumes of unaffected piety; of biography none the less engaging for being, some of it, legendary; and of multifold information presented in a quaintly terse and agreeable style. It may be unhesitatingly pronounced one of the most delightful books in the English language. Other works read at these evening gatherings were Hayley's elaborate "Life and letters of Cowper" in 4 vols.; Captain Cook's and Lord Anson's "Voyages"; a life of Fénélon by a writer whose name has escaped my memory; Evelyn's "Diary"; "Pickwick," whose character of a respectable gentleman of his time, kindly, courteous, and ever ready to redress grievances, even to the point of rushing headlong upon adventures, constitute him a sort of modern Don Quixote; the "Life of Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta"; the "De Imitatione Christi" in its Latin dress; and a fair sprinkling of novels, including several of Dickens, many of Scott, seven or eight of Disraeli, all of Miss Austen, and Fanny Burney's charming portraiture

of "Evelina"—"the maid of fancy free," ἀπαλὰ φρονέουσα, to borrow from the so-called Homeric Hymns an epithet of a couple of words, terse even for the Queen of Speech: the language of the Iliad and the tragedians, of Thucydides and the Attic orators.

It would be impossible, in any mention however cursory, of novels and novelists wholly to pass over Charlotte Brontë—to say nothing of her gifted sisters—whose works appear, in some respects, to occupy a unique place among modern novels. Miss Brontë is entitled to this high encomium, above the great masters of French fiction—Balzac, George Sand, Dumas, and the rest (with whom, for originality, power, and genius she is to be compared rather, perhaps, than with any English novelist), that while she soars into the loftiest flights of imagination, and depicts human passions in the most vivid colours, leading up to thrilling situations, she never makes her dramatis personæ transcend the bounds of morality, and hardly even of conventional decorum. In this she is as the poles asunder from so many of our own "sensational" writers, with their plots redolent of crime and vice; even Mrs. Gaskell, in "Ruth," like Goldsmith in the "Vicar of Wakefield," making her heroine succumb to temptation. With

Miss Brontë the heroine, undergoes, it is true, a fiery ordeal: she even wavers—we see her on the point of sinking beneath the terrible abyss which separates virtue from its opposite—wrestling with the enemy in a mortal struggle against the white heat of passion:—but she does not yield. Yet is the story maintained at the highest point of absorbing interest; indeed, so exciting is this interest that her less favourable critics have characterized it as “melodramatic”: one writer of note going so far, in his lack of appreciation, as to call it “hysterical.”

Again, she needs but the slightest material out of which to evolve supremely effective incidents, as well as characters exceptional and fascinating. A commonplace “academy for young ladies”; or the relations of a very plain governess with her positively “ugly” employer, more than double her age, are enough to found on them scenes and circumstances of entrancing interest, without recourse to a single infringement of the moral law whereby to add zest to the pathos, or to heighten the excitement, of her story. Thus does she rival in power the masters of French fiction, and the most sensational of English, without leaving the unpleasant taste in the mouth which too often remains in their case. It may be added that with

her extraordinary talents as a literary artist the creator of "Jane Eyre" combined a considerable measure of the pictorial art; and that a lovely portrait drawn by her of her sister Emily—the author of "Wuthering Heights"—has lately been engraved (see "The Woman at Home" for July 1894), showing that if the elder of these two sisters was plain, the younger was beautiful: the plainer perpetuating for posterity the personal charms of a beloved sister, even as, later on, she perpetuated her mental gifts in "Shirley."

Since leaving the sweet home of my mature years, and the scene of some of the happiest days of my life—"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes angulus ridet"—I have sojourned at or near the South Coast, thrusting aside "*atra cura*" (according to the saying of Lucretius, that *Curæ conscindunt hominem sollicitum*) by reading a variety of books, such as Charles Kingsley's "Life and Letters"; "Selections from Cardinal Newman's Writings"; "Madame d'Arblay's Diary"; Ward's "Ideal of a Christian Church"; the Differential Calculus as severally treated by Haddon, Proctor, and Millar (in addition to those I had formerly studied); Todhunter's "Conic Sections"; the First Book of Newton's "Principia," in the original Latin; Quarles's "Emblems";

Southey's "Life of Wesley"; Parry's "Voyages"; parts of the Greek Testament; Latouche's "Travels in Portugal"; Serjeant Robinson's "Bench and Bar"; the "Canterbury Tales"; and Young's "Night Thoughts," a work of genuine poetry, replete with thought, and calming suggestions of motives for solace in a life full to the brim of disappointments, and which I had not read since—five and thirty years ago—I stumbled upon it (of all places in the world) in the library of an ancient Italian friary where, during my travels, I chanced to be sojourning as a guest. To the foregoing may be added Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," a book which, whatever may be thought of its interest as a story, is undoubtedly of value considered as a presentation of the social life of Rome 300 years after Christ (including an admirable survey of the Catacombs) by one who was at once a scholar and a long-while resident within the papal city: this latter circumstance enabling the possessor of the intimate knowledge thus acquired to realize many local details, and to impart to these life and colouring, in a way that would be impossible to another writing at a distance from the scene, without personal experience of the place or of that subtle influence

emanating from it which the Romans themselves have named for us the *genius loci*.

Regarded exclusively from a literary standpoint, altogether apart from theological considerations, M. Renan's "Vie de Jésus," which I read about this time, must be allowed to be not only a masterpiece of style, but an ingenious, if eccentric, exposition of the philosophical theory of the Gospel narrative he propounds (into which, however, it is not proposed to enter here) enlarging upon it, as he does, with a combination of imagination, power of thought, and brilliancy of form, which—albeit less than orthodox its theology—makes the reading of his Essay a literary treat. Some, indeed, looking askance upon his theological idiosyncrasies, may be disposed to apply to M. Renan's writings what Martial says of his own Epigrams :

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

But, without trenching on controversial matter of this kind, a few sentences may be culled, illustrative of the scope and spirit of a remarkable book, and at the same time tending to bear out, even in translation, the above estimate of it as a literary composition.

"The first Christians were visionaries living in a circle of ideas which we should term reveries ;

but, at the same time, they were the heroes of that social war which has resulted in the enfranchisement of the conscience, and in the establishment of a religion from which the pure worship proclaimed by the founder, will eventually proceed."

"The word 'poor' (ebion) had become a synonym of 'saint,' of 'friend of God.' We may see at a glance that this exaggerated taste for poverty could not be very durable. It was one of those Utopian elements which always mingle in the origin of great movements, and which time rectifies. Francis d'Assisi, the man who, more than any other, by his exquisite goodness, by his delicate, pure, and tender communion with universal life, most resembled Jesus, was a poor man. The mendicant orders pretended to be, and in fact were, the true disciples of Jesus. Pious mendicity, so impatiently borne by our industrial and well-organized communities, was in its day, and in a suitable climate, full of charm. It offered to a multitude of mild and contemplative souls the only condition suited to them. To have made poverty an object of love and desire, to have raised the beggar to the altar, to have sanctified the coat of the poor man, was a master-stroke which political economy may not appreciate, but in the presence of which the true moralist cannot remain

indifferent. Humanity, in order to bear its burden, needs to believe that it is not paid entirely by wages. The greatest service which can be rendered to it is to repeat often that it lives not by bread alone."

"In disengaging men from what he called 'the cares of this world,' Jesus may have gone to excess, and struck at the conditions essential to human society; but he founded that high spirituality which has during centuries filled souls with joy in passing thro' this vale of tears. This contempt for exterior things, when it does not proceed from idleness, greatly assists to elevate the souls of men, and inspired Jesus with some charming apologues."

"His aim is to annihilate wealth and power, but not to seize upon them. The idea that man is all-powerful thro' suffering and resignation, that man triumphs over force thro' purity of heart, is an idea unique with Jesus."

"His perfect idealism is the highest rule of a pure and virtuous life. He created a heaven of pure souls, where are to be found what we seek in vain for on earth—the perfect nobility of the children of God, absolute holiness, total abstraction from the pollutions of the world; in fine, liberty, which society eschews as an impossibility, and

which can only find full scope in the domain of mind. The great Master of those who take refuge in this ideal Kingdom of God is still Jesus. He was the first to proclaim the sovereignty of the mind; the first to say, at least through his acts, 'My Kingdom is not of this world.'"

M. Renan's philosophy seems to have much in common with Hegelian Pantheism, so far contradicting that of Kant, which latter, after seeking to undermine revelation founded on external evidence and logical proof, proceeds to build up religion once more upon the basis of intuitive feelings and the paramount necessities of the moral law.

Such, in brief, is the character of a philosophical work which brought its author fame and fortune, and which enjoys the credit of having sensibly influenced the theological tendencies of the age. Probably the most eminent of the champions of orthodoxy, Protestant as well as Catholic, whom the book has called into the field is the Père Didon, a Dominican preacher and writer of high repute in France: the contest raised by these two doughty controversialists bearing some analogy to the twelfth century disputations between two other famous Frenchmen, St. Bernard—the "Apostle of Love and Faith," as he has been lately termed by

an English writer—and Abélard, the rationalizing philosopher of the period.

If in M. Renan we have the philosophy of religion interpreted in a sense more or less divergent from established usage, on the other hand in Mr. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," an essay, highly ingenious, is made to frame an elaborate system of analogies between Natural Law and the Spiritual Life, by which answers are suggested to several of the more prominent objections of the philosophical school. Thus he takes some of the chief laws of nature as they have been discovered and stated by evolutionists, and seeks to show their identity with those principles of Christianity which have hitherto been accepted on authority, but have never been reduced to law or compared with the laws of nature. The main proposition advanced by this writer seems to be that of the philosopher who tells us "the hands of the living God are the Laws of Nature"; and spiritual life we are here taught to be the sum total of the functions which resist sin. The book is emphatically what is called a popular one, as may be inferred from its editions having exceeded a dozen, while the copies vouched for on the title-page—such is the unabashed effrontery of modern self-advertisement—are numbered by tens of thousands.

There is, in a word, a measure of resemblance between the two works—M. Renan's and Mr. Drummond's—in point of originality and brightness of style, as well as of subject, although the latter is hardly likely to reach the world-wide fame of the French philosopher's masterpiece, which is a sort of verseless poem, where the general effect of the prose has a pleasant natural rhythm, and where, too, the lofty range of the subject-matter itself trenches on the domain of poetry: thus illustrating the paradox which Lord Beaconsfield launched in "Contarini Fleming"—that prose may be more poetical than verse. Other examples of such prose poetry are Fénelon's "Télémaque"; the English versions of Isaiah and of the Psalms; the "De Imitatione Christi"; the well-balanced paragraphs of choice prose intervening between the cantos in "Lalla Rookh"; and—not least noteworthy—the Homilies of St. John Chrysostom, copious and vehement in style, especially the 60th and best to the people of Antioch, wherein the golden-mouthed outdoes himself by the brilliant outburst of devotional rhetoric with which he expounds the mystic glories of the Eucharistic Banquet. Again, in the 46th Homily on St. John the Evangelist, extolling the holy Eucharist, he exclaims: "Truly, a tremendous mystery, a

dreadful altar," *φρικτὰ ὄντως τὰ μυστήρια, φρικτὸν ὄντως τὸ θυσιαστήριον*. These homilies certainly carry back to a very early period indeed the idea of the Real Presence in its fullest development: an idea (apart from its theological bearings) fraught with the poetry of imagination and suggesting to countless minds sublime aspirations after intimate personal union with the Godhead, Unknown and Inconceivable! Hardly less effective as a piece of poetical prose is Chrysostom's 8th Homily on Ephesians (c. iii.) where, treating of St. Paul's chains at Rome, he declares in a rhetorical rhapsody, that he would prefer the Apostle's company in prison to heaven itself. It may be added that Chrysostom was not so called till after his death, but even while yet living his profuse charities had gained him the name of John of almsdeeds, *Ἰωάννης ὁ τῆς ἐλεημοσύνης*, as Palladius, his intimate friend and biographer, tells us in the interesting and accurate Dialogue he wrote on the Life of this incomparable doctor.

Some readers may like to be reminded that Chrysostom, even at his early day—the fourth century—was a zealous promoter of “missions to the heathen.” He sent a bishop to preach to the wandering tribes of Scythia, and another to the Goths. Palestine and Persia also were among the

distant provinces that felt the influence of his missionary zeal. His high sacramental tendencies have been touched upon above. A no less ardent upholder was he of praying to the saints, church processions, making the sign of the cross, and fasting. In his 27th Homily on the first Epistle to the Corinthians, as in several other of his homilies—notably Nos. 60 (previously mentioned) and 61—St. Chrysostom deals in an interesting manner with the subject of fasting, not only before but after Communion; saying that the latter practice, though not obligatory, is to be commended (*Καλόν*). He is rebuking free-livers and persons given to riotous excess for desecrating the Holy Table: “After partaking of the Blood which should be a season of fasting and abstinence, you get drunk and go in riotous processions.” *καὶ τοῦ αἵματος μεταλαβὼν, ὅτι νηστείας σοὶ καιρὸς καὶ νήψεως, παροινεῖς καὶ κωμάζεις.* “And,” continues the preacher, “when [by the Lord’s Supper] you ought to be adding to your power of self-control, you lose everything [through intemperance]. Nor is it the same thing to be sober before and afterwards; for we ought to exercise self-control in both cases, but chiefly after receiving the bridegroom. We fast before partaking that we may show ourselves worthy of receiving (*τοῦ λαβεῖν*),

but afterwards lest we seem unworthy of what we have received. What then? Is it essential to fast after receiving? I do not say that it is; I do not oblige anyone to do so. Nevertheless, 'tis right, though I will not insist upon it. But what I do exhort is that you should not indulge in insatiate luxury." Readers curious as to St. Chrysostom's Greek text of the preceding passage may see it in the Appendix to this volume.

Chaucer's stories in the manner of Boccaccio, from whom, indeed, several are directly taken, may be regarded as the germ of the modern novel, being amusing and artistically set presentments, in rhymed verse, of the every-day life of the period. It is observable that the Church fills no less prominent a place in these tales than it does in the general history of the middle ages. Thus among the band of pilgrims who ride together from Southwark along the Old Kent Road of that day, breasting the sharp rise of Blackheath Hill and crossing the heath, then over Shooter's Hill through Dartford, Rochester, and Sittingbourne to Canterbury, we have the Monk, the Friar, the Sompnour, the Pardoner, the Prioress, another Nun her companion, and three "Nonne's Prestes" (convent chaplains), the Clerk of Oxenforde, and

the Parson. Of the last a most engaging picture is given as a God-fearing, hard-working, self-denying parish priest. It may stand side by side with Goldsmith's portrait of the Vicar of Wakefield, the former being a sort of fourteenth century anticipation of the exemplary vicar of the last century, save that the latter is represented in the character of a paterfamilias, with his olive-branches about him, in lieu of the celibate condition of Chaucer's saintly rector of the olden time.

A good man ther was of religioun,
 That was a poure persone of a toun :
 But riche he was of holy thought and work.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.

* * *

Wido was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
 In sicknesse and in mischief to visito
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.

Contrasting with this speaking portrait of the "curat" of that day is the sketch of the Monk of the Period as a well endowed country gentleman, with the tastes and habits of such, whose love of sport might rival that of the keenest sportsman of our time. By "pricking" and "prickasoure" in the following lines is indicated the jovial Monk's equipment with spurs :

A manly man, to be an abbot able :
Full many a dainte hors hadde in stable.

* * *

Therefore he was a prickasoure a right :
Greiounds he hadde as foule of flight :
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wold hee spare.

* * *

His botes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.

Worldliness and greed of money characterize several of the other churchmen named, especially the Mendicant Friar. Also the "Sompnour" (or "summoner") :

A sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fire-red cherubennes face,

who went about spying out whom he might cite before the Archdeacon's court for offences against the laws ecclesiastical, if so be they should not condone the same for a money payment. And for "his frend and his compere," this worthy had "a gentil Pardonere" :

That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Full loude he sang, 'Come hither, love to me.' [A popular
love ditty of the time.]

On the other hand, an agreeable literary photograph is given us of the "Prioressse," with the other Nun her companion :

That was hire chapelleine, and Preestes three—

So also the Clerk of Oxenforde is presented as a man silent of speech and spare in person, but withal a genuine lover of learning :

Of studie toke he moste cure and hede ;
Not a word spake he more than was nede.

M. Taine has summed up the characteristics of the "Canterbury Tales" in the following brilliant piece of criticism—brilliant even in translation :

"Chaucer is like a jeweller with his hands full ; pearls and glass beads, sparkling diamonds and common agates, black jet and rosy rubies, all that history and imagination had been able to gather and fashion during three centuries in the East, in France, in Wales, in Provence, in Italy, all that had rolled his way, clashed together, broken or polished by the stream of centuries and by the great jumble of human memory, he holds in his hand, arranges it, composes therefrom a long sparkling ornament with twenty pendants, a thousand facets, which by its splendour, variety, and contrasts, may attract and satisfy the eyes of those most greedy for amusement and novelty
* * * * * The characters speak too much, but, then, they speak so well."

These cursory remarks on "books and reading" may be closed with noting that the golden treatise

"*De Imitatione Christi*" (already referred to) which Hallam says has gone through more editions than any book save the Bible, was so great a favourite with the ever illustrious General Gordon that he would carry it about with him in his pocket as a constant companion, even during his last fatal sojourn at Khartoum, as he tells us in an interesting passage of his posthumous Diary. Also, that it was a favourite work of John Wesley, as well as of his father, a copy once belonging to the former of whom was shown in the Ecclesiastical Exhibition held not long since at Truro. Again, the late Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson) on a memorable occasion in London, declared that this compendium of Christian philosophy is made by grown men "the friend of their closets and the guide of their hearts." Finally, it is worth recording that John Stuart Mill—whom I never happened to hear name any other book of the kind—spoke to me of this unrivalled manual of devotional feeling and action in very high terms indeed, especially considering the source whence they emanated. "No narrow sectarianism or bigotry is to be found there," he said.

English writers, however, seem to have a strange persistency in ascribing the incomparable treatise *De Imitatione Christi* (called "a landmark in the

history of the human mind" by a recent commentator) to St. Thomas A'Kempis. Foreign scholars no longer consider such an attribution admissible, and assume, without dispute, that it was written in the thirteenth century (nearly 200 years before A'Kempis' time), seeing that a MS. of this century is yet extant, which, from a concurrence of circumstances, was probably the work of the sufficiently well known Abbot Gerson of Vercelli—though not to be confounded with his more famous namesake, the French Gerson. As far back as the eighteenth century, it was already acknowledged by competent critics that it could not have been composed by Thomas A'Kempis (who only transcribed an older codex), for the very plain reason that it had existed long prior to his day. Not that A'Kempis was incapable of such a masterpiece, since several of his ascetic treatises are of the very first order of excellence. Such are the *Lilium Convallium* ("The Valley of Lilies," as it is freely rendered), the *Hortulus Rosarum* ("Little Garden of Roses") and the *Soliloquium Animæ* ("Soliloquy of the Soul"), all of which I have had the advantage of reading more than once. Indeed, after the *Imitatio* itself, it would be difficult to name any ascetic work which surpasses the first of the three—the "Valley of Lilies." The admirers, then, of

the real fifteenth century Thomas A' Kempis have no need to foist upon him the authorship of a book—dating from the thirteenth—to which he never did or could lay claim.

The curious impenetrability of the English in this matter—at least a century and a half after a consensus of opinion to the contrary has generally prevailed over the Continent—recalls the somewhat similar insular perseverance in adhering to Newton's fluxions as the form of presenting the Calculus, for several generations after the mathematicians of the world had acknowledged the superior adaptability to complicated problems of Leibnitz's method of infinitesimals.*

* For the throes which Cambridge underwent in finally exchanging the fluxional Calculus for that of Leibnitz, see posthac, cap. xiv.

CHAP. XIII.

THE MORAL ASPECT OF VEGETARIANISM.

FOR many years—indeed throughout my life—I had entertained a strong feeling that in our treatment of animals, especially such as are destined to satisfy the insatiate craving of most men and women for flesh, we were but pursuing the same course of tyranny and cruelty which, in the good old days, was meted out to our own kind. In times past—now long enough ago, thank heaven—men were wont, perforce, to fight with one another in mortal combat for the delectation of Roman patricians, male and female, no less than for that of the populace. Offending slaves were impaled upon a cross to die a lingering death of agony. Our

Anglo-Saxon ancestors could remorselessly gouge out the eyes of their enemies. Half a dozen centuries later, though the world had not stood still in the interval, yet had it not advanced enough to prevent Queen Elizabeth's emissaries from lopping off the ears of vagrants ; or those of James I. from inflicting judicial tortures that confessions might be wrung out of suspected persons. No longer since than the last century, and even in the beginning of this, we had all the horrors of the slave-trade with us, including the raiding of African villages for negroes, the atrocities of the middle-passage, and the "cowhide" for the survivors. We confined people in gaols which were reeking fever dens. Most or all of these forms of cruelty to our fellow-men have disappeared ; but our halting civilization still tolerates unspeakable barbarities upon the lower animals, e.g. vivisection—the frightful violence resorted to in subduing wild animals for circus shows—and (to omit a hundred other instances of the abuse of mere brute force) we may recall the cruelties of the farm-yard and the sufferings of cattle during transport, by land as well as sea, culminating in their immolation amid the revolting scenes enacted at the shambles. All this, in the case of animals, appears to be the result of our having reached only a limited degree of civiliz-

ation and refinement—enough to enable us to perceive that cruelty to man is wrong, but not enough to protect defenceless dumb creatures from gross and habitual ill-usage.

Unhappily, my growing convictions on this head remained only in the theoretical stage till the force of good example—that of the village schoolmaster where I lived and his wife—combined with the able advocacy of the cause by Dr. Nicholls, induced me to turn theory into practice, which I did some ten years or more ago; nor have I swerved during that period from the strict carrying out of the Vegetarian Society's maxim of abstaining in all circumstances from fish, flesh, and fowl. My reason for taking this step was founded wholly on the consideration of humanity, although secondary reasons might well be supplied by the greater economy of a natural diet, and the fact that the large majority of strong men are and always have been from necessity vegetarians, practically, even when not literally so. It may suffice to name the English agricultural labourer (at least of former days), the Scotch highlander, the Irish peasant—all of them the desired of the recruiting sergeant; the Turkish soldier with his splendid physique and powers of endurance; the porters of Constantinople and many of their fellows in Hindustan who

will lift weights and carry them on their backs for long journeys under a blazing sun in a manner impossible for the hardiest Briton. The wiry and warlike Ghorkas may also be cited as notable examples of the strength and energy attainable by men subsisting upon rice and other vegetable products. Who, moreover, were the winners in the long distance walk from Berlin to Vienna competed for in the month of August, 1893? The first two pedestrians in at the goal—Messrs. Peitz and Elsasser—were vegetarians, the last of the pair arriving twenty hours before the first flesh-eater! Since then there have been several similar feats, among them that on Jan. 21st, 1894, when, in a walk of thirty miles out of Berlin, the victory fell to Herr Bruhn, a vegetarian, who accomplished the distance in $5\frac{1}{4}$ hours. There are now a couple of athletic societies in London—the Vegetarian Athletic Club and the Vegetarian Cycling Club—which admit only vegetarians; whilst, in view of the sensation created by the flesh-eaters in the German Long Distance Walk, just mentioned, being absolutely nowhere—as well as by the publication of a considerable list of matches won in England by vegetarians—athletes generally are taking to train, and bicyclists in especial to ride long distance matches, on a non-flesh diet. A

prominent example is that of Mr. Lawrence Fletcher, the well known cyclist, who now adopts a strictly vegetarian regimen when riding in matches, though prolonged over several days. On such a ride this renowned athlete limits himself to porridge, bread and milk, and rice pudding. 'Tis germane also to our subject to note that Tom Cannon, the English wrestler, was beaten last year (1892) at Calcutta by a rice-eating Hindoo. Swimming race prizes and skating prizes have, too, been won by vegetarians.

The more I observe, hear, and think, the more is the truth and power of vegetarian principles brought home to me. Keenly imbued with such sentiments I have been impelled to arrange and formulate my thoughts on the subject, some of which it is proposed to submit for the consideration of any who may honour these lines with a perusal.

The history of mankind (as suggested above) is the history of a gradual evolution out of barbarism into civilization; the advance by slow degrees from coarseness to refinement; from cruelty to mercy. Just as in the past we have got rid of gladiatorial shows; as we no longer subject suspected persons to the rack, or negroes to the horrors of the slave trade; as bull-baitings and

the like have been done away with; so may we hope, by little and little, to suppress the barbarities incident to preparing animals for food, through ourselves becoming so refined, personally and mentally, as to feel it abhorrent to our better nature that one's table should be supplied by the manifold suffering of the animal creation. In a word, human life is in this as in other respects the outcome of a process of development, so that the fierce, rough violence of past centuries is succeeded by the increasing gentleness and refinement of to-day. Torture, burning alive at the stake, capital punishment for secondary offences, loathsome prisons, revolting sports, have all disappeared (or are, one by one, disappearing) in the face of advancing civilization.

Though other grounds there be to which attention will be presently invited, the true, solid basis of Vegetarianism is that of humanity: the grounds of hygiene and economy, important enough in themselves, being, after all, subsidiary. It is the moral ground alone which will enable you to stand firm in the day of trial, or which can inspire the enthusiasm of an Evangelist. In the same way, when slavery at the beginning of this century, was the burning question of the hour, abolitionists would often enough argue that slave

labour is not even economically advantageous. That probably was quite true, yet could it only be a secondary or subsidiary argument with them. It was not a paltry consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence—a mere question of wages—that could stir the feelings and draw out the eloquence of a Clarkson or a Wilberforce. Thus is it likewise with the great question that now engages our attention. Likely enough a man, or a woman, may be the healthier, the purer, the happier for dispensing with all stimulating foods and drinks whatever; and as to economy, it undoubtedly takes more grass-land to sustain a person on a meat diet than it does arable land to keep him in cereals. Still, the primary consideration is and must be that of humanity; nor ought this unanswerable moral argument to be ignored, even though, instead of benefiting by it, we had to pay a price for it. You cannot expect to move the world out of a wrong groove into a right one without self-sacrifice. In every good work, need there is of something of the martyr's spirit. *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.* "Let right be done though the heavens fall." Were it, then, necessary we ought to be prepared to give up something to justice, to mercy, to refinement of feeling; and to turn with disgust from permitting helpless,

panting, terrified creatures, after having been brutally used by brutal men in preparation for the table, to be dragged or driven into shambles reeking with blood, there to be slaughtered as a sequel to the frightful miseries endured in transport; finally, by their bleeding carcasses, to render the public thoroughfares a spectacle which, to say the least, is not, to the better class of minds, inviting. But, in point of fact, no sacrifice whatever is asked of us, since both hygiene and economic considerations are entirely on the side of mercy and refinement. 'Tis not only right to furnish our tables from the beautiful, delicious, plenteous, nourishing gifts of bounteous Nature: it is also healthful and cheap so to do, as will be presently shown more at length.

Since the preceding paragraph was written a Hindoo visitor to our shores, Mr. Malabari, has published a book entitled "The Indian Eye on English Life," in which occur some interesting passages akin to our subject. Speaking of the huge piles of animal food which assail eye and nose unpleasantly from the butchers' shops, he says, "It is an exhibition of barbarism not unlikely to develop the brute instincts in man. I wish the people could be induced to go in more for

vegetables and fruit, for grain, pulse, and other cereals." Disgusted with the excessive, and even coarse profusion of many an English lunch, he observes, "On one such occasion I see a company of poets, philosophers, and fanatics at table, presided over by a young lady, the daughter of the house. I sat there wiping my forehead (they do the eating, I the perspiring), as I saw slices of beef disappearing with vegetables, mustard, &c. The host then asks me what I think of the food and the mode of eating? I reply instinctively, "It is horrible!" This reply sets the gentlemen roaring and my hostess blushing."

By way of complement to the account of England by an Indian, an account of India by two English travellers—"Indian Memories" by W. S. Burrell and Edith E. Cuthel—may be cited as exhibiting a number of picturesque scenes, some of them relating to the treatment of animals, among which is one showing the almost sentimental regard entertained for even wild and destructive creatures. The authors introduce their reader to a small temple in the far-away jungle, whose priests are wont to feed the jackals with choice morsels, calling the beasts from the surrounding forests to the feast by the sounding of the temple bell. Every evening the pretty charity is enacted and

every evening the jackals of Rohilkund do **not** fail to present themselves, an orderly pack.

That vegetarians should be few in number compared with the carnivorous majority is not to be wondered at. Were not those who lifted up their voices against the atrocities of past ages few in number, until, by a long course of active propagandism, the few became the many, the public conscience at last being awakened through the labours in a righteous cause of a handful of enthusiastic pioneers? The truth which commands the assent of the majority at the decisive last moment of its struggle has been the forlorn hope of inconsiderable minorities for years and generations before. There cannot be a doubt that the mass of mankind is wrong ten times ere it is right once. Jews and Pagans needed educating in Christianity by the Apostles; so likewise did the majority in our own country need educating in regard to the abominations of slavery, when, about a century ago, the Corporation of Liverpool (as mentioned in a previous chapter) could actually petition parliament against interfering with the slave-trade lest their interests as a shipping port should be thereby jeopardized! Therefore we should not shrink from associating ourselves with

the minority, especially when, besides being the cause of righteousness and mercy, it is also well capable of being defended on grounds of health and economy. On these last two points it is proposed to add a few words to what has been already said, and at the same time to show that its professed supporters, although a fraction only of the population, are nevertheless increasing by leaps and bounds; so much so, that far-sighted people of very different ways of thinking, and by no means themselves vegetarians, tell us Vegetarianism is "the diet of the future." The verdict of Father Time is in your favour, say these long-headed persons, and they point prophetically to the future dietetic awakening of the world. There is, moreover, a continually augmenting number of people—among them men and women of note—who, without being prepared wholly to renounce the inveterate habit of flesh-feeding, are nevertheless not a little drawn that way. Among such is Archdeacon Farrar, for instance, who has spoken favourably of the vegetarian cause at several public meetings in London; whilst a Prince of the Church of Rome, Cardinal Vaughan, took the chair some years ago at a vegetarian conference held in Manchester, saying that the better Catholic anyone proved himself to be by keeping the fasts of Holy

Church, the nearer did he approximate to Vegetarianism. Finally, Lord Hannen—of whom Lord Coleridge told us that if, during the last seventy years, there has been a greater judge, he had not known him—was a zealous vegetarian from the moral point of view. On a public occasion that distinguished judge (as quoted by the “Westminster Gazette”) declared that since he had taken to the reformed diet he had been not only a healthier but a happier man. How many there are, both men and women, who can say the same thing!

With regard to the question of hygiene, this has been discussed at great length both by the friends and the opponents of the new diet, but it really lies in a nutshell. The vast majority of the world hitherto has been, and still is, vegetarian—if for no other reason, at least because it has been unable to get meat, or only in occasional dribblets. What, we may repeat, constitutes our best recruiting-ground for the army? Is it not, confessedly, the agricultural districts? And how long is it since the agricultural labourers have had any appreciable quantity of flesh-meat? Until latterly, at any rate, they have had but little indeed. Does the reader imagine that Wellington’s Peninsular

heroes had been bred on flesh, when, as stalwart growing lads, they were selected from the plough out of the whole youth of the nation to fight their country's battles? Or Marlborough's? Or Napoleon's? Then let him think for a moment of the Turkish soldiers who fought at Plevna, and who endured with heroic fortitude the hardships of that terrible campaign:—men described at the time as the hardiest of mankind, as the best conceivable military material—ideal soldiers in fact—yet nourished (we were told), like our own warlike and frugal Ghorkas, on an exclusively vegetarian diet. Nor is the frame of the six-foot Highlander built up on a carnivorous system of feeding (oat-meal, as everyone knows, forming the staple of his nourishment). Still less carnivorous, if possible, is the brawny Irish peasant. In short, the most robust of peoples, always and everywhere, have been those who (for whatever cause) eat little or no meat; whilst, on the other hand, those who make animal food their principal sustenance are chiefly the richer and perhaps less hardy classes. The following terse extract from the "Saturday Review," showing that the Turcoman of Central Asia is at once the typical warrior and a vegetarian is well worthy of attention: "The Turcomans—men who drink nothing but water, who are satisfied

with a frugal meal of grain once a day, who are by instinct and tradition warriors, and who regard all other callings with contempt, such men form surely the stuff of which armies should be made." Thus the "Saturday Review"—a by no means vegetarian print.

Whilst upon the all-important consideration of the sufficiency of a vegetable diet to maintain health and strength, reference may be made to a most interesting account by a Swiss writer recording in much detail the labours and hardships undergone by the woodcutters in Switzerland when engaged throughout the severe winters of those Alpine regions in the arduous task of felling and removing timber: labours and exertions which none but the strongest could attempt. This writer tells us that "Maizemeal porridge and a little cheese forms their whole support." We may bear these few words in memory whenever the baseless figment asserts itself in our presence that flesh-meat is essential to vigorous health. In the sentence just quoted there are but ten weighty words, which may with advantage be frequently called to mind, and pondered well in the secret of the heart: "Maizemeal porridge and a little cheese forms their whole support"—the whole support, that is, of these sturdy Swiss mountaineers:

paragons, if any such there be, of manly vigour and endurance.

When, then, we find masses of men all the world over living and thriving on Vegetarianism, is it not superfluous to argue the question whether they can do so or not? They do do it as a matter of fact, and that is sufficient for our purpose.

Then as to economy. There can be no doubt that more land is required to maintain a man by pasturing cattle than by growing grain. The most moderate estimate assigns three acres of pasture as equivalent in man-sustaining power to a single acre of wheat. Thus it becomes unnecessary to enter at length upon the details of the subject, though it may be well to note, by way of corroboration, the extreme cheapness at which the vegetarian restaurants in London provide the excellent repasts with which they supply their customers. There are more than three dozen of these restaurants in London alone, besides many in the provinces—at Manchester, Bristol, Norwich, and other places, especially in the great Yorkshire manufacturing towns. This shows how the movement is spreading; as also does, very emphatically, the existence in London itself, of as many as nine separate vegetarian societies or clubs. Their titles

run as follows: 1, London Vegetarian Society; 2, West London Vegetarian Society; 3, Northern Heights (Hampstead) Vegetarian Society; 4, Bayswater Vegetarian Society; 5, South East London Vegetarian Society; 6, Vegetarian Cycling Club; 7, Vegetarian Athletic Club; 8, Natural Living Society (president Dr. Allinson); and 9, the Vegetarian Federation Union. In addition to these there are about thirty other Societies, at home and abroad, one of the most active of them being the Australian Vegetarian Society, established at Melbourne under the zealous presidency of its founder Mr. Robert Jones. This energetic body has already started a periodical, which, with the title of "Progress," advocates reform of various kinds. There is also at Brisbane a Queensland Vegetarian Society. The Germans, moreover—in this respect, as in some others, showing the way—are probing and pushing the question with their wonted thoroughness. They are dotting over the fatherland in every direction with Societies; have set on foot more than one organ in the Press to support their principles; and are following England's lead in opening fleshless restaurants in the larger towns. America, again, exhibits exemplary energy, and a paper entitled "Food, Home, and Garden" has been founded to

herald a reformed diet; whilst France, Ireland, and even Russia are bringing up the rear of a great and growing propagandism. In the last-named empire steady progress has been made during the past two years, and a vegetarian journal under the name of "The New Step" has been established in St. Petersburg, as well as several vegetarian restaurants. Lastly, as a sign of the times, the year 1896 may be expected to witness a vegetarian Lord Mayor of London in the person of Mr. Alderman Faudel Phillips — a right doughty champion of a noble cause!

With regard to the best form of vegetarian diet, those who have given special attention to the hygiene of the subject, recommend fresh fruits and nuts of all kinds as in a high degree healthful and nourishing, the addition to which of grain and pulse constitute a perfect diet. There appears to be something specifically conducive to health in the juices of fruit, particularly when unmixed with sugar, and we have an example of this in the rather fashionable grape-cure, and other "cures" founded upon different fruits. Nuts, too, are eminently nutritious, containing some of the constituent elements of milk; nor are they so hard of digestion as is commonly supposed, when received into a stomach that has not already had as much as it

can do in disposing of full supplies of flesh-food. Grain—so rich in nutritive qualities—can be advantageously taken in the form of oatmeal porridge, and especially of whole wheatmeal bread, which latter, though not always easy to get genuine, is a real treasure when found. Visitors to vegetarian restaurants in London will be able to realize this. As to the pulses—beans, peas, lentils—chemists say that 'they contain a greater proportion of nutriment, weight for weight, than any known food; but being somewhat difficult of digestion, they need to be taken with discretion. The haricot beans sold at the grocer's, when the art of making them soft has been mastered (through soaking overnight in water) are an admirable and ever available resource for the vegetarian. Thus we have presented to us, as theoretically and practically an unexceptionable diet, fresh fruit and nuts, together with cereals and pulses—four things, viz. fruit, nuts, grain, pulse—which can be varied and supplemented by rice, sago, tapioca, pastry, and every description of vegetable product.

From the details of a reformed dietary to the position of women in regard to it, is a natural transition, seeing how nearly they are concerned in the selection and preparation of food. One can

have no hesitation in saying that women ought to be enthusiasts for Vegetarianism. To them, in an especial manner, it appertains to consider this great movement in its several bearings—those, namely, of humanity, of health, of economy, and (it may well be added) of womanly delicacy and refinement. There is something peculiarly unfeminine—something, if it may be said without offence, positively mean and cowardly, not to say revolting to right-minded men, in the fact of women—delicate, sensitive, fragile of limb and nerve—condoning, pitiless, the infliction by sheer, rough, brute strength, and by brutish men, of the cruelties pertaining to the farm-yard and the slaughter-house, to say nothing of the fearful sufferings involved in the transport of cattle both by land and sea.

In relation to women and Vegetarianism, it may be well to say a word from an æsthetic point of view, the more so since 'tis closely interwoven with the moral standpoint which forms the groundwork of the present chapter. Our German cousins (among whom the vegetarians form a large and increasing body) are strong on this part of the subject, pressing home upon men, and especially on women of refinement and delicacy, how incongruous with the nobler feelings of our nature

are the spectacles presented by the butcher's shop, the interior of the slaughter-house, and preceding scenes of blood offensive to a cultivated taste. Such sights are not only repulsive to the eye, but it seems that they ought to grate on the mind and imagination of such as possess culture enough really to apprehend the beauty (say) of fine paintings, or to feel themselves elevated and spiritualized by the celestial strains of grand musical harmonies. We want some such expression as the Greek—*τὸ καλόν*—implying moral beauty quite as much as physical. All the higher and purer and more exalted phases of human character are pained, not to say outraged, by the thought of the series of cruelties, from first to last, involved in preparing for the table an infinite number daily of harmless sentient creatures. Among such cruelties, those committed during the transport of cattle hold a foremost place. To these crying evils, associated with the cattle-trade in general, and the almost incredible atrocities consequent on the transport of live animals by sea—often crushed, as they are, to death in the fearful scenes enacted during bad weather, or trampled under foot in filthy, suffocating dens below deck ; or, may be, tossed overboard with ruthless violence that the vessel may be

eased in a storm :—to these and similar facts— which we cannot be justified in ignoring—the reader's attention will for a few moments be directed.

Mr. Plimsoll, after formerly making himself the spokesman of sailors sent to sea in unseaworthy ships, has since then come forward to protest against the barbarities of the middle passage on behalf of helpless dumb creatures huddled together in stifling steamers, and destined to be slaughtered at the end of the terrible voyage : such of them, that is, as come out alive from the hell of a cattle-ship's hold ! To show that I do not exaggerate the extent of these enormities two or three short extracts are subjoined from Mr. Plimsoll's pamphlet on the subject. Having informed us that in the cattle-trade, as carried on between America and England, the unfortunate animals are (or were when he wrote) packed purposely so close as to be unable to lie down throughout the entire voyage of about a fortnight's duration, the writer proceeds : " If one fell down, water was thrown on it, its tail was twisted, pitchforks were jabbed into it, that the pain might make the beast rise, as otherwise it would surely be trampled to death by the restless hoofs of its companions " (p. 45). Again on

p. 52, "all Sunday the cattle-men were busy keeping the cattle awake, and garding them against any lying down or going to sleep. Those that showed any indications of weakness or exhaustion were cruelly goaded with sharp-pointed bludgeons. They were beaten on the sides and heads, cold water was dashed in their faces: this failing they were mercilessly thumped on the head with heavy iron-bound buckets. The cords by which they were made fast to the stalls were drawn tighter, so that it was impossible for them to kneel (as cattle do when in the act of lying down) without inflicting upon themselves such excruciating tortures that they were forced to keep on their feet. To farther compel them to remain awake, the cattle-men kept moving along their stalls, striking the wooden sides with clubs, and continually shouting, and beating on the head those that showed no signs of awakening."

"On several occasions (says an eye-witness) I saw the men pour paraffin oil into their ears, which as soon as it reached the brain, caused the poor beasts to fairly shriek with pain. Occasionally the ears were stuffed with hay, which was then fired; while in many instances the tails were snapped in the endeavour of the cattle-men to force the animals that had lain down from sheer

exhaustion to regain their feet." One more quotation and we have done with these shocking details. "Their bulky bodies, in a hurricane which lasted four days, were dashed against each other, their horns goring whatever they came in contact with, until they became masses of bruised and quivering flesh, from which the life at last departed, when agony and exhaustion had done their cruel work. Among the survivors were many with broken legs and other dreadful injuries."

Such are some of the horrors of the cattle-trade as depicted by Mr. Plimsoll. In view of these, and of all the manifold tortures inflicted on myriads of timid, shrinking, panting animals in order to sate the carnivorous appetites of the ever increasing millions of mankind, the propriety may be suggested of giving a trial to those fruits of the earth which Nature herself supplies; and which fruits of the earth, when everything is said, are after all—even as it is—actually the staple food of the large majority of the world's inhabitants! For this is a hard fact that should be thoroughly grasped, and one which can never be too often repeated, viz., that the vast mass of mankind, and especially the agricultural class, which everywhere constitutes an important—in

many cases the larger, and always the most robust—part of the population, do not and cannot get animal food, or only occasionally and in small quantities; so that, whether willingly or unwillingly, the world is to a large extent vegetarian already. Thus it stands opposed to universal experience to maintain that for man to live and thrive, flesh-meat is a necessary article of diet. And if not necessary, then the moral argument against it seems unanswerable.

NOTE.—Sir Benjamin Richardson, the eminent medical authority on diet, in an article on “The Slaughter of Animals and the Food of the People,” boldly asserts that the time has arrived when it is wise “to study, by experiment, whether it were not possible to transmute the vegetable world into such fitting food for the human family that we could dispense with the use of animals, as food, altogether.”

CHAP. XIV.

MATHEMATICAL.

INTRODUCTORY.—GEOMETRY.—TRIGONOMETRY.—SYNTHESIS AND
ANALYSIS.—ALGEBRA.—CONIC SECTIONS.—FOUR-DIMENSIONAL
SPACE.—THE DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS.

As in previous chapters the writer's experiences in matters musical, architectural, literary and so forth, have been touched upon, so here it may not be out of place to say something concerning those mathematical studies which (more particularly within the last five lustra) have occupied a not inconsiderable share of his time and thoughts.

Polite learning—τὰ μαθήματα—or, in modern phrase, a liberal education, among the Greeks was based on mathematics; just as with us it still is based, even in these days of science and modern languages (and spite, too, of a barbarian minority in Cambridge University) on the ancient classics. In the “Republic” of Plato, Socrates maintains that the education of man, to be complete, must, in addition to gymnastics and music, embrace arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. These three last are what the Greeks understood by mathematics: arithmetic and geometry, which treat of number and space respectively, constituting, for them, pure mathematics in the modern sense; whilst astronomy exhibits the most magnificent application to practical purposes of the two abstract (and essentially distinct) sciences of space and number in combination. It is hardly necessary to remark that not only were the Greeks without the powerful resources supplied by algebra, logarithms, co-ordinate geometry, the calculus, and other branches of the mathematics of to-day; but even trigonometry, and conics (where they were the pioneers, and in which they made no little progress) were not discovered, or devised, till considerably after the time of Aristotle and Plato. More than this: the wonderful mathematical and

astronomical discoveries of the ancients were made without even the aid of the Arabic numerals, which would appear to have been brought from Cordova in the latter part of the tenth century by Count Gerbert, a scholar and monk of Aurillac (in the south-western corner of Auvergne) afterwards pope, circa 1000, by the title of Sylvester II. At any rate, Gerbert is the earliest writer who mentions them.

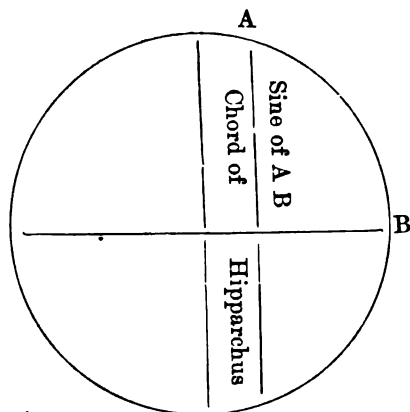
Of their mathematical learning, the Greeks derived some doubtless from the East, but much of it was due to their own paramount genius. Plato held geometry in such esteem as a mental discipline, that he is traditionally said to have engraved over the vestibule of the house where he received his disciples: "Let no one enter here who is unacquainted with geometry." Pythagoras offered to the Gods a hecatomb in thanksgiving for his discovery of one of the fundamental truths of geometry, afterwards formulated by Euclid in his 47th proposition, viz. that in a right-angled triangle the square on the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the sides containing the right angle. Pursuing his labours in collecting, arranging, and formulating, Euclid so systematized the subject that he has imparted his own name (at least alternatively) to that foundation of math-

ematics called Elementary Geometry. Save in the two last (the 11th and 12th) books, Euclid throughout his invaluable "Elements," as also in the hundred interesting propositions of which his "Data" consists, treats exclusively of straight and circular lines on the one hand, and of plane surfaces on the other. This limitation to straight lines and circles, as well as to plain figures, may be regarded as constituting their Elementary character—barring the before-mentioned 11th and 12th books, which, since they treat both of solids and of conical curves, really trench on the domain of the higher geometry. At the same time these two books not being universally studied, Conic Sections may be said practically to introduce the majority of students to the more advanced stages of mathematics, dealing (as conics do) simultaneously with the properties of irregular curves as presented by sections of a cone, and with solid figures which assume a conical form.

Even as Herodotus, if not absolutely *ἀκριβὴς ὡς περ λογογράφος*—"precise as a narrator of fact"—is looked upon as the founder of History, so also may Hipparchus be called the father of Astronomy, from his having raised it to the position it has ever since held as the most splendid application of pure mathematics to the development of physical

science: a result he was able to accomplish through the vast importance of his combined discoveries in the two allied fields of mathematics and astronomy. So original, indeed, as well as far-reaching in their results were these, that they imply a genius for mathematical and cognate subjects of the very highest order. In astronomy Hipparchus is especially famous for the invention of the planisphere, or mode of representing the starry heavens upon a plane; and for his catalogue of about 1000 stars, which was substantially that used by Ptolemy, three centuries later, in the extant treatise entitled: *Μεγάλη Συντάξις τῆς Ἀστρονομίας*. He, too, it was whose fertile brain enriched the world of mathematics with that eldest daughter of geometry—Trigonometry; although none of the trigonometrical lines or functions, in the calculation of whose relative values trigonometry, as we understand it, consists, were known to him, or till long after his time. Hipparchus anticipated the use of the Sine—the fundamental function in trigonometry—by constructing a table of chords which he employed much in the same way; for if the sine of an arc be produced (cutting the radius) till it meet the circle it becomes a chord subtending an arc that is double the one given.

CHORD OF HIPPARCHUS = 2 SINE AB.



In this connexion it may be mentioned that the Sine and Versine are ascribed to Mohammed-ben-Geber, an Arabian, about A.D. 900; the (trigonometrical) Tangent and Cotangent to Aboul-Wefa in the course of the tenth century; and the Secant to a Swiss named Joachim as late as the sixteenth century. Negative quantities, as a conventional method of denoting position in the several quadrants of the trigonometrical circle, were introduced by Descartes, who (however dubious his metaphysics) as a mathematician stands in the foremost rank.

Thus Hipparchus and the ancients, notwithstanding that they had none of our trigonometrical lines or functions, nor the prodigious assistance of logarithmic tables, yet possessed a very real, if a less complex and elastic instrument for calculating angular values in their method of chords subtending double arcs, already adverted to. It was to Hipparchus, also, that we owe the happy inspiration which suggested marking spots on the earth by circles drawn from the pole perpendicular to the equator, *i.e.* by the system of latitudes and longitudes. He has accordingly been styled the father of geography no less than of astronomy, as well as of that indispensable handmaid to astronomy—Trigonometry; by whose aid, for instance, it is that the distance of a star from the earth is measured. Nor is she less of a handmaid to navigation; mensuration; the transcendental functions of the differential calculus; and, generally, to all operations in mathematical analysis: which in these days (when synthetical methods in mathematics are more and more giving place to analytical) is tantamount to saying in every branch of that vast and ramifying subject dignified by the Greeks as being, in their time and estimation, essentially the matter of solid learning—*τὰ μαθήματα*.

Inasmuch as mathematics comprise whatever is capable of being either *measured* or *numbered* (in other words, the two-fold science of space and number, with their mutual correlations) it follows that Algebra forms an essential part of the substance of mathematics. Yet is it something more; constituting in effect, the language or medium for conveying mathematical ideas in general: as when (for example) a geometric figure or a trigonometrical function, is expressed in terms of an algebraic equation. It forms, with trigonometry, logarithms, conic sections, and the comparatively modern science of Co-ordinate Geometry generally, the *modus operandi* of Analysis, in contradistinction to the un-coördinated lines, points, and circular curves of the Euclidean geometry. Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of the mathematics of recent times than this predilection for analysis: the verbal propositions of Euclid, as well as those of the older presentments of trigonometry and conic sections, becoming more and more dispensed with, and their place supplied by analytical demonstrations dealing for the most part with equations, algebraic and transcendental. Let any student open a last-century treatise on trigonometry (or even one published in the early part of this century) and he will see the subject exhibited

in an exclusively synthetic shape, with elaborate propositions comprising full verbal proofs after the manner of Euclid: then let him compare with these the essentially algebraic character of all modern works on trigonometry, whether English or Continental. A precisely similar observation holds with regard to conics. Compare, for instance, the eighteenth-century portly treatise by West on conic sections, with the Cambridge Todhunter's slim but sufficiently stiff modern textbook on Co-ordinate Geometry. The result will be to show in a striking manner the gradual change in mathematical processes, from the synthetical to analytical, which has been going on ever since the German and French mathematicians of the last century—with Euler and Lagrange at their head—gave to it a stimulus that has not even yet, apparently, received its full development.

Synthesis and Analysis (in mathematics) stand, one to another, in the same antithetical relation as do their respective synonyms, viz. geometry in the one case, with algebra and logarithms, trigonometry and conics (when treated analytically), and the Calculus itself, in the other: the former (or synthesis) treating space by a direct consideration of its properties: the latter (*i.e.* analysis) by a

symbolical representation of them applied to the purposes of complicated calculations. Newton had a strong preference for geometrical methods, in-somuch that in the "Principia" he expounds, geometrically, conclusions, which he himself had arrived at by analytical processes. Moreover, not only does he abstain from representing space symbolically, or by reference to numbers, but, on the contrary, he represents numbers (as for instance those which measure *time* and *force*) by spaces; and the laws of their changes are indicated by the properties of curve lines. "The intuitions of space (says Whewell) appeared to him to be a more clear and satisfactory road to knowledge than the operations of symbolical language." Yet, half a century or so later the generalizing genius of Lagrange and Euler, supported by a crowd of eminent coadjutors, fully established the powers and resources of Analysis, and imparted to it a generality and symmetry which are now its pride. To the English mathematicians of the latter part of the eighteenth century the competent and certainly not unfavourable critic just quoted has imputed in his History of the Inductive Sciences, "an inability to take a steady hold of the analytical generalizations to which the great Continental authors had been led." To this important and

interesting point we shall have occasion to revert later on, merely observing for the present that indispensable as are such symbolical generalizations, it was rightly held by the late well-known naturalist and Moderator of the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge, professor Clerk Maxwell, that in a mathematical investigation every step should be interpreted as the expression of a physical fact.

The germ of algebra—we may pause a moment to remark—lies in the *unknown quantity*, which latter in its vast results to science, pure and applied, may truly be called (in regard to mathematics) the

Great Unknown :

—results wholly beyond the range of ordinary arithmetic. The “unknown quantity” figures as an essential term in all equations, and takes its place among the data of the given problem, under the generalizing head (say) of x or y , before any idea can be formed of the number or quantity it will eventually turn out to represent. This wonderful utilizing of the unknown quantity for practical purposes of calculation—even whilst it is still a mere embryo abstraction or generalization, possessing no ascertained value whatever—constitutes the heart and core of algebra. For, although

the word is a derivative of the Arabic (Al Gebr) meaning transposition, from that initial process in reducing equations; yet, among the terms thus at the outset transposed from one or other side of the equation, is in every case the unknown quantity (x , y , or z) containing within its own enigmatical and presently-to-be-developed self the germ of the whole matter to be solved. Thus the mathematician is enabled to wind and twist and turn, with serpent-like sinuosity, through a seeming paucity of data, until, possibly, he surprises himself, and occasionally the world, by the far-reaching results attained. If we pursue our studies in this direction we shall see how curves, straight lines, and even mere dots or specs upon these, all admit of being represented by algebraic equations, in each of which the unknown quantity is an indispensable item: being none the less indispensable for consisting of an abstraction whose quality and quantity are as yet unknown and unknowable, but which, in the sequel, will manifest itself with all the irradiating light upon the matter in hand that the rising sun, peering over a mountain peak in the East, casts on the surrounding landscape.

The Hindoo philosopher who first conceived the rare potentialities of the unknown quantity in algebra—the shadowy, almost mysterious x , and a

mere creation of the human brain—was in reality the progenitor of mathematical Analysis, with its magnificent developments even down to our own day: developments destined, possibly, in the future to take such enlargement and ramifications as are beyond the conceptions of our most advanced mathematicians. Noteworthy, too, is it in relation to this part of our subject that spite of Newton's distaste for analytical methods, he contributed in no small degree to Analysis by the invention of Fluxions, as well as of the Binomial Theorem, the latter being itself the parent of more complicated theorems (attributable to Stirling, Bernouilli, and others) for the elaboration of the intellectual splendours, no less of the Calculus, than of those ingenious analytical artifices which were the outcome of the subsequent labours of Lagrange, Euler, Laplace, and their successors in the vast field of analytical investigation.

Nor is it in algebra alone that x —or any symbol we choose to fix upon—as a general expression for a quantity unknown, but proposed for solution, holds a conspicuous place; for in trigonometry it is used to represent any angle in respect of which trigonometrical functions are to be considered; whilst in the Calculus it turns up again practically (though not as a fixed quantity) in the fundamental

position of Independent Variable, comprehending, as this does, in effect, the gist of the question to be resolved.

From the elements of geometry, trigonometry, and algebra the next step is to Conic Sections (already touched upon) where we find, for the first time in our mathematical survey, curves other than circles, or their segments, the subject of investigation. Conic Sections, one of the most interesting branches of mathematics, are so called from the curves formed by the intersection of a plane with a conical figure, and which curves are severally known as the Parabola, the Ellipse, and the Hyperbola. Simple as this basis might at first sight appear whereon to found a system of mathematical theorems and demonstrations, yet the most elaborate calculations have been evolved out of it; not (as in some other instances) only or chiefly in later times, but through a long series of ages, extending back to classical times. Nor is it a subject likely soon to exhaust itself, so numberless and varied are the points of view whence it may be treated. The heavenly bodies in their ellipsoidal orbits—for even the comets, while moving in nearly parabolic courses, belong in reality to vastly elongated ellipses—down to the elliptic springs of elastic steel on which a modern brougham is

so perfectly balanced; the hurricanes spinning through the Air-Ocean along hyperbolic curves; the cannon-ball in its (initial) parabolic trajectory; the very waves of the sea now ascertained to be elliptical when not circular: all describe, as they go, conic sections on a greater or less scale—and a complete course of conic sections, too, marking out in their whirl through space perfect figures of the Ellipse, Hyperbola, and Parabola respectively, which are amenable to precisely the same laws and calculations as similar curves in miniature drawn on a sheet of paper. Nor must we omit to recall how much of acoustics, and therefore how large a part of all music, depends upon vibrations of the air that take the shape of one or other of the conic sections. Should we have failed to realize this most important and interesting fact in the world of nature, a glance at Tyndall on *Sound* (see pp. 249, 273, 309-310, 315-316) will make it sufficiently apparent. Little wonder, then, that a Scotch professor writing on mathematics (whom I have had the advantage of reading) should have risen to a high pitch of enthusiasm in decanting on the marvellous properties of conic sections, when we bear in mind how suggestive these are of imaginative and even poetic associations through their intimate connexion, on the one

hand, with the sublimest works of creation, and upon the other, with the finest outcome, perhaps, of man's inventive genius shown in the origin and development of music.

It was Kepler who, constructing the edifice for which Tycho Brahe had accumulated the materials, discovered the elliptical orbits of the planets. "This," he says, "was my greatest trouble, that though I considered and reflected till I was almost mad, I could not find why the planets should, according to the indication of the equations, go in an elliptical path." However, he did eventually resolve the problem to his own satisfaction, expounding it in his great book, "On the motion of Mars," published in 1609; though we are only concerned with that work here as a landmark showing the very late period at which the elliptical orbit of the heavenly bodies was discovered, and when therefore the mathematical properties of the ellipse were first directed to calculating the curve described by their mighty whirl through space. For mighty their course may well be called, when we consider the infinite extent of the orbits described by the heavenly bodies; and when, too, we know that a ray of light emanating from its celestial source at the beginning, say, of the Christian era, may hardly yet have come within

the purview of our vision, so marvellously vast is the space to be traversed; while to Kepler (as above intimated) are we indebted for the discovery that the bodies moving at such a tremendous velocity through distances inconceivable to our limited capacity, proceed rigorously along one of those wonderful curves—strictly limited to three in number—known to mathematicians as the conic sections. Well, then, may the Scotch professor, in a moment of enthusiasm, have been led to speak of that not least among the marvels of mathematics—Conics—in terms of unbounded admiration, not to say exaltation of sentiment, looking upon the curved lines so called, and their properties, as affording a wealth of material for the imaginative no less than the intellectual faculties of man.

We have seen that geometry and trigonometry sufficed for calculations based on the circle; but that so soon as a deviation, however small, from a perfect circle was in question Conics and the beautiful system of interlineation of curved and straight lines they involve, came into play. Not that Conics were new to mathematicians; all that was new consisted in their application to the orbits of planets, when these began to be suspected of an elliptical course by a master mind as well in mathematics as in astronomy. But powerless would that

master mind have been had conic sections been wanting. "If the Greeks," says Whewell (Introduction to vol. ii. of "History of Inductive Sciences") "had not cultivated Conic Sections, Kepler could not have superseded Ptolemy."

It is interesting to observe how there are points of contact between the severest of the exact sciences—pure mathematics—and that most ideal, intangible, and poetical of human faculties, the imagination. Thus mathematicians speculate and calculate on the basis of a wholly fanciful fourth dimension in space, whereas nature nowhere exhibits more than three dimensions, viz. length, breadth, and thickness; nor indeed are we able to conceive of a fourth as a really existent fact in the natural world, and any attempt to do so involves us in some such *reductio-ad-absurdum* as that suggested by the author of a small treatise entitled *Flatland*, where this subject is discussed in an equally practical and engaging manner. It is plausibly alleged that "if we enclose an object in a box, rashly confident that as long as the box remained shut, the object, since it could not be removed, either up or down, or forwards or backwards, or to right or left, or in any mixture of those directions, could not be taken out of the box at all; and there came along a four-dimensional

person, that person would see the thing lying in the box, would wonder why it did not fall out in some fourth direction which we cannot imagine, would take hold of it without touching the box, and would walk away with it." For the spread in these latter days of the fantastic, yet potentially practical notion of a fourth dimension in geometry we are indebted, amongst others, to the late Mr. Spottiswoode; and, in a high degree, to the recently deceased Cambridge professor of pure mathematics, Mr. Cayley.

In connexion with the same fanciful subject may be mentioned Mr. Hinton's *New Era of Thought*, "written to obtain a sense of the properties of higher space, or space of four dimensions, in the same way as that by which we reach a sense of our ordinary three-dimensional space." This task is otherwise summarized in the question "What is that which is to a cube, or block, as the cube is to a square?" The new philosophy of space has been pronounced by a not incompetent critic to be much harder reading than Kant, though that prince of metaphysicians is himself cited by Mr. Hinton as an authority in support of the mathematical assumption (for the purposes of calculation) of a space higher, beyond, or extraneous to any that the actual world of sense and nature presents to our

view. Mr. Hinton adds "We infer that the section of a figure in four dimensions analogous to a cube by three-dimensional space, will be a tetrahedron; how it is we come to this conclusion I am perfectly unable to say." "We must be really four-dimensional creatures, or we could not think about four dimensions!"

But it needs not to have recourse to the higher geometry to find mathematics and imagination joining hands. It has been happily pointed out that several of the definitions of Euclid are unintelligible on the supposition of their representing fact, being not only contrary to fact, but self-contradictory. Such are the definitions of a line as "length without breadth," and a point as "a thing having no magnitude"; so that it becomes necessary at the threshold of mathematical study to imagine the unintelligible and non-existent in order to provide a basis for even the most elementary demonstrations of Euclid. This (at first sight) strange device of imagining the inconceivable, and then upon the seemingly shadowy foundation thus laid by fancy, building up a vast structure of mathematical theory and complex calculation, is exemplified not only in common geometry and in the geometry of four dimensions, but likewise in the imaginary quality

of *infinity* which meets us at an early stage in trigonometry and conic sections, and to a remarkable degree in the differential calculus, upon which last we shall proceed briefly to touch.

It may be doubted whether any century throughout the long course of time to which the history of mathematics reaches back was more noteworthy for the number and importance of the discoveries in pure mathematics which marked it than the seventeenth. 'Twould scarce be an exaggeration to say that this century witnessed nothing less than a revolution in mathematics, with Napier and Briggs at one end of the scale—Descartes in the middle—and Newton and Leibnitz at its close. To name only some of the fundamental discoveries which constitute such a revolution, we are confronted, first in order of time, by the flash of inventive genius which (temp. James I.) brought the powerful aid of logarithms to facilitate mathematical investigation, and for which we are indebted to Baron Napier, a Scotchman; with whom, moreover, according to an apparently growing consensus of opinion, rests the honour of having originated the brilliant idea of calculating gradual change by substituting small discontinuous changes—which is no other than the broad underlying principle of the differential calculus itself,

summed up in six or eight terse words. To an appreciable extent, also, Napier anticipated that conception of the generation of magnitudes on which Newton's doctrine of fluxions depends; and he even speaks of the velocities of the increments of logarithms, just as Newton does of his fluxions. Farther, by establishing the fact that all numbers may be terms of a geometric progression, he seems to have foreshadowed the leading feature in Leibnitz's theory of infinitesimals. The Hyperbolic Logarithms of Napier, which rested on a complex and rather unwieldy base, suited only to particular cases, were adapted to general use by his contemporary and friend Mr. Briggs (afterwards Savilian professor) who introduced the decimal system for the base of what have been since known as Common Logarithms. To this latter original thinker, likewise, are we indebted for the germinal idea of Newton's fundamentally important Binomial Theorem. Then followed Cavalerius with his method of Indivisibles; while Descartes illuminated the higher geometry through his far-reaching conception of Variable Quantities.

Pascal, again (though better known from his *Pensées* and *Lettres Provinciales*) cast a gleam of light over one of the bye-paths leading up to the Calculus, by the problems he set on the Cycloid,

which gave rise to an embittered controversy betwixt himself, Descartes, and others. It may not be uninteresting to note here that, according to a recent critic, Pascal stands, with Descartes and Leibnitz, at the head of all mathematicians who have been at the same time men of letters. Finally, Newton by his system of fluxions, and Leibnitz by the method of differentiation, formulated—each in his own way—the principles out of which eventually was evolved the differential calculus. Of that calculus the genesis (so to speak) which has just been indicated in outline, may be exhibited in a tabulated form, with some additions, as follows :

GENEALOGY
OF THE
DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| I. LOGARITHMS AND FORESHADOWING OF
THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE OF CALCULUS | } | NAPIER. |
| II. COMMON LOGARITHMS AND FIRST GERM OF
BINOMIAL THEOREM | } | BRIGGS. |
| III. METHOD OF INDIVISIBLES | | CAVALERIUS. |
| IV. VARIABLE QUANTITIES | | DESCARTES. |
| V. PROBLEMS ON THE CYCLOID | | PASCAL. |
| <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; align-items: center;"> <div style="text-align: center;">↓</div> <div style="flex-grow: 1; border-top: 1px solid black; position: relative;"> <div style="position: absolute; left: 0; right: 0; top: -5px; text-align: center;"> + + </div> </div> <div style="text-align: center;">↓</div> </div> | | |
| <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between; align-items: center;"> VI. FLUXIONS—NEWTON <div style="position: absolute; left: 0; right: 0; top: -5px; text-align: center;"> + + </div> INFINITESIMAL CALCULUS—LEIBNITZ. </div> | | |
| VII. SUPPLEMENTARY THEOREM (COMPREHENDING
NEWTON'S BINOMIAL) FOR EXPANDING
SERIES | } | TAYLOR. |
| VIII. DEDUCED THEOREM FROM PRECEDING (OFTEN
ATTRIBUTED TO MACLAURIN) | } | STIRLING. |
| IX. ADDITIONAL THEOREMS FOR THE DEVELOP-
MENT OF FUNCTIONS IN CALCULUS | } | EULER.
BERNOULLI.
DE MOIVRE.
MACHIN.
LAPLACE.
LAGRANGE. |
| <div style="display: flex; justify-content: center; align-items: center;"> <div style="text-align: center; margin-right: 10px;"> + + </div> </div> | | |
| X. DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS. | | |

We will continue to trace, still very briefly, the development of a calculus which, for about a century and a half succeeding its first promulgation to the world a couple of hundred years ago, may be said to have had a history more remarkable, perhaps, than that of any of the sister branches of mathematical science.

That history opened amid lowering clouds. The two greatest mathematicians of the age, Newton and Leibnitz, claimed to be the discoverers of a new calculus the powerful resources of which were at once recognized by mathematicians, both at home and abroad, who made the closing years of the seventeenth and the first of the eighteenth century stormy with their disputations—wranglings we might almost say—touching the claims of their respective champions to the invention of what we now know as the differential calculus. The question thus hotly contested was whether the English philosopher had invented his method of fluxions before or after Leibnitz discovered the infinitesimal calculus ; the same groundwork of principle underlying both systems, though with a different notation. As to the priority of invention, the better and most generally received opinion seems to be that the principles upon which fluxions and the infinitesimal calculus are alike founded, were formulated and

elaborated (rather than originally discovered) by Newton and Leibnitz independently; for that they were gradually evolved, through more than one generation of mathematicians, out of the primary idea started by Baron Napier of logarithmic fame, in the reign of James the First, has been already intimated.

But, although the basis of the two systems is the same, time and experience have shown that not only is the notation of one distinctly preferable to the other, but that there can be no comparison between them as means of solving advanced problems in the differential calculus. This was soon perceived and acted upon by foreign mathematicians; but Newton's great name, together with his long and close connexion with Cambridge, led to the fluxional notation being retained in this country long after its inferiority as a method of calculating complicated questions was perforce very generally admitted. So strongly, indeed, was this felt that it became eventually a question whether England was to be left altogether out of the race in the pursuit of mathematical investigations; or whether, laying aside national and insular feeling (and what was, perhaps, more potent still, the pride of a University famous for mathematical scholarship) the unelastic notation of fluxions should

be exchanged for the infinitesimals of Leibnitz, with the corresponding process of differentiation. Whewell, though a consistent admirer of Newton, shows in his "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences" that, as a consequence of the national adhesion to the fluxional method for several generations after the superior flexibility of the Continental system became manifest, we were falling behind other nations in the cultivation of the higher mathematics; until, early in the present century, the effort, long delayed and proportionately arduous, was made; and Cambridge, after (to use De Morgan's pithy phrase) "passing through the throes of a mighty mathematical revolution," finally adopted Leibnitz's system of infinitesimals* together with his method of differential notation.

That this "mighty revolution," which stirred the mathematical world of Cambridge well nigh to its depths in the opening decades of the nineteenth century, should have centred upon the burning question whether Newton's fluxions or Leibnitz's

* The two French Minimite editors of the "Principia" (Fathers Le Seur and Jacquier) dating from the convent of the Holy Trinity at Rome in 1739, remark that the idea of conceiving the existence of quantities infinitely small, and then omitting such from consideration as of no account, is as old as Euclid and Archimedes. "*Quantitates infinitè parvas seu evanescentes pro nihilo habendas esse in multis demonstrationibus tanquam axioma posuerunt Euclides et Archimedes.*" "Principia," lib. i., in notis editorum.

infinitesimal theory, with its system of differentiation, should prevail in the academic treatment of the differential calculus, will make the transcendent importance of the latter as an instrument of calculation patent, not only to the non-mathematical, but also to many whose studies have been directed mainly to Euclid and algebra, with the addition perhaps of trigonometry, rather than to what are termed the higher mathematics. The distinguished names of Herschel, Whewell, Babbage, De Morgan, and others, besides a host of lesser lights, were drawn into the arena, and shared a controversy in which a celebrated University, as well as the most powerful College in that University, had exhibited during several generations a not unworthy loyalty to their great alumnus, Sir Isaac Newton, who had filled a professor's Chair at Cambridge, besides being long resident at Trinity, of which he was a fellow. Of the other names mentioned, Sir John Herschel was senior wrangler, and Whewell second, if my memory serves me well. With regard to Babbage—inventor of the famous calculating machine—the legend, true or false, runs that being assured by his tutor that Herschel was secure of the senior wranglership, he declined to enter the lists to compete only for a second place. De Morgan's reputation is only less high as a mathematician than in the sphere of logic. Among

eminent Cambridge mathematicians at this critical period of the academical studies may also be named Henry Martyn, son of a Cornish miner, senior wrangler, and Indian missionary; Chief Baron Pollock, likewise a senior wrangler; and the late venerable Duke of Devonshire, second wrangler of his year, and, till his death, Chancellor of the University.

We may take leave of the historical branch of our subject with a humorous anecdote recorded by one of the latest writers on the differential and integral calculus (Mr. Proctor, 2nd edition, p. 22): "In advanced applications of the differential calculus the notation of fluxions fails totally, and the dx 's and dy 's [of Leibnitz's system] alone serve the mathematician's purpose. Dots represented differentiation in the old method of fluxional notation; a circumstance which led Babbage to make the quaint jest respecting the labours of Peacock, John Herschel, and others at Cambridge, that they substituted d -ism for the dotage of fluxions."

A few observations on some aspects of the Calculus from a mathematical point of view, being of an abstract and technical kind, addressed less to the general reader than to fellow students, are relegated to an appendix, with which this fragment of reminiscences will be brought to a close.

APPENDIX.

I.

Page 266.

δεόν σέ ἐπιτείνειν τὴν σωφροσύνην πάντα ἀπολλύεις. Καίτοι, γέ οὐκ ἔστιν ἴσου πρὸ τούτου νήφειν, καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα· δεῖ μὲν γὰρ ἐν ἑκατέρῳ σωφρονεῖν, μάλιστα δὲ μετὰ τὸ δέξασθαι τὸν νυμφίον· πρὸ τούτου μὲν, ἵνα ἄξιος γενῇ τοῦ λαβεῖν, μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα, ἵνα μὴ ἀνάξιος φανῇς ὧν ἔλαβες. Τί οὖν, νηστεύειν δεῖ μετὰ τὸ λαβεῖν; οὐ λέγω τοῦτο, οὐδὲ καταναγκάζω. Καλὸν μὲν γὰρ καὶ τοῦτο· πλὴν οὐ βιάζομαι τοῦτο, ἀλλὰ παραινῶ μὴ τρυφᾶν εἰς ἀπληστίαν.

APPENDIX.

II.

Page 325.

A fundamental characteristic of the differential calculus, which more perhaps than any other imparts to it a peculiar, if not unique, position among the several branches of mathematics, is that whereas most of these latter—as algebra, geometry, trigonometry, conic sections—deal exclusively with absolute or fixed quantities, the

calculus alone is wholly concerned with variable quantities; its business being to determine the rate at which such increase or diminish. A quantity is denominated a dependent variable when it varies in proportion as some other quantity changes. This other quantity is called the Independent Variable, usually symbolized by x ; the quantity whose changes depend upon it (the dependent variable) being represented by some other letter of the alphabet, such as u or y , or by another power of x itself— x^2 or x^3 , for example. Thus if a body is let fall from rest the distance traversed varies according to a known law of dynamics with the time elapsed since the fall began. In the case of a falling body the velocity, owing to the continually increasing force of gravitation, is not uniform; consequently, the rate at which the space traversed changes for any given instant of time differs from the corresponding rate at some other instant. In such a case *the time elapsed* constitutes the independent variable, and *the space traversed* the dependent variable. The small increment (or difference) of time between one instant and the next is represented by Δx (Δ standing for difference or increment—known as the Differential—of the time x) and the corresponding increment of space traversed in that

interval by Δ , *i.e.*, by the differential of y , the space traversed; all which may be summarized thus :

$$\frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x} = \frac{\text{increment of space}}{\text{increment of time}} = \frac{\text{dependent variable}}{\text{independent variable}}$$

The nature of the Calculus and the principles underlying it are not always patent on a first view. Many gain a fair proficiency in working formulæ and developing series by one or other of the accepted theorems without having any clear idea of first principles or fully understanding the meaning of the processes founded upon them. Indeed, it is often desirable to defer essaying to comprehend the foundations of the subject till methods and details have been at least partly assimilated; and even then a complete, general view of the matter, indicating the connexion of particulars with each other and their place as part of a wide intellectual whole, will not be learnt "by first intention," as say the doctors. Rather will considerable study be usually needed to apprehend what, in its primary conception and broad bases, is perhaps one of the most interesting efforts of pure intellect that have been presented by human ingenuity to the understanding of mankind, or at least of that small section of mankind who may

themselves be regarded as specialists among the sufficiently numerous body of students in Elementary mathematics. The gradual process of evolution of this primary conception, through nearly every decade of the seventeenth century—from Baron Napier to Newton and Leibnitz—has already been traced in the genealogical Table exhibited (for the first time) on a preceding page.

The differential calculus* deals with the relations between a variable quantity and some quantity whose value depends upon that variable. The object of the Calculus is thus to determine the ratio of the rate of variation of the independent variable, compared with the rate of variation of the function (or quantity) into which the independent variable enters; and which subsidiary function is called the dependent variable. In the case previously supposed of a falling body, the inde-

* While students of the elementary branches of mathematics are legion, those who "read" the Calculus are chiefly found among University honour men and a limited number of astronomers and civil and military engineers. Some half dozen or so such are all that I have chanced to come across, of whom four were Cambridge wranglers—three of them my wife's relatives, and the fourth, Mr. Fawcett, whose distinguished daughter was placed in 1890 "above the Senior Wrangler" in the preliminary part of the Tripos examination (not, as has been assumed, in the *second* or higher part)—; one, an Oxford first-classman, and the sixth, John Stuart Mill, who tells us he

pendent variable would (as we have seen) represent the time, and the dependent variable the space fallen through. Otherwise expressed, the Calculus is the science of *rates of variation*; and its subject is quantity in a state of change. Quantity, therefore, so far as this Calculus is concerned, must be considered as essentially subject to change, the rate of increase or decrease being the foundation of the system. Again, the differential calculus may be described as the arithmetic of the infinitely small differences of variable quantities, which indefinitely minute differences are termed differentials; the sum of the latter constituting the integral, or whole quantity, which it is the business of the Integral Calculus, on the other hand, to re-construct out of the elements into which the Infinitesimal (that is the Differential) Calculus has resolved it.

studied the differential calculus at Montpellier. What with the last named and three wranglers (of whom one was bracketed third wrangler of his year, 1873, and now professor of mathematics at Sydney University), and my own son, a born mathematician, of whom the Mathematical Instructor on H.M.S. Britannia said, he alone of his class knew geometry—to say nothing of my brother and great-uncle (the same that, at Philadelphia, sang the solo “Et Incarnatus”*) both of them respectable mathematicians—it would seem as if something of a leaning towards mathematics might be predicated of the family as a whole.

*See ante Chap. iii., p 25.

Subjoined are two or three examples of the sort of cases to the solution of which the Differential and Integral Calculus may be applied in the everyday mechanics of the workshop and the factory. For instance, the practical use of the principles of the Calculus might be very well illustrated in respect of a beam supported at the ends and having a load acting at some part of its length. It might be shown theoretically, what is well enough known practically, that the greatest *bending moment* (or force acting upon such a beam) occurs when the load is at the centre of span. Or, to take a less simple example, we might ascertain the stress upon a boiler due to internal pressure, such as that arising from confined steam. And by the Integral Calculus might be determined the moment—*i.e.* the power of resistance, or the strength (in the first case mentioned above the weakest point only would be shown) of a beam employed in house building or to sustain any weight. Once more, the same Calculus might be utilized for finding the moment or power, of resistance to twisting—the strength of torsion, as they say in the engineer's workshop—of a circular machine: a shaft for instance, an axle, or the screw-propeller of a steamer. It should be noted, however, that only the more elementary parts of the differential calculus would be called

into requisition in working out any of the comparatively simple cases just cited, which (when expansion of series is necessary) admit of development by means of the Binomial Theorem alone. On the other hand, a vast number of abstract problems in pure mathematics, as well as the resolution of many Astronomical questions, demand a wider range of investigation, involving one of the more complex theorems of the Calculus, such as those bearing the names of Stirling, De Moivre, Bernouilli, and five or six other eminent mathematicians of the eighteenth century who have been enumerated in the Genealogical Table previously given.

Perhaps no more remarkable instance of the (at first sight) fanciful and, for the uninitiated, even meaningless, nomenclature framed by mathematicians to express certain recondite phases of thought and methods of calculation, can be named than the use, among the processes of the differential calculus, of what are termed Vanishing Fractions; nor are they so called without reason, since writers on the subject do not hesitate to present us with the paradoxical form of

$$\frac{o}{o}$$

as a quantity possessing a substantial value capable of being studied, evaluated, and turned to important practical results. What more unpromising material could a man have out of which to evolve something positive and tangible, than the apparently empty form of a fraction whose numerator and denominator are each nought? Look at it as we will, it may seem more hopeless than to make bricks without straw or to grind flour out of dry husks. Yet the ingenuity of mathematicians has been equal to the task, as will appear by considering the following illustration of the theory of limiting ratios or ultimate values, which is generally regarded as the scientific basis of the Calculus.

If a body move with a uniform velocity v , then

$$v \text{ (the velocity)} = \frac{s \text{ (the space traversed)}}{t \text{ (the time)}}$$

Supposing, however, the velocity to be variable during the time t , then

$$V = \frac{ds \text{ (the } \left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{increment} \\ \text{or} \\ \text{differential} \end{array} \right\} \text{ of } s)}{dt \text{ (the differential of } t)}$$

ds and dt being minute portions of the space and time respectively. The smaller the values assigned to ds and dt , the more nearly will the value of the

fraction approach the final value of v , and thus the limiting (or ultimate) value of the fraction is said to be reached when

$$\frac{ds}{dt} \text{ (being supposed infinitesimally small)} = \frac{0}{0} = v$$

The meaning of this, if not free from obscurity, may possibly become plainer through a second illustration, thus :

Let $\frac{a^2-b^2}{a-b}$ be a fraction such that it is required to find its limit, or ultimate value, when b approaches towards the value of a and becomes finally equal to it.

Then since $\frac{a^2-b^2}{a-b} = a + b$ we have, when $b = a$, $2a$ as the ultimate (or limiting) value of the fraction.

$$\text{Let } a = 5 \text{ and } b = 4, \text{ then } \frac{25-16}{5-4} = 9$$

$$\text{Let } a = 20 \text{ and } b = 19, \text{ then } \frac{400-361}{20-19} = 39$$

In the first case 9 differs from $2a$, or 10, by 1, or one-tenth of $2a$, and in the second case 39 differs

from $2a$, or 40 , by 1 , or one-fortieth of $2a$; hence the more nearly the value of b approaches to that of a , the more closely is the ultimate—*i.e.* the limiting—value of $2a$ approached, and at that value we have

$$\frac{a^2-b^2}{a-b} = \frac{0}{0} = 2a$$

The ingenuity—nothing less than audacious—which conceived the idea of extracting precise scientific results out of an apparently empty form such as that involving the ratio between a mere cypher and another equally isolated cypher—a ratio implied in the fraction

$$\frac{0}{0}$$

—seems to be on a par with the intellectual hardihood which originated the fanciful and even inconceivable notion (already adverted to) of a fourth dimension in geometry.

We have thus essayed to exhibit one or two of the very real facts of mathematics face to face with what at least looks like a high degree of paradox, by recalling the fantastic, yet potentially fruitful, idea of an imaginary dimension in space; and also

by intimating the feasibility of dividing Nought by Nought; in the latter case showing the practical result which has been seen above, viz.

$$\frac{ds}{dt} = \frac{o}{o} = v$$

With the preceding brief indication of the near resemblance fact may have to fiction—e.g. that $\frac{o}{o}$ may conceivably be made to represent the velocity of a falling body—this supplementary note may be concluded.

FINIS.



